

AMMON



BLACKFOOT
LYNN BLATTER & VAL CROW

MOUNTAINS

AMMON

by

Lynn Blatter and Val Crow

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Lynn Blatter
2212 North Red Cedar Circle
Cedar City, Utah 84720

INTRODUCTION

This book is an attempt to preserve the histories of the lives of the people who lived in the village site of Ammon in the 1940 era before new homes were built on their large lots. Ammon was a close knit community where most everyone belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Neighbors were helpful and kind to each other. Those with wells provided water for others. Doors were left unlocked and keys were left in automobiles.

Those who had cows sold and delivered milk to neighbors. The telephone system was a party line with 10 families on the circuit so if you were on the “J” or “R” line your phone would ring up to 5 times depending on whose number it was. Our number was 0101J3. Three rings for us. The mailman,

Walter Davis, knew where everyone lived and mail was addressed by name and Route #3. Postage was 2 cents initially then rose to 3 cents where it stayed for a long time.

Industries and other events are included because this is where people worked and socialized. This book is a portrayal of Ammon through the eyes of many people. It is not intended to be an in-depth look at everything but only what people have recorded in their histories. There were many families who lived on farms outside of the village town site whose lives intertwined with those of the villagers as they attended church and school together. Their histories will likely be compiled later. It is our intent for this book to be informative and enjoyable for you.

—*Lynn A. Blatter*

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Lynn Blatter

Lynn Blatter grew up in Ammon and spent his early years working on the family dry farm on Taylor Mountain. After graduating from Brigham Young University in 1956 he attended Washington University School of Dentistry in St. Louis Missouri.

Upon graduating in 1960 he served two years on active duty as a Naval Dental Officer at the Naval Weapons Station in Concord California. He opened a private dental practice in Concord and practiced there until 2004 when he retired and moved to North Las Vegas, Nevada.

His first book consisted of gathering the histories of the homesteaders who settled in the Taylor Mountain area in the 1910 to 1920 era and established the community named Owendale with a school and church. His next book was gathering the Blatter family history which was printed June 2010. His current project is the history of the families who resided in the village of Ammon during the 1940's.



Val Crow

Val grew up in Ammon. He attended all of his schooling in Ammon and /or School District 93 after the consolidation and graduated from Bonneville High School in 1958. He attended Ricks College and served an LDS mission in the Great Lakes Mission. After his return home he married Karleen Fielding from Shelley, Idaho and they lived in Logan, Utah while Val finished a degree in Automotive Technology at Utah State University graduating in 1965. After serving three years in the Army, stationed in Germany, the Crows settled in Jackson, Michigan where Val worked for the Chrysler Corporation at their Chelsea Michigan Automotive Proving Ground facility. He retired in 2000 and returned to Ammon in 2006 to assist in the care of aged parents. He is happy to be a resident of Ammon again.

Having never lived in Ammon as an adult, his curiosity as to who these people were he knew and lived around as a child became a quest and he was happy to join with Lynn Blatter in assisting in research and sharing his findings of the Ammon of his childhood. He has found great satisfaction in becoming more familiar with the neighbors of his childhood and trusts that his findings may be of value to the descendants of these people and those interested in the history of this community.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book was made possible through the outstanding cooperation of everyone who had roots in the Ammon townsite in furnishing me with their family histories. A debt of gratitude is owed to Glenn Blatter, Derlin Campbell, Marvin Anderson, Keith Hansen, Russell Swenson, Ailene Jensen, Roy Southwick Jr. and Val Crow who provided invaluable help in locating where the families lived in the townsite and who to contact for their histories. The willingness of everyone to contribute was most gratifying in gathering their histories and providing historical information about the village.

My skills on the computer are meager and I so appreciate my grandson Brandon Blatter for converting PDF files and other text into Microsoft Word so I could prepare the histories for Matt Cole, the graphic artist, who does such an excellent job in formatting the book. My co-author, Val Crow has contributed greatly with his knowledge of related families and the industries and events that was a

part of the Ammon family's lives. The location of old homes and their occupants is a valuable insight into early Ammon made possible by Val Crow and Paul Bunnell with his working knowledge of Auto Cad to make the Ammon map. The book "Old Ammon" by Miranda Stringham provided much of the seed information along with the church's "New Family Search" program that made possible dates and relationships to sort out.

I have preserved the histories in total as they have been written and sent to me without alteration on my part and only in a very few instances have I needed to select excerpts from a voluminous history. There will be errors as this book is a compilation of many authors and my role is simply to gather and publish what everyone else has written. It has been a work of great joy and interest to me.

—Lynn A. Blatter

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SECTION 1

AMMON'S BEGINNINGS

The forces that brought early settlers to Ammon are a fascinating series of occurrences forged in the development of western America beginning in the 1830s and culminating at the beginning of the 20th century.

Ammon Town site is located in the Southeast Quarter of Section 27, Township 2, North Range 38, East of the Boise Meridian. The U. S. Homestead Act of 1862 and the U. S. Geological Survey that followed provided a means of identifying specific land description for ownership and is the source of this description.

There was little to attract the native inhabitants of Idaho, the Shoshoni, Lemhi and Pauite Indians to this area. It simply lay in the path of their annual wanderings to hunt and gather roots for their winter food supply. Water and big game was scarce and the snakes, mosquitoes, rodents and predators made it hostile for them to settle.

It also lay in the path of white visitors, early 19th century explorers, scouts, trappers, fur traders and Christian missionaries to the Indians.

Our present Bonneville County was named for one of the most prominent of these early explorers, U. S. Army Captain Benjamin Louis Eualie de Bonneville, a French born West Point Graduate assigned to command an exploring party financed by the fur tycoon John Jacob Astor. There is some evidence to indicate it was also a spying or fact finding exercise to determine the extent of British encroachment in the North West. The expedition left Independence, Missouri in 1832 and returned in 1835. During this time they covered much of Idaho, eastern Oregon and Wyoming looking for furs and trading opportunities with the Indians.

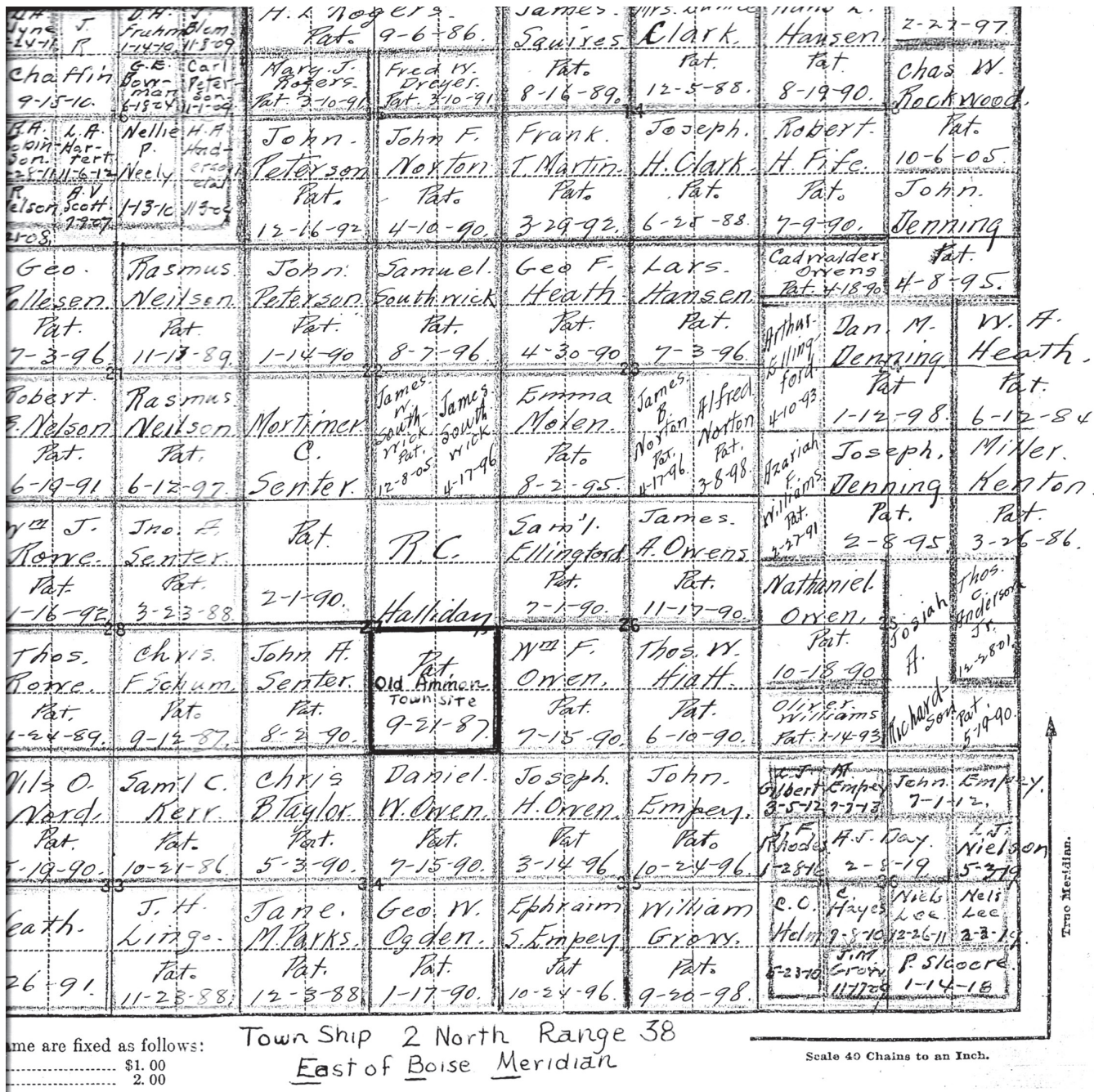
Capt. Bonneville explored along the Snake River, drifting to the head of the Salmon River in the spring of 1833. He returned to a camp on the Portneuf River in early summer of 1834 and spent the winter of 1834-35, after a trip to the Wind River Range in Wyoming, along the Bear River. He then returned to Independence that summer.¹

The U. S. Homestead Act in 1862 making land in the West available for settlement brought more white settlers to Idaho. This added interest in the area resulted in the creation of the Idaho Territory in 1863.

Gold was discovered in Virginia City Montana, May 1863. Immediately a freight business between Salt Lake City and Virginia City, or Bannock as the area was sometimes called, began. Matt Taylor, one of many freighters passing through eastern Idaho to the only Snake River Crossing in the Upper Snake River Valley between Ft. Hall and the Twin Buttes near present day Menan, was attracted to the business possibilities of this location. One evening he camped along the edge of the river at a narrow black rock canyon below the cataract of the river to get out the mosquitoes that plagued the sage brush flat. He thought of the advantage of bridging this narrow canyon. He bought the ferry crossing from the Barnard Brothers of Box Elder, Utah in 1864. The ferry had been established a couple of years before at the Flat Head Crossing (located about 9 miles north of the Broadway Bridge at Idaho Falls). With the ferry crossing under his control, he built his bridge, and opened for business in May 1865. The Postal service and telegraph came to the Taylor Bridge in 1866; Gold was discovered on Caribou

¹ WWW. Wikipedia, Captain Bonneville

Ammon Area Homestead Map



Mountain near Greys Lake and in the Salmon River Country in 1869 and 1870.²

The influx of people coming through Eagle Rock included some who were looking for agricultural opportunities. The Homestead Act provided a more sure way of establishing one's self than gold mining

or freighting. Five years proving up on a Homestead was an attractive alternate to working the mines or hiring out to others get land of your own. You didn't have to be lucky, you just had to work.

Mormon settlers from Utah started settling along Sand Creek in the Iona area.

The Norton brothers, Rufus and Leander were among those who came in the spring of 1883. The tall

² Alice Horton, Afton Bitton and Pattie Sherlock, Beautiful Bonneville County of Contrasts

sage brush which grew as tall as a man on horse back attracted these people to this area. Soil that produced Sage Brush that tall was very fertile. In the spring of 1884 John Franklin Norton had come to visit his brothers on his way to Montana with a herd of horses to sell for use in the freighting business where they were badly needed. His brothers encouraged him to get a homestead himself. As he went to round up his horses the next morning he found a beautiful piece of land that had been fire swept already for the plow. He knew someone else also had their sights on it and made a harrowing ride to the land agent in Malad, Idaho (a story of its own!)³ He successfully established his claim which was 160 acres located at the Northwest corner of where First Street and Ammon-Lincoln Road is today.⁴ In short order his sister Marietta's Brother in Law, Samuel Southwick took the 160 acre quarter section just south of him. A short while later her and her husband James Nephi Southwick and his son James William proved up on the quarter to the south of Samuel which is the North West 160 acres at 17th Street and Ammon-Lincoln Road.

In 1885 the Owens Brothers having become familiar with the area as they passed through on their way to panning gold at Leesburg, just south of Salmon, decided to homestead in the Ammon area as well. They had their sights on land along Little

Sand Creek, because of readily available water. Five brothers, sons of James C. and Sariah (Rawson) Owen; William Franklin, James Albert, Nathaniel, Daniel and Joseph Henry came and Homesteaded in the Ammon area.

In 1886 Sariah Owen's Father, Arthur Rawson and his family came along with Arthur's son in law and daughter, Thomas and Annie (Rawson) Hiatt and they all homesteaded together to the south and east of the Village site. Finally also in 1886 John Empey and his wife Almira Ceretta Norton, sister to John Franklin Norton took up a homestead south of Thomas Hiatt and east of Joseph Henry Owen. This same year 1886 Samuel Ellingford, future father in law of James Albert Owen homesteaded to the west of James Albert and joined William Franklin on the north,⁵ John Albert Senter had filed on the quarter section of land west of what became Ammon Town site. Richard Cephas Halliday (Land Abstract shows the name as Holliday on all entries) proved up on the 320 acres that included the 160 acre town site and the 160 acres to the north between the town site and what would be 17th Street.⁶ By 1896 all the land in the vicinity of the town site was patented to the new land owners.

The stage was set for a new village to be established.

—*Val Crow*

3 Janet Thompson, *This Side of the Mountain, Stories of Eastern Idaho*, pp.81-2

4 Homestead Plat Map, located in Bonneville County Assessors Office, Township 2 North, Range 38, EBM

5 Miranda Stringham, *Old Ammon Idaho, U.S.A*, pp 2,8,9,13,30

6 Homestead Plat Map, Bonneville County Assessors Office

SECTION 2

AMMON LAND TRANSACTIONS

by Val Crow

The land transactions that led to the establishment of Ammon Town site is in interesting trail of legal transactions.

Richard Cephas Holliday and his wife Lenna Azalia Holliday were granted a land patent from the United States for 320 acres of land on November 26, 1889 which conveyed the East ½ of Section 27, Township 2 North of Range 38 East Boise Meridian.

This land description is for the area comprising the land starting at 17th St. and Ammon Rd, south to Sunnyside Rd, west to the canal that is just west of Western Ave, north to 17th St.

On August 19, 1990 The Hollidays sold this land to the G.G. Wright land investment company for \$1800.00.

It was common for people to prove up on a homestead, which took five years and certain improvements on the land along with buildings plus the people had to live on the land using these improvements for half of the five years. At the end of the five years they had to have witnesses, who usually were neighbors, verify by affidavit that the legal requirements had been met. Upon which the United States Government Land Office for that area would issue a patent or deed to the property. Once they had the deed to the property, many would turn around and sell the property and use the proceeds to obtain a more desirable piece of property or use the money to finance some business venture. This seems to be the case with the Holliday's as no more is known of these folks in this area.

On June 8 1893 the G.G. Wright Company sold the S ½ of the SE ¼ of Section 27 to James Owen for \$1000.00.

This land description is for the area comprising the area from half way between Owen and Molen St along Ammon Rd to Sunnyside, west to the canal

west of Western, north halfway between Molen and Owen, east to Ammon Rd.

On the same day, June 8, 1893, the G.G. Wright Company sold the N ½ of the SE ¼ of Section 27 to William F. Owen. For \$1000.00.

On April 8, 1898, James and his wife Sariah Owen sold the S ½ of the SE ¼ of Section 27 to William F. Owen for \$1000.00.

On January 23, 1899, William F. and his wife Lucinda E. Owen To the Public: Plat and Dedication of Ammon Town site.

This dedication comprises the SE ¼ of Section 27, comprising 160 acres, into Lots and Blocks and dedicates the streets and alleys to public use.

This property description identifies the land from the ditch line north of Rawson at Ammon Rd, south to Sunnyside Rd, West to the canal west of Western Ave to the ditch line north of Rawson and east back to Ammon Rd. This is the 160 acres that make up the old Ammon Town site.

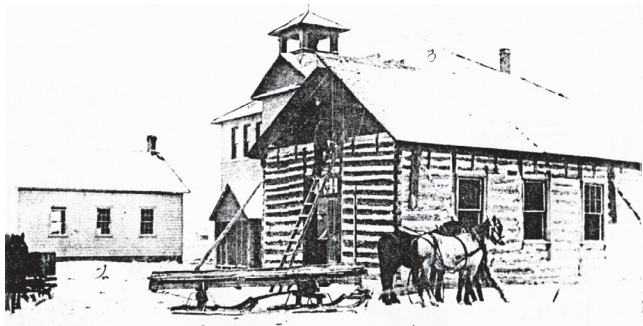
The 160 acres were divided into 16 Blocks of 10 acres each. Each Block south of Rawson was divided up into 8 equal size lots of 1 ¼ acres each. Each Block had 4 lots on the east of the block and 4 on the west of the Block, with an alleyway down the middle. All the streets in the village and the alleys were defined as public right of ways so each lot had a road and alley way and the corner blocks had an extra road right of way that cut off part of those lots to private use. These roads and alleyways were carved out of the lots of the owners leaving a little less than the 1 ¼ acre to each lot, more like 1 and 1/8 of an acre.

The 4 Blocks north of Rawson were not divided into lots but were sold by measurement of the land from the Block line to the east or west. The 4th block to the west at the end of Rawson never had a residence built on it but was used as farm land. All of the other 15 Blocks had residences on them. William F. Owen was the one who sold the lots to prospective buyers and all the abstracts of title the author saw had him as the Grantor of the property to the buyer.

SECTION 3

CHURCHES

Ammon area people, prior to 1888, went to Iona to church. The building there was 16 feet square. A branch was established in South Iona (Ammon) in 1887. The first meetings were held in the Arthur Rawson home on their homestead near the NW corner of Sunnyside and Crowley Rd. Arthur was the Presiding Elder. When the Ammon Ward was organized in 1891, he was ordained its first Bishop. The Ward then met in the church at Ammon Town site which also served as the school building. It was where the current Ammon Elementary on the corner



left, Old Hall, center, first brick school. house and right, original school-church building on Ammon Townsite. 1906.

of Owen and Central is, but the log building was closer to the corner than the current building. A frame building was built in 1900, called the "Old Hall" (building to the left in the picture with brick school house in the middle) and the church met there until the new Brick building was completed in 1912.

There were also congregations in Ozone, Bone, Owendale, and Dehlin in the early 1900's plus a branch of the Ammon Ward in Pleasant View. The Wards in the hills (only Bone was listed as a branch) started around 1912 and flourished until the drought of 1923-4. After the drought the dry farmers gradually left their homesteads in the hills and the church meetings were

discontinued. The Latter Day Saint families still living in the hills then went to Ammon for church.

Thomas Christian Anderson was the Bishop that presided over the construction of the new brick church. Joseph Anderson among others, helped finance the new chapel which cost \$15,000. It was built during the summer days of 1912 and the roof was put on before winter set in. The finishing and painting was done during the winter months. It had a large chapel with some class rooms on the ground floor, one closest to the rest rooms, had a baptismal font with cover, and the basement was divided into 6 class rooms, three on each side of the hallway. There was an emergency exit at the east end of the hallway which opened into a perpendicular passage way that ran under the large cement stairway entrance that was so prominent on the front of the building. The building was provided with central heating with a furnace and boiler situated in the west end of the building in the basement. Hot water radiators in the chapel and each of the classrooms made the building very comfortable in the cold weather. The building was dedicated April 13, 1913 by Elder James E. Talmage with Hyrum G. Smith, Patriarch of the Church accompanying him. 500 hundred attended the dedication.

During Bishop Lyman Whiting's administration, a two story addition was added about 1936 with a cultural hall and kitchen with stage on the top floor and class rooms on the bottom floor. The Amusement or "Old Hall" to the north was removed.



Old Hall, built in 1900, used as a church and school in Ammon



LDS Chapel, built in 1912, was dedicated April 13, 1913 by Elder James E. Talmage

The north end of the new addition had an outside entrance and that part of the building was dedicated for the Seminary program with two classrooms and office. The classrooms in this area were also used at times, as needed by the ward Sunday School on Sunday. This served as the Seminary classrooms for Ammon High School until a new high school house was built at Ammon-Lincoln- Iona Rd in 1957 and a separate Seminary building adjacent to the school was provided.

The Ammon Ward of the LDS church was defined and shepherded by Bishops who were prominent and successful men and were examples both as to business and family for the members of the ward. Bishops who served the Ammon Ward until it was divided November 22, 1953 creating the Ammon 2nd ward are listed below. This began a period of rapid growth that quickly enlarged the scope of Ammon. The village that is the focus of this book had come to end as the boundaries grew beyond the 160 acre town site.

- Arthur M. Rawson
November 29, 1889 - September 25, 1899
- T. Christian Anderson
September 25, 1899 - July 27, 1913
- Leonard G. Ball
August 3, 1913 - December 29, 1929
- Lyle M. Anderson
December, 29, 1929 - December 8, 1935
- Lyman J. Whiting
December 8, 1935 - November 23, 1941
- Reed Blatter
November 23, 1941 - July 14, 1946
- R. Clifford Judy
July 14, 1946 - January 20, 1952
- Artell Switter
January 20, 1952 - November 22, 1953

—Val Crow

SECTION 4

AMMON STORES

There were stores serving this area in the early 1900's in Ozone, Bone and Ammon. Nephi and Lenore Otteson operated the first store and only post office in the Ozone community.

The first Bone store was the Birch Creek schoolhouse moved by Orin Bone and his neighbors. Orin opened the first store and was the first postmaster. Spencer and Etta Williams operated the store in the 1940's until 1958. They were also the postmaster/mistress in the Bone store. When the Williams died, the story goes, a relative searching for a rumored million dollar nest egg, tore the store down. No treasure was found and the debris was burned. Tom Robinson, heir to the farm, believed Bone still needed a store and donated the land to Max Rockwood to build a new one. Rockwood sold to Noble Craig and then Robert and Veneta Bell. Joe Johnson then operated it. It has been in continual operation in the summer time until now (2009).⁷

The first store in the Ammon Town site was located in the lot across Molen St. south of the current church at approximately where 3120 or 3150 Central now is. According to Ammon resident Edna (Fenton Wolf) Empey, her father, Ephraim Empey, early Ammon pioneer, gave the land for the store. It was called the Ammon Mercantile Store. It was a little frame building with a large board porch across the front, and it had a high storefront with the letters **AMMON MERCANTILE CO.** painted across the top on a white background with black letters. They sold everything from shoestrings to stock salt and meats, with a dry goods department. They had vinegar and molasses in the barrel, with rice and beans and other commodities taken from barrels and weighed out by the pound and wrapped in paper. They carried stick candy and licorice.

It was respectively managed by:

- Ernest and Mary Geneva (Molen) Ricks
- Charley Kingston

- Canute W. and Pearl (Empey) Peterson
- Ernest Empey

Leo J. and Ella Nielsen managed the store for a while and then purchased it. In 1915 he built a new brick building on the SW corner of Ammon-Sunnyside road and relocated there. He purchased the land from John Gottlieb and Agnes Marie (Diernfelt) Rosen, Henry Rosen's father who lived in the old Lyman Pickett home just west of the store. This was the end of the Central Street building as a store. The rest of the owners or operators listed, all operated in the new brick store Nielsen built.⁸

A Criddle family operated the store and advertised in the 1929, 30 and 31 Ammon High School year book, "The Gleam."

Leonard Ball purchased the store sometime after Nielsen's moved from Ammon in the early 1920's. It is not known if he bought the store from Nielsens and leased the store to the Criddle's or bought it from them. Glen and Jewell Furniss came to Ammon about 1934 from Ogden, Utah and leased the store from Leonard Ball. It was advertised in the 1937 "Gleam" as the Ammon Red and White Store, part of the Red and White Chain. Glen wanted to buy the store but it was sold to John Judy in 1938 by Leonard Ball.

The Ammon Cash (John Judy Store)

Genevieve Merrill (Russell) one of John's employees recorded her memories of the store. "There were tall red gas pumps in front of the store. They had a glass top that you pumped the gas up into with a long lever attached to the side. It would measure the number of gallons you had pumped. When the gas was released into the car, it would measure the gallons in decreasing numbers and it was easy to stop on the desired amount of gallons that you wanted. Gas sold for two gallons for twenty-five cents, or "two bits worth of gas." Inside the store the floor was wood, not waxed but swept very clean. There was a counter along the west side of the store. Eggs were kept in a box near the cash register. The eggs were brought to

⁷ Alice Horton, Afton Bitton, Patti Sherlock, Beautiful Bonneville, pp. 260-2

⁸ Miranda Stringham, Old Ammon Idaho USA, p. 21

the store by the customers to trade for produce. They were not candled nor inspected and sometimes they were not exactly clean. We took them in trade and sold them. As near as I remember we gave 10 cents for a dozen eggs and sold them for 12 cents a dozen.

Eddy's bread truck would come once a week. The bread was a solid loaf. They hadn't began slicing it. We didn't sell much of the bread but we did sell a lot 50# sacks of flour so the housewives could make their own.

Flour, sugar and salt were sold in cloth bags with the names imprinted in each sack. These sacks became dish towels, hand towels, handkerchiefs, (there were no Kleenex) and sometimes slips or panties for little girls. I remember "bloomers" that were part of my apparel with the inscription, "U and I Sugar" imprinted across my butt. We wrapped the purchases in heavy paper tied with string as there were no sacks. The string was then used to darn the holes in our heavy cotton stockings.

Lard was the shortening used and it was sold in tin 1# or 5# buckets. Butter came in a solid 1# chunk and margarine was in a 1# package but was pure white with a tiny tube of coloring that you mixed into to it to fool you into thinking it was butter. There was one kind of "showcase" for the meat and the operator was responsible for cutting the meat. Round steak came in big ROUND steaks. It was the whole hip, not cut into small steaks like they are today. We sold hamburger, sausage and weiners. Bologna was cut to your liking as to thickness. There was no other prepared lunch meat. You could buy Deviled meat in small cans for 10 cents a can. There were few canned goods. I remember tomato and vegetable soup, but don't remember any canned vegetables or fruit. Soap for washing came in bars. Crystal White and Fels Naphtha were the most popular brands and everyone bought "bluing" by the bottle to make their clothes sparkling white. Hand soap was also in bars and sold under the brand names of Ivory, Palmolive or Cream of Olive.

Cookies were sold from square boxes with tight fitting lids. There were coconut macaroons and a flat sugar cookie with pink frosting. The most elegant

was the chocolate cookie with a marshmallow filling that was dipped in chocolate to cover it completely and it was a large, sweet confection. There were always Fig Newtons for they were very popular.

Canning time was the time for the huge barrel of vinegar with a spigot at the bottom of the small side. You had to bring your own jug or bottle and we filled it directly from the barrel. There was no choice as to white, apple cider or balsamic.

Cheese came in big "wheels" about 2 feet across and you cut the pieces on the butcher block. There was sharp and mild and you "guesstimated" what constituted a pound or a half pound and hoped you were not too far off the mark. No sliced cheese was available.

My work day started at 7 in the morning and lasted until 8 at night, with an hour off for lunch, and I worked 6 days a week.

A flyer that was printed and distributed around the village by local boys for a small fee, printed in November 1943 listed some common commodities and their prices.

Fresh roasted salted peanuts 1 pound was 25 cents. Coffee sold for 29 cents a pound. Palmolive soap was 3 bars for 20 cents. Old Dutch Cleanser went for 2 cans for 15 cents. Peanut Butter was 43 cents for a 2 pound can. Brown sugar was 9 cents a pound."

John Judy sold the store on December 19, 1946 to Dick Kelly for \$7,500.

Dick Kelly and his family lived in an apartment in the back of the store all during the time he owned the store. He sold it to ZKB Corp. run by Zane, Kim and Brad Hall on June 1, 1979. The Halls sold the store to Lennis and Margene (Judy) Tirrell in December of 1982 and they are still operating it.

The Ammon Cash (Furniss Store)

Glen and Jewell Furniss moved down the street on the corner of Ammon Rd. and Molen St. a block north of the Judy store when they missed the opportunity to buy the store from Leonard Ball and opened up a store in the front room of their home at 3120 Ammon Road. Glen was drafted into the Army

near the end of World War II, and was remembered as the oldest man, at age 39, to be drafted from Bonneville County. Jewell operated this store until Glen returned from serving in World War II and then a modern brick store was built to the south of their home at what is currently 3140 Ammon Road, known as the Glen Arms Apartment building. It was constructed with a cold storage freezer, with lockers available for rent to residents, as very few had any type of freezer in their home. He had a custom meat cutting business in the rear of the building where animals were cut up, wrapped and frozen. You could also have vegetables such as corn on the cob coated with wax and frozen and kept in the lockers.

There were two apartments on the second floor and the front part of the main floor of the building was a regular grocery store. They specialized in providing groceries on credit to families who needed this type of help. Competition was keen between the two grocery stores so close together, and most of the village residents did regular business with one or the other but, usually, not shopping equally at both.

Glen died in 1958 and Jewell closed the store shortly thereafter and went to work for School District # 93 at the Hillview school. She passed away in 1993 and both were buried in Ogden, Utah.

Confectionaries

Two confectionaries or small stores that served primarily the students of the Ammon School were across the street to the east of the school building. The history is spotty as to owners.

A three room log cabin located at approximately where 2955 Central Ave is currently located was advertised in the 1929 "Glean" the High School yearbook. It was called the Robinson Confectionary. The 1930 and 31 "Glean", advertises the Monson Confectionary. Yvonne Monson Parry writes about the store as follows. In 1929 my parents Virgil and Laura Christensen Monson heard there was an available confectionary business in Ammon. They visualized living in the house directly behind the store. Never did they suspect my Dad would

continue farming in Goshen and send Laura to run the store. In June 1929 we moved to Ammon where my twenty-three year old mother tackled the responsibilities of running a store. They named it "Monson Confectionary." Some people still referred to the store as the "Cat Shop." The previous owner had numerous cats, and the nickname stuck. The folks rented the house and store for \$25 a month from Ernest Empey. Before they moved in they bought the existing merchandise in the store from Glenn Robinson for \$500. After the crash it wasn't worth near what they paid for it and they lost money on it. The building was in poor condition and frost would come through the walls in the winter. The folks lived there for over five years until December 1934 when we moved to New Sweden. Directly behind the store there was a small living area consisting of a kitchen, a bedroom which also served as the living room and a storage room. Later, Cleo Anderson (Black/ Stout) operated this store, after which it was moved behind the building which later housed the Confectionary operated by the Wadsworths, next door, and became the first home of Marvin and Rosemarie Anderson who purchased the property from Wadsworths, and operated the confectionary until the consolidation of School District 93 and the moving of the High School north of Lincoln at the Ammon-Lincoln, Iona Road intersection.

Wallace-Elsie (Fowers) Wadsworth operated a confectionary store at 2955 Central right across the street from the School from about 1945-51.

It served the school kids for treats and lunch. It was a small frame building. It had a glass cased counter across the front of the store for candy and school supplies and stools and serving counters on sides of the glass counter running toward the rear of the store with a serving, cooking island in the middle for hamburgers, hot dogs and drinks. The history of the building prior to the Wadsworths purchase could not be determined. There are conflicting opinions as to which of the buildings was a confectionary at different times, according to people who were students at that time.

Marvin and Rose Marie Anderson bought their

confectionary from the Wadsworths in 1951 And operated it as confectionary until he went in the service during the Korean War. His uncle Lewis and Louise (Anderson) Empey leased and operated the store while he was gone. When he returned the school consolidation had occurred and with the high school students gone, the need for a confectionary went too. Marvin and Rose Marie went to Barber and Beauty School and then built a home on the back of the confectionary building and made it into a beauty/barbershop where Marvin is still serving as a barber some 50+ years later. The old confectionary log building which served as their home during the construction of their new home and the remodeling of the confectionary into their shop was sold. It was moved by the purchasers up in the hills as a summer home.⁹

—*Val Crow*

SECTION 5

AMMON SCHOOLS

Homesteaders settled in the foothills east of the Upper Snake River Valley as the valley was being settled. There were settlements, with schools, located all way from Grays Lake on the south to the foothills east of Iona on the north. The people who came to the hills as homesteaders were a literate group of people from various parts of the valley and often with friends from other places in the United States. They were an educated people who were desirous of having their children educated and were prepared to have their children learn the 3 R's as well as being trained in culture and the arts. As soon as they provided houses or shelter to protect themselves from the weather, they put a priority on schools and church.

Schools reported by name were; Gray, Bridge Creek, Eagle Creek, Wayan, Herman, Williamsburg, Chicken Creek, Owendale, Ozone, Dehlin, Bone, Deer Creek, Glenore, Rock Creek, Tipperary,

Guaz, Bulls Fork, and Enterprize on Martin's Flat. These schools are not listed in sequence of time or location.¹⁰

The schools in Ozone, Dehlin, Glenore, Owendale, Rock Creek, Birch Creek and Henry Creek are the primary ones that fed students to the Ammon Schools as they were discontinued. They operated between about 1912-41.

This description of the Bone school by Jesse Hayes is typical of many of the schools in the hills: It was built of squared logs, chinked and finished with beaver board on the inside. It had wainscoting and strips of stained wood over the seams of the walls. There were blackboards on two or more walls. An 18 inch high stage sufficed for plays and for the pulpit and piano to sit on at Sunday services. The floors were bare stained wood. The benches were hardwood factory made. The room was heated with a cast iron wood heater or pot bellied stove. In the cloak room were coat hooks and benches for a water pail and a long handled dipper. Germs were not an issue then. There was room on a bench for lunch pails. On really cold days the students may have found ice in their sandwiches. All eight classes met in the one room with one teacher for all. These teachers had to know more than just the time tables. They had to know music, singing, literature, biology, arithmetic, spelling and science. Above everything else, they had to discipline varied ages from 6-15 years of age. Most teachers were college graduates. Some were artists, musicians and others, outstanding pen-men. Some taught dramatics and sponsored plays.¹¹

All of these schools were discontinued as a result of the drought of 1923-4 causing the people to leave their dry farms and go to irrigated farms in the valley or worse, to be bankrupt and have to start all over some where else. The last school functioned until about 1941 in the Birch Creek Basin area west of Bone.¹² The Ammon School received the students of families that moved from the hills to the Ammon area.

The first school in the Ammon area was held

10 Miranda Stringham, *People of the Hills*, pg 74

11 Miranda Stringham, *People of the Hills*, pg 73

12 Ibid. pg 81

9 Memory of Marvin Anderson

about 1891 in the Arthur Rawson home located on the northwest corner of the intersection of Sunnyside and Crowley Roads. The home believed to be the school is still standing at this writing with minor changes. Shortly there after, the people in Pleasant View (Hog Hollow) established one. This building was located about half way between the Gardner and Hillside Canal on E. 25th St. on the south side of the road. The first building was a small log building and then a frame building was built. School was discontinued when school district transportation was provided to take the students to Ammon District No. 19, sometime around the start of World War I. The Pleasant View building continued as a community building sometimes called the Connell Dance Hall. It was purchased by Leonard Ball and moved to Idaho Falls where he turned it into an apartment house believed to be the current duplex at 1247-1249 Emerson Ave.¹³ Other community buildings in foothill communities used as schoolhouses were at Ozone; located at the intersection of Sunnyside and the Iona-Bone Roads (the foundation is still visible a few yards to the south in a sage brush patch). Two building locations at Rock Creek south of Ozone, Bone, Birch Creek Basin, Glenore, Dehlin, which was near the intersection of Kepps Crossing Road and Dan Creek Road, one on Bull Fork north of Dehlin, one called Enterprise on Martin Flat and one in Henry Creek canyon called Tipperary.¹⁴

The Ozone building was moved to Ammon between about 1929 and 1932¹⁵ and became the Stucco building that was used for FFA and School Lunch

Room and Home Economics on the top floor. The building was dissembled in two or three sections and moved by a house moving type rig to Ammon, with partitions and odds and ends transported by farm trucks.¹⁶ The Rock Creek building was moved to Birch Creek Basin and after that school closed, the building was moved to Bone and became an addition to the Bone store¹⁷ which was later disassembled and burned.¹⁸ The Glenore building is still standing and has a sign on the building, identifying it, on



School building that burned in 1936

the Duane Jones ranch on the Long Valley Road at Sellars Creek. The Dehlin building was torn down¹⁹ but the foundation still is visible. The Henry Creek schoolhouse was sold to Jim Empey and was moved to Sunnyside Road and remodeled into his house²⁰ which sets just to the east of the rail road tracks on the south side of the road, one half mile east of Ammon Road.

The first school building in the Ammon town site was also the church. It was located on the north east corner of the lot where the current Ammon Elementary School is located. The second building was the frame church-Old Hall building that was

13 Recollections of Keith Hanson, a neighbor in the vicinity of the building and eye witness of its removal.

14 Locations of Dehlin, Rock Creek and Henry Creek schoolhouses are on Garmins 2000 release of their U. S. Road and Trails Map for their GPS units.

15 Miranda Stringham, Old Ammon, Idaho, USA, The First Fifty Years, 1885-1935, pg. 120a

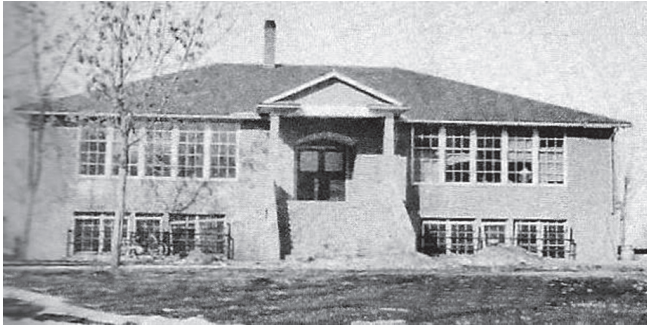
16 Recollections of Cecil (Jack) Smith and Ursel Heath of Ammon who were eyewitnesses as children of its movement.

17 Miranda Stringham, People of the Hills, pg 25

18 Alice Horton, Afton Bitton, Pattie Sherlock, Beautiful Bonneville, pg 260

19 Recollections of Harold Schwieder

20 Ibid. Miranda Stringham, Pg 17, confirmed by Grandson Colin Howard who grew up in the house.



*Stucco building moved from Ozone about 1929
to Ammon for school*

south of the current Ammon School building and closer to the road directly across the street from Marvin Anderson's home/barber shop, 2955 Central Ave. The first large school building was a two story brick building with a bell tower and four large rooms. Constructed in 1904, it was burned down in 1936 along with the High School with a new gymnasium that was almost completed. The new gymnasium was used only one night for a basketball game with Rigby. During the early morning of Feb. 1, 1936, after the Rigby game, the coach, Afton Barrett, returning home from a date, noticed the building on fire. It was completely destroyed. The fire was believed to have started in the area of some wood flooring stored near the furnace that was to have become the gym floor, which was yet to be installed.

The School having been destroyed, the high school students were then crowded into the stucco building to the rear and left (south) of the current building. It was the community hall/church building that had been moved down from Ozone just a few years earlier, mentioned above. After being moved to Ammon it was located on top of a 1st story basement that was constructed for the building and all was stuccoed on the outside. The grade school classes were housed in the Ammon Church in the basement rooms. The school building that is currently standing was immediately constructed as a WPA project and was completed for the 1937-38 school year.

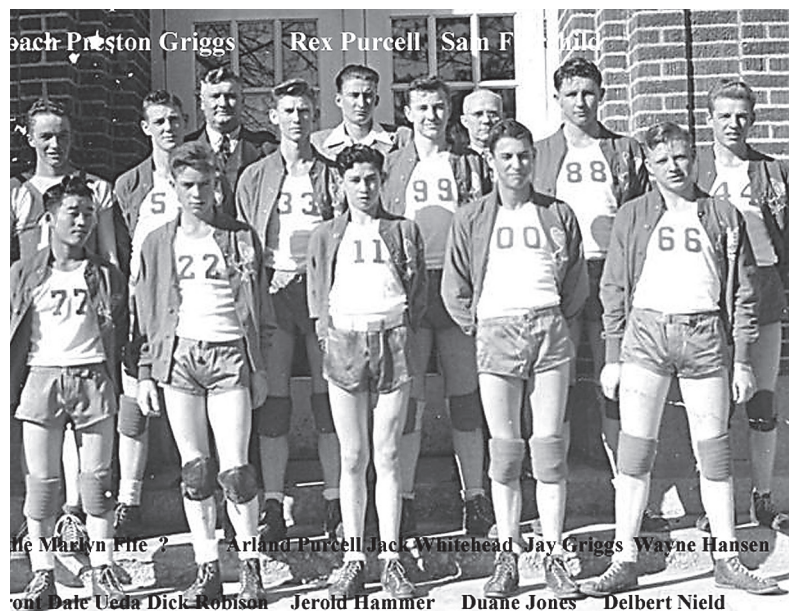
In 1951, due to a consolidation of

schools, district #93 was created, and the Ammon building became the district's High School building. High School (grades 10-12) was on the top floor and in the stucco building. Home Economics classes were held in top right room, the left room was used for the schools hot lunch program. On the bottom floor there was a class room on the left for the FFA program and shop classes and the Woodworking and other crafts shop was on the right side. The grade school (grades 1-6) for Ammon Village was on the ground floor of the Ammon school building. The grades 7-9 (Junior High) were located in the old high school building in Ucon. The other communities in the district, Lincoln, Iona, Ucon and Coltman had community grade schools in local buildings.

A new Bonneville High School was built on the NW corner of Ammon-Lincoln and Iona Road. The first operating school year was 1957-58. At that time the Ammon building became a grade school only.

An addition to the west of the Ammon building was added in 1965 due to growth in the Ammon area resulting from an influx of families with grade school aged children. The addition consisted of four classrooms and a central office.²¹

— Val Crow



21 Val Crow, Russell Swensen, Personal Recollections.

SECTION 6

AMMON TRAGEDIES

Ammon like all small communities had it's share of tragedies that affected those who were considered by all, too young to leave this mortal existence. The impact on the youth, parents and grandparents, not to mention the friends, relatives and community in general, crosses the generations and is still a part of the psychic of those who remember or who are the descendants of the families involved.

These cover the period from 1920 to 1962. They were included, as most of the Ammon residents living during the period covered by this history were familiar with their story and affected by the loss.

This covers all known accidental deaths of the young inhabitants of the village or of school mates from the surrounding farms who attended school in Ammon. Any that may have been missed are not in the memories of those who provided the input for this work. All information provided was taken from the Idaho Falls, Post Register articles covering the accidents and with some family members inputs from memory, surrounding the background information included.

Lewis Campbell

Although not a resident of Ammon Village when this accident occurred, the family did live in Ammon during the time period covered by the book and many people they were associated with did hear of the occurrence and were somewhat familiar with the ramifications to the village. He died June 25, 1920.

The newspaper account of his death reads, "A coroner's inquest was held over the death of Lewis Campbell, who met death Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the gravel pit south of Reno Park.

Lewis Campbell and his brother, Arnold, had the contract to haul gravel from the pit to the county roads that are being repaired and while loading under the trap a four horse scraper was driven to the top the structure which collapsed, crushing the young man.²²

22 Post Register, Idaho Falls, Idaho, June 28, 1920 p. 1

Young Campbell was the son of Mr. and Mrs. David and Minerva (Deuel) Campbell, of Ozone. Beside the parents, he is survived by the following brothers and sisters, Charles, Alfred, Arnold, Miranda, Alma, David, William, Randall, Viola, and June, all of Ozone.²³

The coroner's jury found that death was due to a faulty constructed loading trap, but the evidence presented failed to find anyone responsible for the death. Lewis was 17 years old when he died.²⁴

Naomi Purcell

Naomi Purcell was the 14 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Purcell. Her folks lived on their farm east of Ammon on what is now East 21st St., a half mile east of Crowley Road. She was a student of Ammon School. She was killed in a school bus accident at the first intersection south of the Ammon School at Central and Molen, on 12 November 1931. The newspaper reported, "Naomi was killed and six other girls were injured late Thursday afternoon when the body of a beet truck being used as a school bus tipped from the chassis of the machine as it turned a corner in Ammon, throwing 33 students in the highway.

Miss Purcell died almost instantly from a broken neck. The injured children were rushed to the LDS hospital in Idaho Falls, where attendants said their condition was not serious. All were taken to their homes Thursday night after they had received medical attention for face lacerations and bruises.

Jesse Crow, 26, driver of the truck, had been using it to haul beets. Members of the Sheriff's office who investigated the accident said. The body of the machine was to have been replaced Monday of next week by a body built in the carpentry class of the Ammon High School. It had been recognized as unsafe for further use but was being utilized as a makeshift, a member of the Ammon school board said Friday.

23 www.new.familysearch.org

24 Ibid., Post Register

Students riding in the truck reported that Crow was driving at a moderate rate of speed.

The carriage toppled off the framework when straps holding it to the running gears loosened. The children landed on the road heads downward. Miss Purcell died in the arms of a school teacher who picked her up after the accident.

The injured girls are Melvina Mausen, Margaret Williams, Mary Henderson, Juanita Crow, Helen Hansen and Wanda King. Boys in the truck only received minor cuts and bruises.

The accident victim is survived by her parents, three brothers, Gerald, Merlin and Arland and her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Chris Anderson of Ammon and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Purcell of Yuba, California.”²⁵

Mr. Crow was found innocent of manslaughter at a subsequent court hearing resulting from testimony given by students who were riding on the bus and the school board members. Jesse quit driving school bus after this accident and would rarely talk about it. It haunted him all his life. He never mentioned it in the journal he kept.²⁶

Floyd Anderson

Floyd was a school teacher at Ammon High School. He taught shop, science and was the girls basketball coach.²⁷

He was killed at his parents home at the SE corner of Central and Molen in Ammon on 12 February, 1932.

The newspaper account of the accident says, “Floyd Anderson, 30, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Anderson of Ammon was instantly killed at his father’s place in Ammon shortly before noon on Friday when a tree fell on him, throwing him backward with his head striking a harrow. One of the iron spikes pierced his head bringing instant death.

Two young men, Wayne Jones and Dick (Richard) Curtis, both high school students were with Mr. Anderson at the time of the fatal accident. They



immediately notified J. W. Criddle of the the Ammon store, which is nearby, and other neighbors who hurried to the side of the injured man. Mr. Criddle declared that, from all appearances, Mr. Anderson died instantly.

Information gleaned from Jones and Curtis was to the effect that

Anderson had either been struck by the falling tree or fell upon the harrow in an attempt to get out from under the falling tree. The harrow was buried in the snow.

Anderson was an instructor at the Ammon high school, it was learned. He is survived by his widow and three small sons. The Ammon School has been closed for a few days because of the highways being blocked by snow and Anderson had been working on his fathers farm.”²⁸

Paul Wadsworth

Paul Wadsworth on a farm about a mile south of Ammon, on Ammon Road was killed while riding a horse on November 20, 1933. The newspaper account of his death says, “Dragged across a field by a run away horse, Paul Wadsworth, 14 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Wadsworth of Ammon, met almost instant death Monday evening about 6 o’clock.

According to the family, the boy had ridden out after cattle when the horse became frightened in a field near the Wadsworth home. The boy was thrown from the horse and dragged over the ground by a saddle rope, which he had tied around his waist and the horses neck. He was dead when found in the field by his father several minutes after the accident. The boy attended school at Ammon and was well known in the community. He was a member of the

25 Post Register, Friday November 13, 1931, p 1

26 Memory of Jesse’s wife, Iris, February 2011.

27 Ammon High School year book, Gleam 1931, p 11

28 Post Register, Saturday 12 February, 1932, p 1

Boy Scout troop at Ammon. He is survived by his parents and two brothers, Park and Keith, and by his grandmother, Mrs. George Wadsworth of Idaho Falls. Mr. Wadsworth is first counselor to Bishop Lyle Anderson of the Ammon LDS ward. The boy was born September 19, 1919, in Idaho Falls.”²⁹

Ella Hammer

Ella Hammer was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hammer who owned the Hammer Dairy farm on the southeast corner of 17th St and Ammon Road in the 1920's. The children all went to school in Ammon until they moved at the beginning of the Great Depression. They sold the dairy and moved to Ogden, Utah.³⁰

In 1933, Ella, their youngest daughter, a 23 year old Ogden school teacher, her sister Iletta and their nephew, William Duard Hammer decided to take a trip to Ammon over the Christmas holidays to visit relatives. On the trip to Idaho, they were involved in an automobile accident near Franklin, Idaho on December 26, 1933 and Ella was killed instantly. The newspaper report states, “Mr. Hammer was driving. He swerved his machine to avoid striking a gravel wagon in charge of Donald Hobbs, and the automobile skidded, plunged over a 200 foot embankment and turned over.

Ella died of a fractured skull. Her sister Iletta was severely injured, bruised and shocked. She was taken to a Preston hospital. Duard Hammer received a sprained wrist and was bruised about the body.

The automobile was moving at a rate of about 35 miles an hour, according to Sheriff William D Head's information following an investigation, when the accident occurred.

She graduated from Ogden High School in 1928 and from Weber College in 1930. At the time of her death she was a teacher on the Taylor School faculty, near Ogden.”³¹

Harold Woodhouse and Carter Children

Possibly the most remembered and traumatic for the community was the car train accident that took three children from one family and an only son from another on a sunny Saturday morning, October 2, 1938.

The newspaper account of this tragedy is as follows, “Three young children were killed, their bodies horribly mangled, Saturday morning when their car (a one seater Model A Ford Coupe) collided with a Union Pacific freight train at Ammon crossing. The fourth is near death at the LDS hospital. The dead, all residents of Ammon village, are Blanche Carter, 11. Mildred Carter age 10, Blanches sister, and Harold Woodhouse, 19. Kenneth Carter, 18, brother to the Carter girls was declared in very poor condition.

Lloyd Sullivan, state highway patrolman, said young Woodhouse was driving the machine in which the four were going out to pick potatoes. He said the young man evidently did not see the train and ran into the locomotive.

The Carters are son and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. James Carter of Ammon. Young Woodhouse was the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Woodhouse of Ammon.

The highway patrolman said the coupe, into which the four were crowded, struck the corner of the locomotive's cow catcher.

He said the railroad fireman, L. L. Johnson told him the locomotive whistle was sounded as the train approached the crossing from the south and again when the crew saw the car coming. The officer quoted the fireman as saying Mr. Woodhouse looked the opposite way from that in which the train was approaching and did not see it. Mr. Woodhouse lived a short time but the girls were killed instantly. The highway patrolman set the time of the accident at 7:02 a.m.

Dr. H. E. Guyett, attending doctor, declared the condition of the Carter youth “very critical.” He indicated the young man was suffering from a skull fracture, a crushed chest and a compound fracture of

29 Ibid, Tuesday 21 November, 1933, p 1

30 Memories of nephew Marvin Anderson of Ammon.

31 Post Register, December 27, 1933 p 1



1938 newspaper article on the fatal car-train accident

the left leg. The train was extra freight No. 538 and was enroute to Idaho Falls. The crew: J. F. Newman, engineer, Mr. Johnson, fireman. A. J. Kellum of Idaho Falls, conductor. H. R. Cartwright of Pocatello, brakeman, William A. Jensen of Pocatello, brakeman.

Mr. Sullivan estimated speed of the train at from 15 to 20 miles per hour. The automobile, he said was traveling about 35 miles per hour. It was tossed back totally demolished, a few feet from the point of the accident.

Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Stoddard, who live near the crossing, witnessed the tragedy, Mr. Sullivan said.

The officer added a grain elevator and several grain cars are located about 150 feet from the crossing, so that the view was partially obstructed. He said, too, the sun was in the automobile driver's eyes, further impairing his vision.

The four were headed for the farm of R. G. Whiting, brother-in-law of the Carters, to work with the potato harvest. The girls intended to work

cleaning up the vines, members of the family said.

Mrs. Whiting said she had gone to get the children when she met them on the way, just west of the crossing. She turned around, she said, and was following when the accident occurred.

The senior Mr. Carter, who is convalescing from a drawn out illness, is suffering from shock.

Blanche Harriet Carter was born December 1, 1926, and Mildred Carter on June 12, 1928. Both were born in Ammon and were pupils in the Ammon grade school at the time of their deaths.³²

A newspaper account in the next day's paper reported the death of

Kenneth Carter. It says, "Kenneth Carter, 18, of Ammon, fourth victim of a auto-train collision at Ammon lost his fight for life.

Mr. Carter never regained consciousness after the accident though he spoke several times hospital attendants said. He died at 12:20 a.m. Sunday.

Fred Porter, county coroner, said the deaths were "purely accidental" and that no inquest would be held.

Joint funeral services for the four will be held in L.D.S. Tabernacle at Idaho Falls. Bishop Whiting is a brother-in-law of the three Carter victims. The bodies are at the Wood Funeral Home.

Kenneth Carter was born December 18, 1919. He was not attending high school this year, but had been prominent in school affairs during past terms.

Survivors of the Carter children are their parents, and the following brothers and sisters: James Lazelle

32 Post Register, Sunday 2 October, 1938, pp. 1, 10

Carter, Leadore: Mrs. Loretta Wells, Pocatello: Mrs. Myrtle Buttars, Mrs. Capitola Whiting, Virginia, Laura, Lyn, Leonal, and Billy, all of Ammon.

Young Woodhouse is survived by his parents and a sister, Sylvia. The young man graduated from the Ammon high school last year along with his sister, who is less than a year younger.

He was a former resident with his family in Idaho Falls. During his high school days he was a member of the high school band.”³³

Gerald Nielsen



Gerald Nielsen died on July 12, 1942 during a swim.

The newspaper account of his death is as follows, “Gerald Nielsen, 16 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Nielsen of Ammon, drowned Sunday night in the Heise Hot Springs when he suffered a heart attack while swimming.

Members of the Idaho Falls fire department and state police worked with resuscitator for more than an hour and a half, but were unable to revive the youth.

Officers said the Nielsen boy was swimming with Jared Wirkus, also of Ammon. As he started to swim from the side of the pool he threw up his arms and went under. He was pulled from the water and members of the Idaho Falls fire department arrived 30 minutes after the accident but their efforts were of no avail. Dale Peterson of Idaho Falls, with the aid of young Wirkus, recovered the body.

In charge of the resuscitator were Marvin Kirby and Arnold Prestgard of the fire department. Lloyd Sullivan was the state officer at the scene.

Funeral services will probably be held Wednesday

afternoon at 2 p.m. In the Ammon L.D.S. Ward chapel with Bishop Reed Blatter officiating.

Mr. Nielsen was born April 1, 1926 in Idaho Falls and attended school at Ammon. He was active in vocational agriculture work in the Ammon high school and would have been a junior next fall.

Survivors, in addition to his parents, include the following brothers and sisters:

Mrs. Lolia Wright, Mrs. Ruby Smith, Lois Nielsen, Myrna Nielsen, Vera Nielsen, Bruce Nielsen and William Nielsen Jr.

The body is at the Woods Funeral Home.”³⁴

Betty Isaacs

Church outings for the youth are never expected to end in the way an M.I.A. Beehive activity ended.

It was July 29, 1943. The newspaper report said, “What was planned to have been a gay picnic outing for some 25 Ammon Beehive girls turned into tragedy when Betty Isaacs, 13 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Isaacs, Ammon, was drowned while on a swim party with a group in Willow Creek three miles south-east of Bone, at 3 o’clock Thursday afternoon. Bone is about 22 miles southeast of Idaho Falls.

According to a version given by members of the party, the girl suddenly sank in a deep hole.

Efforts of the four Beehive leaders in charge of the party and the other girls to rescue her proved unsuccessful and help was summoned from the near by Sayer farm.

Finally locating the body was LaMar Sayer, 22, son of J. R. Sayer, in about 10 feet of water, The body had been in the water about 30 minutes and efforts to revive the girl by artificial respiration was of no avail. Mr. Sayer and Cornell Davies also assisted in the recovery of the body.

According to reports, the Beehive girls had planned to spend an over night outing at the scene of the tragedy. They had reached the place Thursday morning, but after the accident, returned to their homes.

33 Post Register, October 3, 1938, pp. 1,3

34 Post Register, July 13, 1942, p. 1

Fred Porter, Bonneville county coroner, and Walter Searle, deputy sheriff, who investigated, and Mabel Nielsen, who accompanied the girls on the excursion, gave the following description of what happened:

"About three and a half hours after lunch, we decided to go swimming. There were few places where one could swim. As a large number of the group could not swim, they had a lot of fun just wading up and down the creek. There were only about six good swimmers and the rest were not allowed to go where the water was deeper. Delaine Anderson (one of the girls in the party) swam around the hole several times to see what the situation was like and then said there was a deep place and warned the girls to stay away from this deep place.

About this time, five minutes after 3 o'clock, Betty Isaacs, who was one of the best swimmers, stretched out on her back and began to swim across the creek. Undoubtedly she thought she was swimming in a direction not over the hole and when she arrived at this place she began to sink. I called to Betty asking if she was all right and I told her to swim. She didn't answer but went down and then came up again. I called again and there was no response. Then I called the other girls to help. At this the little Anderson girl swam out and took hold of her and struggled with her to get her to shore. They went down twice together, and then the Anderson girl succeeded in breaking loose. Meanwhile, I had gotten in the water and being unable to swim, I was unable to save her. I went down trying to reach her, but I couldn't and the Anderson girl pulled me out. Lois Empey went out and tried to get hold of her, but became weak and returned to shore. Then we formed a circle by taking hold of hands and tried to reach her as she was going down a

fourth time. I am sure that we had done everything that was possible to save her, but it seems as though we could not get hold of her and she didn't try to help herself. Apparently there was no struggle and she never asked for help. Whether she was frightened or not I couldn't say."

Mrs. Bertha McDonald, who also accompanied the group, was on the bank of the creek at the time of the accident and corroborated Mrs. Nielsen's story. She said also that in attempting to find help, they called on four houses without finding anyone home and finally brought Cornell Davies, whom they found working in a hay field. In the meantime, two girls had found John Sayer and his son, LaMar Sayer, who came immediately.

While attempts to revive the girl were undertaken, 40 of the group knelt in prayer, the women reported.

The girl was born January 11, 1930. Surviving besides her parents are the following brothers and sisters, Eunice Wright, Brigham City, Utah: Porter Isaacs, with the army and believed enroute overseas: and Beulah Martin, Laverne, Jean, Mildred, Jack,



Ammon had two village boys who were killed in Combat during World War II; LaVern Isaacs (left) and Gary A. Judy (right)

Mary, Bobby and Billy Isaacs, all of Ammon: grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Tyler, Twin Falls, and grandmother, Mrs. Ettie Jean Isaacs, Ozark, Arkansas.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at 3 o'clock in the L.D.S. Ammon church with Bishop Reed Blatter of the Ammon ward officiating. The body will lie at the family home in Ammon from 10 o'clock Sunday until time of services and is now at the Wood Funeral home. Interment will be in the Ammon cemetery."³⁵

Gary Judy

"Gary A. Judy, Ammon Soldier Dies in Germany"

Pfc. Gary A. Judy of Ammon, serving with a paratroop division, was killed in action while serving in Germany March 26, 1945 his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Judy of

Ammon, were notified by the war department Saturday.

Private Judy had served in England, France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany. He was sent overseas to England in August of 1944 and later went to France on December 27, 1944.

He was a machine gunner. He received his basic training at Camp Shelby, Miss., and his paratroop training at Ft. Benning, Ga.

He was born March 19, 1925, in Ammon where he lived until entering the service. He graduated from the Ammon high school in 1943 and helped on his father's dry farm before entering the service.

He is survived by his parents and three brothers, Darwin, Robert and Doyle Judy, all of Ammon."³⁶

LaVern Isaacs

(He died on March 28, 1945 but no death notice could be found in the Post Register)

"Joint Memorial Services Planned for Ammon Youth"

Joint memorial services for Pfc. LaVern Isaacs and Pfc. Gary A. Judy, two Ammon youths who went through school together and them met death on the western front just two days apart, will be held Sunday at 2 p.m. In the Ammon LDS church with Bishop Reed Blatter officiating.

Private Judy, 20, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Judy graduated from Ammon high school in 1943. The following year Private Isaacs, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Isaacs was graduated. Young Judy, serving with a paratroop division, was killed in action March 26 and his pal died of wounds received in action March 28. The parents had not been previously advised that their son had been wounded.

Richard Crow

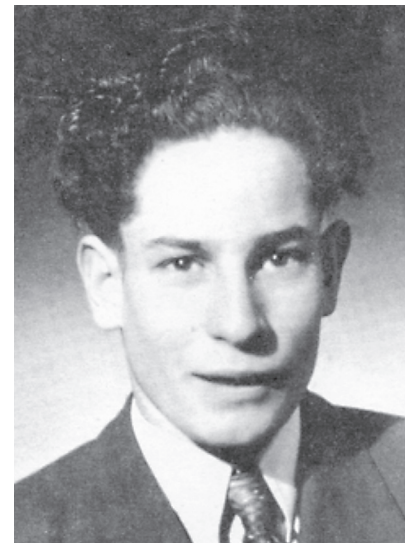
Richard Crow was electrocuted as a result of carelessness on September 30, 1948.

The newspaper reported," Richard Crow, 18, route 3, Idaho Falls, was killed instantly Thursday afternoon on the Hitt road eight miles north of Idaho Falls, the Bonneville county sheriff's office said death was the result of electrocution.

The youth, according to a report of officers, was assisting in the loading of a drag line on a trailer at the J. R. Hamilton farm on the Hitt road about 4:30 p.m.

The boom of the drag line it a high tension wire just as the young Crow was blocking the machine on the trailer and the electricity passed from the line through the drag line and into his body.

He was employed by Fred Guderjohn, Idaho Falls, and had been a helper



³⁵ Post Register, 30 July 1943, pp. 1,9

³⁶ Ibid., Sunday, April 8, 1945, p. 1

on the drag line which had just completed covering a potato cellar at the Hamilton farm.

The body is at the Buck Funeral Home in Idaho Falls. Funeral arrangements are pending.

He was born June 22, 1932, at Ammon. He is the son of Ben and Emma (Waters) Crow, route 3.

He attended school in Ammon. Besides his parents he is survived by the following brothers and sisters, Arthur Crow, Dry Creek, La.: Mrs. Juanita Bragg, Tendoy: Mrs. Merle Moore, Idaho

Falls: Mrs. Faye Johnson, Shelley: Mrs. Virginia Bowles, Milo: Wendell, Maxine, Lorna, Alvin and LeVon Crow, all of Ammon, and the grandfather, Frank J. Waters, Ammon.³⁷

Richard Curtis Family

"Only splintered metal and glass remains of the 1948 Chevrolet Sedan seen above which carried four members of the Richard Curtis family of Ammon to their tragic death south of Idaho Falls Sunday night April 2, 1950. It is considered the worst traffic accident to take place in Eastern Idaho in recent years. It took the life of Richard Curtis, 37, an

Ammon area dry farmer, his daughter Christina, age 8, his baby son Rodney, age 2 ½ months and his mother Francis Mary (Fanny) Curtis, age 62.³⁸

The four members of the Curtis family were brutally injured when the car driven by Mr. Curtis smashed head on with one operated by Arthur B. Settlemyre, 37, of Shelley, on the Yellowstone Highway four and one half miles south of Idaho Falls, Sunday at 10:27 p.m. Cyril B. Roberts, state patrolman, and other investigating officers, said a preliminary check indicated that cars driven by Settlemyre and Richard Cleverly, 29, of Idaho Falls were near the center stripe when they sideswiped. The collision caused the Settlemyre machine to careen sharply to the left smashing head on into the oncoming Curtis car which was directly behind Cleverly. Cleverly escaped injuries.

Both of the cars involved in the crash were demolished and the left side of the Cleverly car was damaged.

One of the survivors, John Earl Ward, 28, Shelley, was listed in very poor condition from severe head and chest injuries; the attending physician has given Ward who has been unconscious since the



37 Post Register, Friday October 1, 1948, p. 2

38 Ibid. Monday, October 3, 1950, p. 1

crash, only a slim chance. The three others, Settlemyre, at the L.D.S. Hospital and Mrs. Lorene Curtis, 29, and her four year old son, Kent, at Sacred Heart hospital were reported improving and out of danger.

Mrs. Fannie Curtis, pioneer resident of Ammon, was an active member of the Baptist Church. She was born in Idaho Falls, October 20, 1887, the daughter of J. H. and Margaret Yoe Keefer, pioneers of this vicinity. On November 20, 1912 she was married to Lester Curtis of Idaho Falls. They then moved to a farm near Ammon. Mr. Curtis died in 1932, and Mrs. Curtis has continued to make her home in Ammon. At the time of her death she assisted in operating the school lunch program in Ammon.

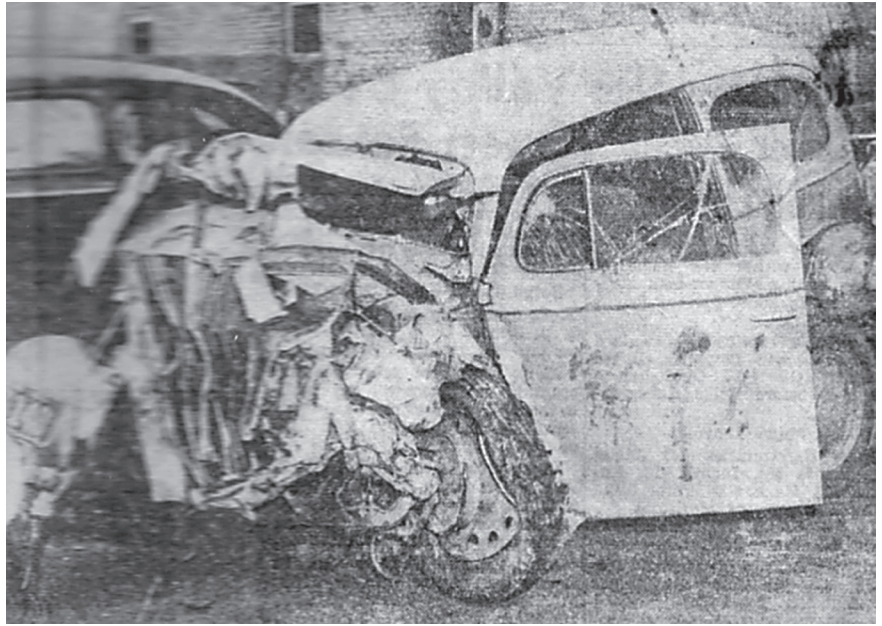
Surviving her are four brothers and one sister: Mrs. R. B. Mattinson, Idaho Falls, Louis A. Keefer, Bingham, Utah; William G. Keefer, Cedar Pines Park, Cal.; A. H. Keefer and James B. Keefer, Idaho Falls. The following Children survive her: Paul Curtis, Ammon, Gene Curtis, Preston and Margaret Curtis, Nampa.

Richard Curtis, Ammon farmer, had been a resident of the Ammon area for the past seventeen years, operating a dry farm east of the community and living in Ammon in the winter time.

He was born in Ammon July 21, 1913 and graduated from the Ammon High School. He attended the Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah and attended technical school in Los Angeles.

On November 14, 1938, he was married to Miss Lorene Peterson. Survivors include his widow and one son, Kent, and the following brothers and sisters: Paul Curtis, Ammon, Gene Curtis, Preston and Margaret Curtis, Nampa.

Christina Lorene Curtis was born June 22, 1941, a daughter of Lorene Peterson and Richard Curtis. She was a student at the Ammon School, in the third



grade. She is survived by her mother, Lorene Curtis and one brother, Kent.

Joint funeral services for the four victims, Richard, his two children and his mother, Fanny Curtis will be held Thursday at 2 p.m. at the LDS ward chapel with Bishop Clifford Judy officiating.³⁹

John Earl Ward, Shelley, was the fifth victim of this accident. He died four days later.

A coroner's jury decided two drivers were negligent in this accident. Arthur B. Settlemyer and Richard Cleverly were negligent when their cars sideswiped, causing the Settlemyer car to hurl nearly head on into the car operated by Richard Curtis who was following about 40 feet behind Mr. Cleverly.

Mr. Cleverly was wearing dark glasses at the time of the accident. The investigation revealed no drinking was involved. Criminal charges were not filed at this time.⁴⁰

The car driven by Arthur B. Settlemyre that swerved head on into the Curtis car.

Kathleen Garner

Kathleen Garner was killed by a hit and run driver just outside of her home on Halloween, October 31, 1953.

³⁹ Post Register, Monday April 3, 1950, pp. 1, 11

⁴⁰ Ibid., Friday, April 21, 1950, pp. 1, 11

The newspaper reported, "A Halloween lark for children ended in tragedy for an Ammon family Saturday night.

Kathleen Garner, 9, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Val D. Garner, Ammon, died in an Idaho Falls hospital at about 10:15 p. m. Saturday after she was hit by a car earlier in the evening. The fatal injuries were a brain concussion and chest injuries which included fractured ribs.

Bonneville County Sheriff's officers are investigating the case, and Sheriff Dean Wilkie said an inquest is tentatively scheduled Monday morning. He said a woman is being questioned in connection with accident, and related that the woman said she was driving by the scene and felt a slight bump but did not know that she had hit anyone. Wilkie also said investigation showed two small dents on the fender of the woman's car. He declined to release the name of the woman.

Witnesses gave the make and year of the car.

Deputies investigating the incident were Fred Keefer and Al Heslop.

The accident occurred about 6 p.m. Saturday near the northern limits of the village of Ammon. Officers said the girl was with a party of about 12 children involved in the game of "trick or treat."

A brother of the girl, Douglas Garner, 4, sustained minor cuts and bruises, but it was not known if he had merely stumbled at the time or had been struck by the body of his sister. The boy was treated and released from the hospital.

Officers said it was dark at the time of the incident, and that the children were moving along the road.

Kathleen Garner was born May 5, 1944, at Salt Lake City. She was in the fourth grade at the Ammon elementary school, and was a member of the LDS church.

She is survived by her parents, and a sister, Leslee Gail, and a brother Douglas Val Garner. She is also survived by a grandmother, Mrs. Clara P. Lietzel, Salt Lake City.

Funeral services are scheduled Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Ammon LDS Ward church, with Bishop Artell Suitter officiating. Friends may call at the family home Tuesday from 10 a.m. until time of the services, and prior to that at the Wood Funeral Home. Interment will be in the Ammon Cemetery under the direction of Wood Funeral Home.

TRAFFIC VICTIM



Kathleen Garner

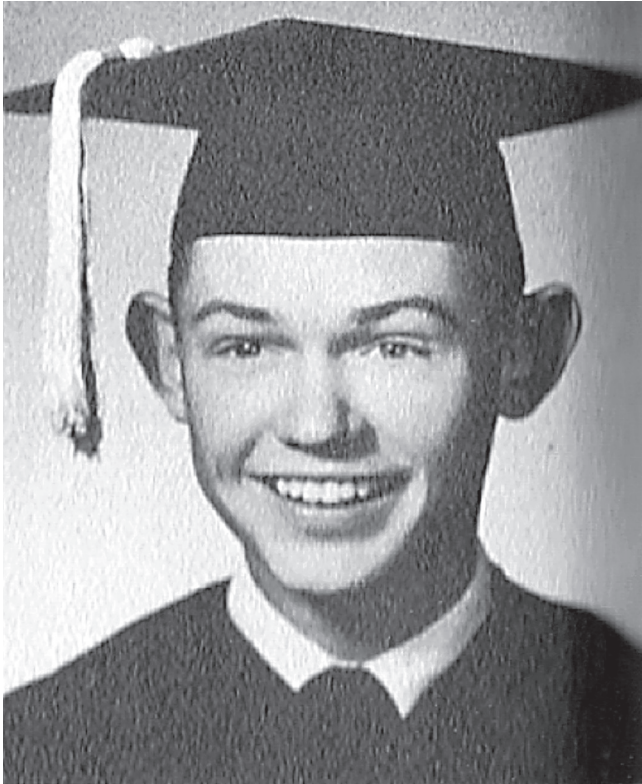
Davis Holmgren

Davis Holmgren disappeared on a white water raft trip on June 8, 1958, his body was never found. The newspaper report stated, "Davis Holmgren, 19, Ammon, a student at the University of Idaho, was feared drowned in a boating accident in North Idaho Sunday.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Holmgren, Ammon, left Monday morning to assist in the search.

The mishap occurred near Pierce east of Orofino.

He was a member of a party of three who were in a boat when it overturned, apparently in the North Fork of the Clearwater River. The other two managed to clamber aboard the craft, according to



reports received here. Authorities abandoned the search after dark Sunday at 11 p.m.

The elder Mr. Holmgren is employed by the First Street Plumbing Co.”⁴¹

“No Trace of Youth Found”

A four hour aerial search Monday failed to discover any trace of the missing student. Davis was pitched off of a ten man rubber raft, a canvas surplus navy assault raft, by a wave which engulfed the craft as it hit the Government Rapids in the north fork.

Three other youths on the raft, Larry Peterson, 20, Cambridge, Idaho, Larry Saunders, 18, Montgomery, Alabama, and James Kempton, 20, Moscow, Idaho, said Holmgren was manning an oar on the craft when the big wave in the rapids washed him over the side.

They said they saw Holmgren, clad in shorts and a “mae west” life preserver, only once after he was flung into the muddy-high running north fork. His head was seen bobbing for a few moments, then he disappeared. The other youths steered the craft to shore so they could return to the accident scene

and look for their friend. They found nothing after a search along the river banks, then reported the incident to a ranger.

Searchers were gathered here quickly and hunted for the youth until dark, without success.

Monday morning, a deputy sheriff, Eugene Proyer Weippe, went aloft with an Orofino pilot and searched the rugged north fork country about four hours without sighting any trace of the youth.

The youth’s parents flew here Monday from their home in Ammon and Mr. Holmgren joined a 10-man search party which returned to the river area to hunt for the Idaho student.

The other youths told officers they set out at noon Sunday from the Bungalow ranger station in the Clearwater National Forest, intending to take a 40 mile river trip on their pontoon-type craft. The accident occurred when the party of four was about 15 miles downstream from their jump off point.

A ranger said the north fork is unusually high and muddy from recent heavy rainfall in the forest north here.

Lorin Waters

Lorin is the last person who grew up in Ammon and died young of unnatural causes to be documented in the time frame of this book.

“Lorin R. Waters, 29, an Idaho Falls resident, was killed in a tractor accident Thursday afternoon, November 1, 1962 at the Wells Cargo Phosphate Co., near Montpelier.

State Mine Inspector George Fletcher said at Boise he was informed Waters was operating a dirt mover, hauling ore from the open pit mine to the crusher. On a return trip, with his vehicle empty, Waters in some way was thrown from the driver’s seat, then run over by the heavy vehicle.

Waters was found by workers at 7:18 p.m. There were no witnesses to the accident, said Clifford Skinner, Bear Lake County Sheriff, who added no inquest is planned.

The giant scraper is said to weigh more than 17,000 lbs., and the power unit more than 24,000.

⁴¹ Post Register, Tuesday 10 June, 1958, p. 1



He was residing with relatives in Soda Springs during the week.

He was born March 15, 1933, at Idaho Falls, son of Rueben A. and Emma Pugmire Waters. Mr. Waters graduated from Bonneville High School and was a tackle on the football team. He served in the U. S. Army from 1953 to 1955 and saw service in Germany.

Mr. Waters married Myrna Haws, Oct. 28, 1955 at Idaho Falls and the marriage was later solemnized in the Idaho Falls, LDS Temple.

Survivors are his widow and four sons, Kerry, Kevin, Micheal and Dennis Waters, all of Idaho Falls: his parents and brothers and sisters, Mrs. Ira (Leatha) Hall, Lorenzo: Mrs. John (Louise) Kelley, Mrs. Rulon (Helen) Mitchell, Larry Waters, Mrs. Ellis (Lauradene) Pendleton and Harvey Waters, all of Idaho Falls.

The body is at Wood Funeral Home. Funeral services will be conducted Monday at 1 p.m. In the Ammon LDS Second Ward Chapel by Bishop Moylen Young. Interment will be in the Ammon Cemetery."⁴²

— Val Crow

SECTION 7

AMMON BRICK MAKING

Anyone familiar with Ammon is also familiar with Ammon "Gumbo." It is a very heavy clay soil that covers most of the area. It is rock hard when dry and so sticky when wet it is difficult to get off your shoes or anything else it gets on. Hosing with water will hardly touch it. You have to rub it while hosing or it doesn't dissolve. It is very fertile and raises good gardens but is difficult to work. Some early residents recognized its potential for an excellent brick clay and soon used it to advantage. Charles Hayes, his wife Elizabeth (Cannell) and family came to the Ammon area in about 1888. They settled one and a half miles east and 1 and a quarter miles south of the intersection of Ammon and Sunnyside Roads. The Hayes had been brick makers in England. According to his son Jesse, Charles and his brother made were the first brick makers in Ammon and made unfired adobe bricks there for several years.

He describes their method of making brick. "A big hole was made in the ground for a sort of vat. The white clay was put in this after removing all the rocks. There were sticks fastened together that fit the vat like a paddle. This was called a sweep-stakes. It was driven around and around until the clay was thoroughly mixed. Molds were made from heavy lumber about 12 inches long and 8 inches square. These forms were filled with this mud and left to stand several hours. After they were set, they were put on a smooth level surface covered with sand so the adobes would not stick to the clay. After drying the molds were removed and the adobes allowed to set until thoroughly dry. There were other brick makers in the area who fired their adobes into ceramic brick as there a number of brick homes in the Ammon area that were constructed after the turn of the century. Nothing is known by the author of those brick-makers.

The quality of the Ammon clay for brick making brought a commercial business to Ammon in 1939. Two brothers, Herman and Roy Pullman, came to Ammon from Burley, Idaho. They had worked there

for their father who owned the Burley Brick and Sand Company. They came to Idaho Falls where experienced brick makers were at a premium and growth in construction provided a great business opportunity. They purchased 15 acres one-fourth mile south of Sunnyside on Ammon Rd. At this location the farm land had rich red colored clay deposits which was ideal for making a variegated color brick and there began their fledgling company. They called their business the Idaho Falls Brick and Tile Company. The local people referred to it as the Ammon Brick Yard.

The on-site clay deposits were used to make the desirable variegated red color brick. For a cream colored brick that became very popular in Idaho Falls. White clay from sloughs in the Roberts area was used. A traditional dark red brick was made from clay hauled from the Bone area gathered on the Levi Barzee farm. The company made a variety of styles and color.

After World War II, the company prospered with a construction boom in the area and the Pullman brothers were recognized as master brick makers.

The brick making process used in at the Ammon Brickyard began with clay being scraped by tractor onto a ground level grating. The clay fell onto an elevator below which carried it up to a large hopper where it was mixed with water and finely ground pumice stone and dumped into a large mixer where the ingredients were evenly combined by a large auger. Herman Pullman assured the mixture was right. When the proper consistency was achieved the auger was then changed from mixing to extruder mode and the mixture was forced out of the mixer through a nozzle under extreme pressure. It came out as a stiff mud the width and breadth of a brick in a continuous stream. A wheel with wire laced around the circumference rolled along the mud or pug as the brick making industry calls it, and cut the "green" or wet brick to the proper length after which the individual bricks were carried onto a conveyer belt to laborers who "hacked" or stacked the brick about a fingers width apart side by side on a wooden pallet. As each level was completed,

the next layer were reversed so there was space for air to circulate around the green bricks to facilitate their drying. When the pallets were stacked about 5 feet high, they were moved by fork lift out to the drying yard. There they were allowed to set until the green bricks were thoroughly dry like adobe bricks. To achieve protection from the rain and to assure uniform drying under the various sun and wind conditions occurring in the open drying yard, the pallets of adobes were covered with a oily or tarred burlap tarpaulin. Drying time took about two week depending on weather conditions. The adobes were then ready to be "fired" or turned into a ceramic, durable brick.

The kilns where the bricks were fired were long, relatively narrow structures made of brick with holes along the bottom at regular intervals where the fireman, usually Roy or one of his specially trained employees, would monitor and regulate the temperature of the kiln during the firing process by adding fuel at the proper time and amount. Roy also directed the sales part of the business. The kilns had permanent sides and one end. The top and one end were open. The adobes were stacked in the kilns by hand in a similar manner as on the pallets which allowed heat to circulate around them. The adobes were stacked in the kilns and about three layers of kiln brick, used over and over for this purpose, were stacked on top of the adobes to create an arched ceiling. The open end of the kiln was then closed using kiln brick. The fire was started in the kiln using the fire ports along each side of the kiln. In the beginning slack coal was used as the fuel.

Doug Andrus Trucking Co. hauled coal from The Spring Canyon Coal Company in Utah. When natural gas became available in Ammon, the Pullman's switched to natural gas. This eliminated the labor intensive job of shoveling coal into the kilns and improved the uniformity of the heat. The burning process had to be monitored for about twelve days to get the brick uniformly heated. There were three large kilns and one small one. Each large kiln held 500,000 brick and had to be brought to about 1400 degrees Fahrenheit. Then the brick were allowed to cool

before the kiln could be emptied. It took about two weeks for the kiln to cool enough for the bricks to be handled. They were taken out of the kiln, graded and loaded right onto trucks ready for delivery.

Brick making in Ammon was a seasonal venture. Brick cannot be made during freezing weather and heat from the sun was necessary to dry the adobes. Brick production occurred from around the first of June until the end of September. The company employed about 25 workers each summer. Other than the technicians who determined the clay composites, did the mixing of the ingredients for the pug and monitored the firing process, the work force consisted mostly of young, strong, high school graduates anxious to make money for college. Wages for unskilled laborer was about 37.5 cents an hour, a good wage for summer work at the time. Hacking brick was very monotonous, strenuous work. Many local businessmen today worked at the plant in their youth and from this experience gained a determination to make their careers in a non-related field.

Bricks from the Ammon Brick Yard were sold in Idaho Falls, Rexburg and points north. They were also trucked to Montana and Wyoming. Many schools, churches and residences are currently standing monuments to this local business. The unique color of the brick made from native Ammon clay is a variegated color of a moderate to light red with various yellows, blues and greens all mixed together. The Glenn Blatter home at 3240 Molen in Ammon is an example of natural Ammon clay brick. Also most of the houses on Linden Dr. between 1st and 9th streets in Idaho Falls were faced with the natural Ammon brick and show the range of colors and grades that resulted from the local clay without any color enhancement. The various shades of color resulted from the location of the brick in the kiln as the temperature varied depending on the temperature generated at the specific location.

The Idaho Falls Brick and Tile Company ceased operation in Ammon in 1975. The natural clay available on the property was dwindling and other sources of clay were becoming too difficult to procure economically. Competition from large, more

mechanized, Utah brick companies forced its closing.

Like many once flourishing businesses of the past, there are no traces of the kilns and machinery that once occupied the Ammon Brickyard. The large pit from which the clay was extracted served as a land fill for Bonneville County waste disposal and is now obliterated. A commercial storage facility now occupies the site.⁴³

SECTION 8

LINCOLN SUGAR FACTORY

History

One of the local industries that affected the greatest number of Ammon residents during the 1940s and 50s was the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company Factory located two miles north of Ammon in the Village of Lincoln. It was a huge complex located on property approximately a quarter mile wide and a half mile deep.

The Lincoln factory was built in 1903 and operated continuously until 1979. It was built the same year as the Garland, Utah factory (the second and third plants built by Utah Sugar Co.) becoming one of the two longest continually operating sugar factories in the West. The Lincoln factory in its first 62 years of operation produced 2.6 billion pounds of sugar, compared to 2.2 billion pounds by its sister factory in Garland, making the Lincoln factory the largest producer of the early plants. Two factories built in Washington State, one at Toppenish, opened in 1937, and the other Moses Lake, opened in 1953, had produced 2.6 and 2.2 billion pounds respectively by 1965 when the comparisons were made. The later factories' greater production resulted from newer technology equipment.⁴⁴

43 Information for this article was taken from a letter by former employee, C. Jack Smith, written April 7, 2008, in the writer's possession, and from personal recollections of former employees, Ersel Heath and Glen Standley. Submitted by Val Crow.

44 Leonard J. Arrington, *Beet Sugar in the West*, pgs.184,199



Lincoln sugar factory dumping beets

Utah-Idaho Sugar Company was formed in 1907 when Idaho Sugar Co., Utah Sugar Co. and the Western Idaho Sugar Co. combined.⁴⁵ A unique element in the history of Utah-Idaho Sugar Company and its predecessors is the connection with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Joseph F. Smith, President of the Church and Trust in Trust was the president of both the Idaho Sugar Co. and Utah Sugar Co. as well as the Western Idaho Sugar Co. and remained the President of the newly formed Utah-Idaho Sugar Company and as of 1965, the LDS Church still held approximately 47% of the stock of the company. This company operated the Lincoln Sugar Factory until 1977 when the name was changed to U & I and the company branched into potato processing and large scale farming “due to the changing nature and scope of the company business”, at this time they incorporated a Sugar Operations that took over the Lincoln Factory management.⁴⁶ A year later the Lincoln factory was put up for sale and closed permanently in 1979.

Sugar Production Process

The processes resulting in the manufacture of sugar in the factory were very complex. The following description in lay mans terms tells how sugar beets became granulated white sugar.

Sugar beets were brought to the factory by truck and rail from farms in the Upper Snake River Valley and, at times, from out of state as the availability of beets and other company factory capacities dictated.

The Sugar Factory began operating each Fall about the first week of October. The Campaign or period of time the factory was processing sugar beets lasted until about mid February. Most of the factory employees were seasonal workers. A large number of area farmers were employed during the winter when farm work was idle. The sugar beet matured in the later part of September when the first frost froze the plant and caused the plant chemistry to complete the sugar production. Farmers had to harvest the crop and get it to the factory as quickly as possible. If the beet got frozen in the ground, it rapidly lost its sugar content through deterioration or decay. At the dump location, called the storage or pile yard at the factory, trucks dumped their load into a hopper that transferred the beets by conveyer to huge piles where they were stored in the open.

Beets arriving by rail came in cars with belly

⁴⁵ Ibid., pg 71

⁴⁶ U and I Incorporate Meld Sugar Operations, Tri-City Herald, 1977-09-07, pg 11

dumps or if they were not equipped with belly dump doors, the cars were uncoupled and a large clamp mechanism actually turned the whole rail car and dumped its load into a water flume for direct delivery to the factory or into a hopper where the beets were transported to the pile yard.

As they were needed the beets were moved out of the piles and bulldozed into a concrete ditch or flume where water carried them into the factory where they were washed and transported across a picking table where workers picked out any foreign materials. At some point in the history of the facility a trash catcher was also installed to automatically remove debris. The beets were then elevated to the top of the plant and dumped into a hopper where they were moved to the slicer. They were sliced up into little pieces and dumped into the diffuser which was a process where the sliced beets were washed with water and in the process the sugar in the beets was dissolved or diffused into the water and became a thin sugary syrup.

The remnant of the beets, called pulp, was pressed to get the water out of it and then sold as cattle food to the local farmers. It was in process of decay and smelled terrible! Any time a truck hauling pulp came by the odor was strong enough to gag a person. The pulp was, eventually, completely dried so it didn't smell and mixed with molasses to improve its nutritional value. It became a valuable byproduct of the factory.

The raw beet syrup was then cleansed of non sugars that were in the syrup along with beet particles and other contaminants. This cleansing occurred in the Carbonators.

In the Carbonator the beet juice was heated up and put in tanks where lime was introduced into the juice in the proper amount and contaminants in the juice were removed by chemical reaction and

became calcium carbonate, a solid which could be filtered out of the juice. Also Carbon Dioxide (CO₂) gas was pumped into the tanks which clarified the syrup. The juice was much thicker when it came out of the Carbonators. After this the syrup was treated with Sulphur Dioxide gas to improve the color and yield of the final sugar.

Now the purified juice was piped to the Evaporator where the water was boiled out of the syrup until it became 65% sugar. After the Evaporators the thick juice was heated to make it more viscous and was carefully filtered before being sent to the Crystallization Pans.

It should be noted that each step of the process was carefully monitored by a cadre of chemists. They must assure the proper purity, consistency and properties of the juice to assure it would make sugar of the quality the various sugar end products required. Their work had to be very exact. Communication of their findings as the product moved through the production stages was critical at each station, as decisions were made by each station operator considering the temperature, cleanliness,

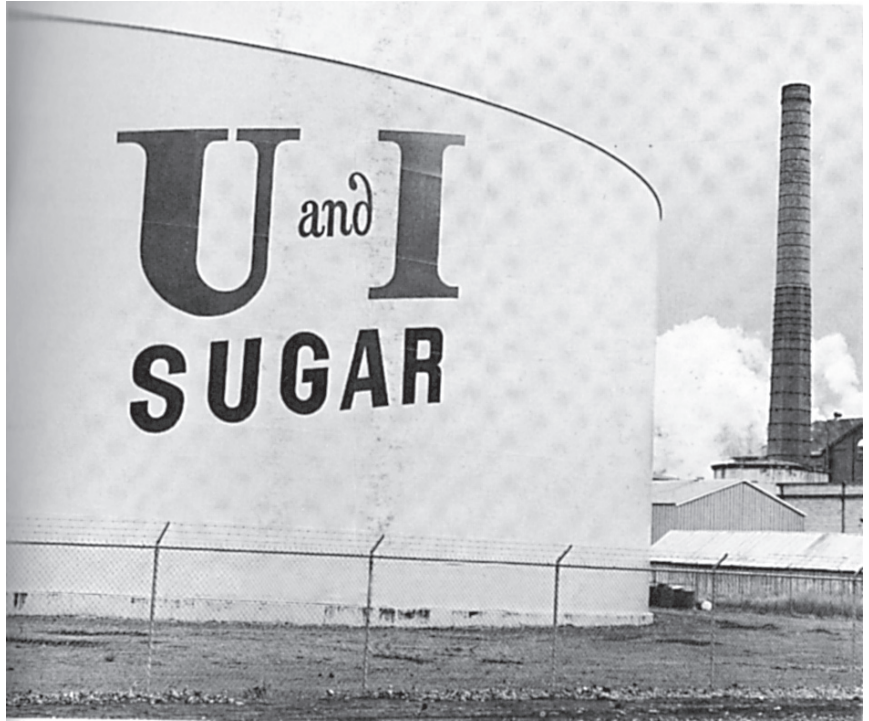


Sugar beets storage

sugar concentration and quality of the juice etc. These monitored conditions required adjustments constantly to assure quality sugar. Each of the station operators were highly trained specialists in their job. No common laborers are used in these exacting positions.

The Crystallization Pans or sugar boilers were huge cookers where the sugar was taken out of the syrup by turning the liquid sugar in the syrup into sugar crystals. To make this happen some powdered sugar was introduced into these pans as a starter. Due to heat and pressure, the sugar in the syrup was attracted to the little crystals in the powdered sugar taking it out of the syrup. When all the sugar was extracted from the syrup that would come out in the first Crystallization Pan, the expended syrup was drawn off and run through another pan under different temperature and pressure and more sugar was extracted from the syrup.

After all the sugar was removed that could be removed by this process, the remaining syrup, called Molasses, was sent to a part of the plant where using a special process called the Steffen Process, the last little bit of sugar could be extracted. Some of this molasses was used to mix with the pulp for cattle food. The Molasses made at the Lincoln Sugar Factory was not used for human consumption. The remaining liquid had a concentration of glutamic acid in it. This acid was processed and sold by the factory as another valuable byproduct, used by food processors, called mono-sodium glutamate or (M.S.G.) It is a white crystalline salt which has no taste of its own, yet when added to foods, such as meats, fish, soups, vegetables, etc. is capable of intensifying their flavor. It seems that it sensitizes the taste buds of the mouth and enables the detection of the more subtle and delicate flavors. It is sold under the brand name of Accent.

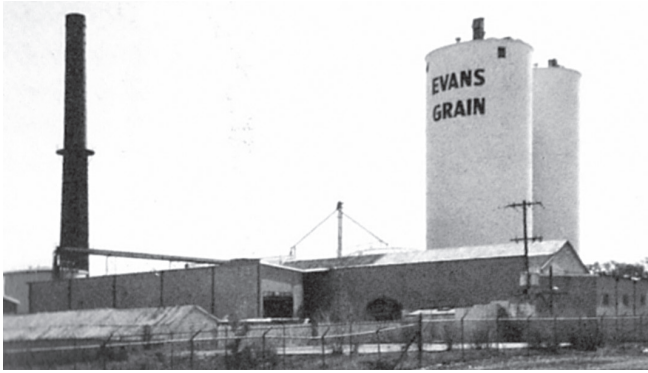


Sugar storage tank

Once the sugar crystals were formed in the Crystallization Pans the sugar crystal laden syrup was piped to the Spinners where the crystals were separated from the syrup by centrifugal force. The liquid was drawn off the bottom of the spinners and sent back to the Crystallization Pans for further sugar extraction as mentioned above.

In the spinners water was sprayed on the separated sugar crystals to wash off syrup still clinging to the crystals, which was sent back for further sugar extraction. Then the sugar crystals were scraped off the screens where they had collected in the spinners by a blade in the spinners and taken to the Granulators. Here the sugar was dried and sized and put into dry sugar hoppers where it was directed to scales where the sugar was bagged into various sizes and types and sent to the warehouse. There it was sorted, stacked, stored and shipped to customers. Originally bags were made of cloth up to 1938. In the following ten years paper bags were introduced. They eventually were developed into multi-wall paper bags of 100, 50, 25, 10 and 5 lb. capacities.

As the sugar end of the factory produced more sugar than the drying and packaging end of the



Sugar factory today

factory could handle, the sugar crystal laden syrup was piped to huge storage tanks where it was stored for processing. The sugar end of the plant would then continue to operate to process this stored crystallized syrup for some weeks after all the stored beets were processed.

The sugar factory complex included a Lime Kiln, Steam Boiler Plant, Electric generators, and a Molasses Steffen Process Separator, already addressed.

The Lime Kiln

The Lime Kiln produced the lime and carbon dioxide gas used in the carbonation process and molasses refinement. Because of the large amounts of lime and carbon dioxide gas required in the purification of the diffusion juice and the Steffen Process molasses refinement, it was necessary that these two materials be produced at each factory. The lime kiln was a large furnace of sorts that was shaped like two large cones attached together at their large base. The lower cone was much shorter with more slope than the upper. The casing was made of heavy gauge sheet metal lined with fire brick. Between the casing and fire brick was 2 to 3 inches of sand or cinders to decrease heat radiation and protect the casing from excessive temperatures. The kiln was provided with a number of holes each equipped with a swinging door to permit inspection of the interior of the kiln during operation.

The kiln was supported on legs and the bottom provided with grate bars which could be moved side to side while the kiln was discharged of lime.

A hopper below the grate bars received the lime in the form of ashes as it fell from the kiln, from which the lime was taken on a variable speed steel conveyor to the slaker or grinding machinery to make a uniform powder. The lime was produced by burning limestone or lime rock as it was called at the factory. The Kiln was filled with a mixture of lime rock and coked coal and the fire in the kiln burned the lime rock to ashes which was the lime used in the factory. Carbon Dioxide (CO_2) gas was also given off. The CO_2 was collected at the top of the kiln and the lime came out of a grate at the bottom.

The Steam Plant

The steam plant at the factory was the heart of the operation. It produced the power to operate the sugar factory. The Lincoln Factory was equipped with two coal fired steam boilers. When "piped in" natural gas became available to Idaho Falls, one of the boilers was converted to natural gas and one remained coal fired. The boilers produced the steam that heated, pressurized and operated the steam engines and other mechanisms in the factory too numerous to mention here. The large stack or chimney, that stood high above the plant and was landmark for miles around, spewed out the smoke and steam generated in the plant and introduced it into the atmosphere high enough to keep it from being a detriment to the local inhabitants. Steam from the plant also operated electric generators that produced about 1/3rd of the electrical power used by the sugar factory. They generated at 440 volts which was transformed in 220 and 110 volts for uses with less voltage requirement.⁴⁷

⁴⁷ The processes described above were extracted from The Elementary Technology of Sugar Beet Manufacture, a type written text prepared by Robert S. Gaddie, General Chemist of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Companies Salt Lake City Office, dated April 1950. It was written to assist their operators to understand how the sugar manufacturing process was affected by every station and to train them in the necessity of being exact in all their efforts. This copy was provided by Wesley Reed, a year round employee and current Lincoln resident who served as a sugar boiler on the Sugar Floor until the plant closed in 1979.

SECTION 9

AMMON HOMES WITH KNOWN HISTORY

This chapter identifies the homes which existed in the village in the 1940's. They are listed on the Ammon Town Site map and identified by the number on the map. This number is comprised of the block number and house location on the block numbered from the upper left corner of the block clockwise around the block. The bolded first name in the paragraph identifies the name of the head of the family of the occupants at the time the authors knew the village residents in the mid 1940's or those whom they most remembered as teenagers.

Seven of these homes are accorded special recognition with pictures as they currently appear. They were the finest homes in the village in their day, built by prominent men and women who significantly affected the lives of all the villagers in various ways.

- 1-1 Clark Judy; 2310 Ammon Rd** Clark Judy built this home in 1969, where they lived until their deaths in the early 1980's. This home is currently owned by Brett Judy, a grandson.
- 1-2 Clark Judy; 2330 Ammon Rd** Builder believed to be Jack Jones who married Cerretta Southwick. Clark bought/traded this home from Jack Jones in the late 1930's. In the mid 1940's they added a garage and a bed room over the garage and did some remodeling to the home. About this time they also constructed a round wooden granary. It was built from pine logs they cut in Island Park. The Judy's lived in this home until they built a new home in 1969 to the north at 2310 Ammon Rd. Steve Judy obtained this, the original home when Clark moved into the new home. Steve has rebuilt this home to the condition it is at present and is the current resident.

- 1-3 Donald Jones; 2390 Ammon Rd** Builder Don Jones. Don and Virginia Jones built there some time in the 1940's and lived there until their deaths in the mid 1980's. Steve Judy bought the property from the Jones and is the current owner.
- 1-4 Johnston Family; 2420 Ammon Rd** Built by a Mr. McDonald (?) about 1945. Johnstons moved in the home in the early 1950's.
- 1-5 Jack Jones; 2450 Ammon Rd** Builder Unknown. Clark and Dean Judy moved into this home sometime in the 1930's. They traded the home to Jack Jones for the acreage to the north.
- 1-6 Val Garner; 2870 Ammon Rd** Builder unknown. Val Garner lived in this home during the late 1940's and 1950's.
- 1-7 Jim Carter; 3485 Rawson** Builder was Leo J. Nielsen, about 1920. Leo was the owner/builder of the historic brick store on the corner of Ammon-Sunnyside Roads. He was a businessman and served one term as an Idaho Legislator. He built into the home some of the most modern features such as indoor plumbing and central heat. It was one of the village's premium homes. Jim and Maud Carter purchased the home in about 1925 from Nielsens. They sold to the Clyde Shiffer family in 1945. Clyde died in 1951 and Juanita, his wife sold the home to Wayne Jemmett in 1952, who sold it to the Ray Anderson family in about 1953. They moved to Hillview village at the other end of the street about three years later. Ray and Maxine Andrews bought the home later and Maxine is the present owner.



James Carter home; 3485 Rawson Avenue

1-8 Sam Fairchild; 3465 Rawson Builder unknown. Sam Fairchild lived in this home until the late 1940's. He was the Ammon School Superintendant until about 1950. Parker Richardson, Ammon High School coach, was living in the home after Sam moved out of Ammon. In about 1952 Dean and Donna Robertson lived in the home from 1956 until November 1957. Ed Cammack then moved into the home and lived there for an undetermined number of years. Doug Lufkin bought the home from the John Layton family in June 1976 and still owns the home at present.

1-9 Fannie Curtis; 3445 Rawson George A. Smith is believed to have built this home, date unknown. He sold it to A. C. Anderson in 1922. Lester and Fannie Curtis purchased this home from A. C. Anderson Sept. 23, 1929. Lester died in 1932. After Lester's death, Fannie built a new kitchen and a root cellar underneath it. Fannie lived in the home until her death in 1950. Lorene Curtis purchased the house from the Curtis estate in Oct. 1951. Don Fullmer bought it from Lorene Curtis Rhodes in January 1957. Russell Swensen bought the home from Fullmers in November 1957. The Swenson's still own the home and use it as rental property.

1-10 Dermont Ricks; 3425 Rawson He built the home in the late 1940's. They lived in the home until near the time of their deaths, Dermont in 1979 and Irene, wife in 1981.

The history after their occupancy is unknown.

1-11 3415 Rawson The history of this home is unknown. It was here in the 1940's It may have been the home of Warren and Birdie Denning before they left Ammon and moved to Montana in the early 1940's. Jill Cooley is the present occupant.

1-12 Jesse Bailey; 3385 Rawson Builder unknown. The Jesse Bailey family moved into this house in 1922 for \$2500. They lived in this home until Jesse's death in 1961 and Mercy's in 1964. The house was then sold to Dan Harris and he rented the house out. Kwin Kopp bought the home in 1983 and did some remodeling and lived in the home for about 10 years and sold

it to Dean Wilhite who is the current resident.

2-1 Harold Loveland; 3365 Rawson Harold built this home in about 1951. A divorce occurred in 1961 and Carrie lived in the home until her death in 1970. Allan Loveland, son, lived in the home and then sold it to Dean Wilhite in 1971. The house was later sold to Brent Barber who is the current resident.

2-2 Harold Loveland, Tom Infanger; 3345 Rawson Builder unknown. This home was owned by Dan and Rhoda Harris in the early 1940's. Harold and Carrie Loveland moved into this home May 9, 1948. The home was bought from Dan and Rhoda Harris of Ririe. Rufus Elliot, Carrie's father bought the home and presented it to them to encourage them to move to Ammon from Utah in order to be closer to family.

They lived in this small two bedroom home with a porch and a path a couple of years and remodeled it, adding a bath and furnace. Shortly they built a new home on their property to the east and Tom Infanger, Harold's foreman in his construction business, moved into this home and lived there until the late 1950's. Harold's son Steve then lived in the home after he was married for a little over a year and then the home was torn down and an office for the construction company that Harold had started, when he came to Ammon, was built in its place. The office was later remodeled into the apartment house that is currently there.

Harold built a home in 1955, which is currently where Steve Loveland lives at 3325 Rawson. It was a rental unit that Steve bought when the original home was removed for the office.

2-3 Jesse Bunnell; 3315 Rawson Builder unknown. The Arthur and Martha Ellingford family lived here in the 1930's and until Arthur and his wife passed away, her in 1944 and him in 1946. Jesse Bunnell bought the home in 1946 and raised his family there. He remodeled the small home adding living room, bath and bedrooms and garage. The home is still in the possession of Jesse's children. His daughter Jessa Kopp is the current resident.

- 2-4 Glen Call; 3295 Rawson** Builder was Glen Call about 1936. This is a log home that had asphalt shakes as siding. The Calls sold the home to Lavern Williams in about 1951. During the time they lived there, a utility room was added to the rear of the house and a second floor was made into bedrooms which was originally the attic. They lived in the home until their deaths, Doris in 1990 and Lavern in 1991. The home was bought by Theresa Parnell and her husband who is deceased. She is the current resident.
- 2-5 Glenn Long; 3255 Rawson** Longs bought the property in 1938 and built a two room house and moved into it in 1939. About 1942 they added 2 bedrooms, a porch, bath and hall. In 1946 the house was further remodeled. A basement was dug and a furnace installed and the bath was remodeled. A garage was also added about this time. Glen and Hazel raised their family here and lived in the home until they died, Glen in 1956 and Hazel in 1979. The home was a rental home for awhile and passed through at number of owners. It is currently owned by John Scholls.
- 3-1 Dean Olsen; 3195 Rawson** William Harris is believed to be the builder. A neighbor, Carol (Denning) Windmiller remembered the house to have been made up of two, 2 room houses connected. William lived in the home as well as his son Dan and Rhoda (Larsen) Harris sometime after their marriage in 1828. William is believed to have lived in the home until his death in 1944. Dean Olsen purchased 3 acres from William's son, Dan Harris in 1945. The property included the little 4 room house, an outhouse and barn. Dean soon converted the pantry to a bathroom. The family has been raised in the home. Dean has passed away and his wife, Velma, continues to live in the home.
- 3-2 Walter (Dutch) Windmiller; 3175 Rawson** Dean Olsen sold the Windmillers one half of his 3 acres in about 1947. Dean Olsen, a carpenter assisted Dutch in building this home in 1949-50. They lived in this home until their son Monte and his wife bought it in 1963. Dutch and Carol moved into a mobile home on the property. In 1973 they all left Ammon and moved to Grant Idaho.
- 3-3 Harold Hammer; 3165 Rawson** (no home now exists, only a cement slab remains about where the house stood). Builder unknown. Harold moved here with his family in June 1936. Their children were raised here. Harold died in 1949 and Grace in 1972. The home was torn down.
- 3-4 Wilford Hokanson; 3085 Rawson** Builder Bryant Stringham. He employed his brother-in-law, Alfred Campbell to build a basement house there in the 1930's. Wilford Hokanson rented the home in 1937 and later purchased it in 1941. In the mid 1940's Wilford built the cinderblock house on the basement and sold the home in 1949 to the William Speas Family. They moved in late 1953 when the Hillview addition started in their backyard and moved to Jameston/Taylor area. The Kirk Clark family owns the home presently.
- 5-1 Clark Barzee; 2660 Western** Builder unknown. This home was the final home of Ada Marie (Kendall) Barzee. Her son Clark moved into her home in 1937 and his family lived there until about 1952. Janet Stewart currently lives on the property where the home once stood.
- 5-2 Royal Clements; 2710 Western** Builder unknown. A small 2 room log house was the home of Royal Clements who moved to Ammon from Teton Basin in about 1927. They lived in this home until their son Albert died in 1938. They left Ammon to live with another son in Thorton. The home then was lived in by various families as a rental property. Jesse Bunnell lived there for a short time, a Haggard family lived there in the early 1940's nothing else is known of occupants. The log house is gone and the property is currently owned by Brian Woolf.
- 5-3 Olan Breeding; 2800 Western** Builder unknown. The little single room log house once belonged to (Grandma) Barzee? In September 1937 Olan Breeding purchased the home and wintered in Ammon. About 1950 he built a brick home next to the log cabin which is still on the

property. The Breedings were 4-H advisors for a generation of Ammon youth in the late 1940's and early 50's. The log cabin was a meeting place for the boys under Olan's direction and the girls gathered in the brick home under Mina's leadership for, Gardening, Forestry, Sewing and Cooking Clubs. They lived in the home until their deaths, Olan in 1961 and Mina in 1974. The property was sold to Steven Pulley and they added multiple additions to the house and are the current owners.

- 6-1 Warren (Chum) Denning; 3200 Rawson** Warren Denning Sr. moved the house to this location at an undetermined time. His son Chum (Warren Jr.) Denning moved into the home soon after his marriage to Freda Talbot in 1939. They moved to a new home at 3090 Rawson about 1951. A Kramer family lived there about 2 years and then Merle and Mary Smith purchased the home in 1953 from Chum Denning. The Smiths remodeled the home adding two bedrooms on the east, a family room on the back and a porch on the front. Merle passed away and Mary is the current resident. She has passed ownership to her children.
- 6-2 Bonneville County Maintenance Shop; 2710 Midway** The building was built by the county in 1937. Reuben Waters bought the building in 1968 and operated Waters Construction Company out of the building. After Reuben died his sons continued to operate the company as a corporation. In 2004 Larry died and Harvey continued operation of the corporation for another five years and then sold the business to Dick Quinton who is currently operating "Premier Paving" at this location.
- 6-3 Alfred Campbell; 3135 Owen** James Alfred Owen built this home about 1900. The home was owned by James A. Owen, Ada Campbell's father, when Ada and her husband Alfred Campbell rented the home in 1932 and lived there the rest of their lives. In about 1956 Alfred built an addition on the home to the east of the basic brick home which included a laundry room, bathroom and a garage. Larry and Vivian Crow bought the home in the 1972 from the family after the Ada's death.

They remodeled the home with new wiring and plumbing to bring it up to code, and made the garage into bedrooms. and still currently live in the home.

- 6-4 Azariah Williams Jr.; 3085 Owen** Azariah is believed to have built this house somewhere around 1920 and lived in the home until he and his wife's death, Azariah in 1952 and her's in 1973. Michael Baker is the current owner.
- 6-5 Warren (Chum) Denning; 3090 Rawson** This home was built in 1951 by Freda's brothers, Talbot Contractors. The Dennings lived there until 1960. Then they sold the home and moved to the Grant area where he was asked to design the Idaho Fresh Pack Potato Processing Plant, currently known as Idahoan Foods. The later history of the Ammon home is unknown.
- 6-6 Paul Curtis; 3140 Rawson** Bought this property from Azariah Williams about 1947. They built a basement house and lived there until Paul completed the home with main floor above in 1959. Paul and Illeta lived there the rest of their lives. Illeta died in 1987 and Paul in May 2010.
- 6-7 Richard Curtis; 3160 Rawson** Bought his property from Azariah Williams about 1947. They built a basement house first and then completed the home in 1950, just before Richards's death. He also had almost completed the garage and on the rear of the property, a shop and barn. Henry Peterson, his father-in-law and brother Paul had helped him with this construction. Lorene remarried in 1953. She and Blaine Rhodes, her second husband, lived in the home until they died, Blaine in 2007 and Lorene in 2009. Lorene's son, Kent Curtis, owns the property and currently his son, Tim Curtis, is living in the home.
- 7-1 Josephine Gernand, Simeon Stevens; 2630 Central** Builder unknown. John Henry and Josephine Gernand moved to Ammon in 1920 and lived here until their passing, John in 1926 and Josephine in 1940. Simeon and Adele Stevens bought the home shortly thereafter and raised their family there. Sim, as he was known, remained in the house for some time after Adele passed away in 1962. The home

was sold to the Humphreys family who lived there for many years. They sold the home to Charles Busath in about 2010. The current house is basically unchanged externally from the Gernand-Stevens period.

- 7-2 Frank Gardner; 2680 Central** Builder unknown. Frank and Effie Gardner purchased this home in the 1920's and lived there until their deaths, his in 1948 and hers in 1964. Their daughter and son-in-law, Jesse and Iris Crow, bought it from their estate and along with their son Dorian, remodeled the house shortly thereafter and Jesse and Iris lived there until Jesse's death in 1990. Shortly after, Iris moved in with her son Dorian. Her grandson, Jeff Crow, purchased the home and is the current owner.
- 7-3 Earl Empey; 3335 Owen** Builder is believed to be Alfred Empey, early in Ammon. Earl and Mildred moved into Earl's father's home in 1931 right after they married and lived there the rest of their lives, until Earl died in 1967. Mildred had a new home built for her on the lot to the north at 2740 Central.
- 7-4 Theodore Bailey; 3275 Owens** Theodore Bailey lived in this home in the 1940's. Harold Loveland bought the property and tore down the Bailey home. A duplex was built on the site.
- 7-5 Reuben Waters; 3235 Owen** The builder is believed to be John E. Mitchell who lived on the property from 1913 to 1920. It was then mortgaged to C. O. Holm, who let it to various occupants. In 1927 James A. Owen purchased it and his widow, Rosa Owen sold the property to Reuben A. Waters in November 1936. The Waters family lived in the home until the death of Emma in January 1991. After her death the property remained in the family. A grandson, Lyndon Hall is the current owner.
- 7-6 Lawrence Denning; 2705 Midway** This property was empty until Lawrence Denning, brother to Ude Denning, moved his trailer house on the back of Ude's property. Lawrence claimed some ownership and thus lived there from about 1950 until the property was sold sometime in the mid 1960's. Vern Hare is the current owner of the property.
- 7-7 Ulesses (Ude) Denning; 3220 Rawson** Builder believed to be Daniel Denning about 1900. Phillip and Mary Denning bought this two room log cabin in 1902 from his brother Daniel. They sold it in 1907 and later purchased the property back in 1917. Phillip died in 1920 and Mary raised her children there and died in 1935. Her son, Ulesses took over the house after her death and they raised their family there. Grace died in 1954. The family continued to live in the home until Ulesses remarried in about 1962. The home was sold thereafter and the log house torn down and a modern home erected. Current owner is Coleman Moore.
- 7-8 Orval Crow; 3280 Rawson** Builder, Owen Gardner in the 1930's. Orval and Pearl Crow bought this two room log cabin from her parents, Frank and Effie Gardner in 1943. They immediately added a cinderblock basement for bedrooms, put siding on the log cabin and added a porch to the east of the building. They remodeled about 1955 and added a bedroom on the north side of the porch and made the porch into a beauty shop for Pearl and a kitchen and living room to the west with basement for additional bedrooms which later became a family room. An external garage was built by Earl Gardner, Pearl's twin brother, in the mid 1960's. They raised their family there, Orval passed away in 2010 and Pearl is currently residing there.
- 8-1 Leroy Southwick; 3490 Rawson** House was built by James Southwick, Leroy's father. Leroy moved into the home in 1932. They built a small home on the lot to the west for his father, James to live in his later years. Leroy and raised his family in the house and lived there until 1964.
- 8-2 Jesse Anderson; 3485 Owen** Built by Margaret Anne Hiatt in 1914. She used this as the historically significant Hiatt Maternity Home until October 1919 when she sold the home to William L. Blatter, who at some point turned the home over to his brother Andors Blatter, when he moved to Chinook, Montana to raise sugar beets. Andors went to Montana



Jesse Anderson home; 3485 Owen Street

himself for a while and Benjamin H. Barrus rented the home when they came to Ammon as the School Principal in about 1934.

Andors died and his widow Margaret Blatter sold the home to Jesse Anderson, who was blind, in 1943. He sold the home to his widowed Sister-in-law, Beulah Anderson in January of 1952. She sold the home to Roy Southwick Jr. in May 1953. Roy sold it to Hilda Bailey in 1975 and she and her current husband Richard Lindberg currently reside in the home.

8-3 Roy Robison; 3425 Owen It is not known who Roy purchased the property from. It adjoined his wife Evelyn's mother's property, it is likely that she may have had some interest in the property upon her mother's death in 1938. Roy built a basement home on the property some time in the 1930's and then added the upper part of the house in the early 1940's. The Robisons owned this home until their deaths, Roy in 1968 and Evelyn in 1998. Danny Robison a grandson owned the home following Evelyn's death and sold the home to Greg Workman around 2003. Workmans sold the home in 2009, and it is currently the residence of Jaimason McReynolds.

8-4 Reed Molen; 3385 Owen Builder unknown. Arthur Ball owned this home and sold it to Susie Etta Molen in about 1915. Mrs. Mollen died in December of 1937 and Reed probably took over his mother's house, as they moved into the home in 1938. The original house was a log house, additions eventually resulted in 5 outside doors and 5 chimneys. They lived in the home until Reed's death in 1968.

8-5 Keith Hanson; 2755 Central Keith purchased a two room house with a basement from Joe Stanley in 1947. He remodeled the home by enlarging the basement and added on a kitchen and a bedroom with a bedroom in the basement in 1951. On the lot to the north he built a new home at 2735 Central in 1969-70. He then sold the old home to Paul Decker. Steve Pulley bought it from Deckers in about 1975 and sold it in the 1980s to Dale Corbet who is the current owner.

8-6 Blaine Rhodes; 3380 Rawson Builder unknown. Blaine lived in this home during the 1940's. His wife Lavonda died in March 1950. He moved from the home in 1953, when he remarried, and the home's history is unknown after that.

8-7 Ernest Empey; 3430 Rawson Builder unknown. Ernest Empey moved into the house in the 1930's. They lived there until they died, Ernest in 1960 and Olive in 1973. Doward Kopp bought the home from the Empey estate in 1974. Quin Kopp later bought the home from his father and is the current resident.

8-8 John Judy, Glen Dees; 3440 Rawson Built for/by James Nephi Southwick. It was sold to John Judy sometime after Mr. Southwick's death, in 1938. The Judy's lived in the home after the store was sold to Dick Kelly until they had the new home completed on the farm they had bought east of Ammon. John Judy sold the house about 1949 to Glen Dees. Dees lived in the home until 2005 when Leona moved into an apartment with her daughter and son-in-law Quinn Kopp. Glen had died in 1988. Ryan Barzee is the current resident.

9-1 Wilford W. Woodhouse; 3490 Owen The history of this property is unknown. The Woodhouse family lived in this home since at least sometime in the early 1930's. He farmed the property across the Ammon Rd to the east. They lived in the home until their deaths. Wilford in 1956 and Laura in 1969. Pendletons bought it from Woodhouse estate and tore down the barn and built a new home on the lot to the south. Their mother and sister

lived in the old home. In 1978 the Pendletons sold the home to Maurice Robison. It has been a rental property. The home is currently owned by Maurice's daughters. A granddaughter and her husband are currently residing there.

9-2 Don Mortimer; 2940 Ammon Rd Builder unknown. The Don Mortimer family lived in the house in the late 1940's. History of the house is otherwise unknown.

9-3 Henry Rosen; 2578 Ammon Rd Orial Anderson built this home. Henry Rosen bought it from him about 1932. They lived in the home all their lives, Henry died in 1980 and Thula in 1984.



Almon Brown home; 3040 Ammon Road

9-4 Almon Brown; 3040 Ammon Rd Builder was Samuel Southwick, T. Christian Anderson bought this historic home in 1900 and with the help of Cal Zittings dug a 110 ft. well. He was the Bishop of the Church that was responsible for the construction of the church house in 1913. He ran a line to the church house a block away to provide water to the building. He ran water into the house and installed electricity. He remodeled the home and built on a room for his mother.

Almon Brown moved into this home in about 1940 after renting at other locations. He originally came to Ammon to teach LDS Seminary in 1938. He lived in the home until he married his second wife, Valeria Blatter, in 1971, following his wife's death in 1969. Shortly after he and Valeria's marriage they

built a new home on Central and sold this home to Larry Davies. He later sold the home to Stanley Cramer who is the current owner.

9-5 Leonard Purcell; 3035 Central Builder unknown. Home was earlier owned by Ernest Empey. He lost the home during the Great Depression. Various families lived in the home for short periods of time and then the home fell into disrepair. Leonard Purcell purchased it in Feb. 1942, cleaned, repaired and moved into the home in November. They lived in it until they died, Tillie in 1961 and Leonard in 1962.

9-6 Waldon Purcell; 3015 Central Builder was Leonard Purcell. It was built during WWII, when his son-in-law Dean Marshall was in the service and his daughter Ceola needed a home. When Leonard's son Waldon came home from the war, he married Joann Heilson and they moved into the house when they married in 1946. He passed away in 1950 and Joann lived there until she married Nolan Jorgenson in 1954.

9-7 Rex Purcell; 2995 Central Builder was Rex Purcell. He moved a two room outbuilding from Leonard/Mark Purcell's 80 acres south of Sunnyside Rd. in 1954. Rex dug a basement and put the building on the basement and made a home. In 1956 a remodeled addition of two bed rooms and bath to the east was added. They sold the home in 1963 and moved around corner to a new home they built to the east of Leonard's. Gene Birch then purchased the home and is the current owner.

9-8 Wadsworth Confectionary; 2955 Central Nothing was found concerning the history of this business, other than it was operated in 1945-51. Wadsworth's sold to Marvin Anderson in 1951. They remodeled the building into a barbershop and beauty shop and the Anderson's operated those businesses for many years. Marvin is still operating the Barbershop.

9-9 Monson Confectionary; 2915 Central There is some question as to where this business was located. Students remember it was across the road to the east from the school. Some remember it as a log building. The building was

relocated behind the Wadsworth Confectionary and Marvin and Rose Marie Anderson made it their home when they remodeled their shop and built the home they are currently living in at this address.

9-10 Jack Williams; 2865 Central Built by Azariah Williams in 1900. He and his wife Elizabeth lived in the home until their deaths, Azariah in 1926 and Elizabeth in 1945. At this time their son Jack and his wife became the owners of the property. They lived in the home until their deaths, Jack in 1962 and Juanita in 1990. The property was sold after her death.

10-1 Ammon School Building This is the fifth school building that has been located at this location. It was preceded by a log school/Church building in the late 1890's. A frame building called "Old Hall" also a Church/school/seminary/community activity building which was to the south slightly of the present building. A brick, 4 room, two story school building was built in 1904. A brick building was built in the early 1920's in front of the 1904 building, it and the 1904 building was destroyed by fire February 1, 1936. The present building was built by WPA assistance in 1936 and is still in use at this time.

10-2 LDS Ward Chapel This building is the second brick church house to be on this site. The first building was completed in 1913. It served the LDS Ammon 1st and 2nd Ward until 1966, when it was torn down and replaced by the current building. It was located to the front and to the south of the present building, where the parking lot in front of the building now is.

10-3 Ralph Cunningham; 3285 Molen Builder unknown. Karl Magelby, the Ammon School principal sold this home in 1934 to Reed Blatter, when he left Ammon. Blatters sold it to Ralph Cunningham in 1948 when Reed had finished a new home across the street to the west. During the 1960's Cunninghams re-stuccoed and added brick to the bottom of the house. They lived in the home until 1993 when they built a new retirement home and moved to 3475 Molen St.

10-4 Eldon Seamons, Frank Merrill; 3245 Molen

Builder Unknown. Eldon Seamons and Lois (Merrill) Seamons lived in this house in the early 1940s later Lois's parents Frank Merrill and Nellie (Pickett) Merrill, a sister of Lyman Pickett lived in this house until their deaths, Nellie in 1954 and Frank in 1961.

10-5 Milton Tate, Dean Robertson; 2965 Midway Milton Tate purchased the property from Frank Merrill. He married in 1946 and built a basement home and lived there for a while. They decided to build a new home on property next door at 2995 Central. They moved into Idaho Falls while the home was being built and moved into the home in 1951. The basement house was rented out. Dean Robertson moved into this basement house about 1953. During the Hebgen Lake Earthquake a crack developed in the wall that required the wall be dug out and repaired and sealed. They left this home in about 1960 when they built a new home a mile east of Ammon on Sunnyside. Stan Sayers rented the home for years. Mike Sommers bought the basement home in 1987. They lived in it for about two years and built a home on top that was finished in 1990. They own the home presently.

11-1 Aaron Judy, Albert Reed; 2920 Midway Builder unknown. Aaron Judy purchased this home in 1925 and he and his wife lived in it the rest of their lives, Mary Ann died in 1949 and Aaron in 1955.

In 1949, Aaron's daughter and son-in-law Albert and Melvina Reed, moved into his home to help take care of him after Mary Ann's passing. After he died the Reeds bought his home and continued to live in the home until the death of Albert in 1980. Melvina left the home at that time as well.

11-2 Ira Judy; 3195 Molen Ira bought a piece of property from his brother Clifford with a two room home Clifford had built in 1941 and lived in before he bought a farm on Sunnyside Road in 1943. Ira's family was living there when Ira got out of the army. He received property from his father adjoining his property and built this home in 1946. The little home he lived in until this home was built next door was moved up

to the ranch in the hills. The new home had two bedrooms, kitchen, dining room and a bath. Later they added two bedrooms and a back porch. They sold the home in September 1964 to his niece Margene and Lenis Tirrell. They have added a family room on the back of the home connecting the separate garage to the house. The Tirrells are the current residents.



Abraham Day home; 3103 Owen Street

11-3 Abraham Day; 3130 Owen On Aug. 1, 1900 William F. Owens sold this property to Titus E. McCowen who built a log cabin on the property. In 1903 the property was transferred to Joseph Anderson. In 1908 the property was transferred to Charles and Mary Kingston. In 1910 the property was transferred to Abraham John Day. It is not known which of these early property owners erected the historic brick home that is on the property, but the Kingstons are most likely the builders. The Days lived in the brick home until their deaths, Lucy in 1951 and Abe in 1958. The estate sold the property to Louis Hammer in 1959 and the Hammers sold the property to C. M. Mays in 1970. Gayle Mays sold the property to Monte Tyler in 1976. Tylers sold the property to Thomas Blaylock in 1981. Terry Taylor purchased the property in 1989 and currently resides in the home.

12-1 Levi Barzee; 2910 Western Builder believed to be Cal Zittings, an early settler known for

digging wells in the area. Levi Barzee and his family moved down to Ammon from Bone area about 1940. They moved into a 2 room log house that Levi remodeled, adding additional rooms to the house and modernizing it. Levi and his wife lived in the home until their deaths in 1982 and 1995 respectively. The home has remained in the Barzee family and is currently the residence of a granddaughter, wife of Steven Smith.

12-2 Denzil Rowbury; About 3050 Western (Abandoned House) Denzel Rowbury moved into this log cabin purchased from Alvin Isaacs, next door to the south. They lived in this house until the spring of 1959. They sold the home to a young couple named Cavanaugh. They added rooms above the back making an odd looking second story structure. The home is currently abandoned.

13-1 Alvin Isaacs; 3260 Western Original builder unknown. The Isaacs moved to this house in about 1929. It was a log house with 2 rooms and a sod roof. A new home was built by Alvin in 1949. They moved from Ammon in 1957.

13-2 Nathaniel Winder; 3260 Western Builder unknown. The Nathaniel (Than) Winder family lived here in the 1940's. The children were Floyd, Veda (same age as Glenn Blatter) and Bill Winder. In 1952 the Leon Baron family lived here. Nothing more is known of the history of this home. It is said by one long time, early Ammon resident, to be the oldest home in Ammon with continual occupancy.

14-1 Joseph Thompson; 3195 Sunnyside Rd Builder unknown. The Thompsons moved into this home in the early 1930's. They lived in the home until they died, Joseph in 1971 and LaDilla in 1973. The property was sold and the house was torn down. A small modular home owned by the Williams is currently on the spot.

14-2 Lewis Empey; 3125 Sunnyside Rd History of this home is unknown. The Lewis Empey family lived here during the 1940's and 50's. They lived here until their deaths, Lewis

in 1963 and Hazel in 1982. Kent Godfrey purchased the home shortly after her death from the family and is the current owner. It is a rental unit.

- 14-3 Jesse Porter; 3095 Sunnyside** Builder unknown. Pearl moved into the home as a widow with her family in 1917 or 1918. She and her second husband, Jesse Porter lived in the home until 1968, five years after Pearl's death in 1963. Blaine Godfrey bought the home from Porters about 1968 from Jesse and has used it as a resident for family members and as a rental unit. It is currently in their possession.



Albert & Rosa Owen home; 3170 Central

- 15-1 Fenton Woolf; 3100 Central** This home was built for Sarah Ann Rhodes Empey, wife of Ephriam Shadrach Empey, early Ammon pioneer. It was built in 1932. She lived in it until 1943, when she died. Her daughter Edna and son-in-law Fenton Woolf had been living with her to assist in her final years. After her death in 1944, the Woolfs lived in the home until following Fenton's death, Edna married again in 1960. Etsel Sommer procured the home in about 1975 for his mother-in-law to live in. After her death in 1981, the home was sold to Boyd Meng. He lived there until about 1998.
- 15-2 Site of Old Ammon Mercantile** A frame structure was constructed on this site when Ammon was first settled and served as a general store until 1915. The store was later used as a rental home for school teachers and was eventually torn down.
- 15-3 Rosa Owen; 3170 Central** Canute Peterson built this home when he ran the Ammon Mercantile Store which was in the lot to the north. Horace Grow lived in this house after the Petersons left it. James Albert Owens moved into this historic home in 1917. He was one of the Owens brothers and plotted out the village blocks and lots. They lived there until their deaths, James Albert in 1936 and Rosa in 1954. The Arnell Summers family bought the home and from their estate and lived there

until the late 1980's. It is now a rental unit. Owner unknown.

- 15-4 John Blatter; 3190 Central** Built by Leonard Ball. John and Bertha Blatter bought the home in 1937 and lived there until they both died, John in Dec. 1941 and Bertha in Aug. 1947. Jacob and Maud Goodson lived in the home later and it was their residence until they died in the mid 1980's.
- 15-5 Irene Bailey; 3210 Central** Believed to have been built for Irene Bailey. She was a prominent school teacher in Ammon Schools from about 1921 until she retired. She had moved into the home by at least 1945 and lived in the home until she died about 1960. June Fiedler is the current resident.
- 15-6 Melvin Armstrong; 3240 Central** Believed to be built by Leonard Ball. This historic home is one of the larger, distinctive homes built early in the village, the exact date is unknown but it was very modern for its time. On the west of the property was a scale used in the early days of the village when Leonard Ball, the Bishop of the church had to weigh goods turned over to the church in kind for payment of tithing. The Melvin Armstrong family purchased the home from Justin Anderson with 3 and 1/2 acres for \$4000 in June 1942. They lived in the home until they built a new modern home

on the portion of the property to the south of the home. They moved into the new home and sold their original home in May, 1964, to the Lester Hope family, Madge Hope is currently residing in the home.



Melvin Armstrong home; 3240 Central

15-7 Wiley Lee; 3255 Sunnyside Rd

The Lees moved to this home in 1943. The property was called the "Relief Society lot" and was purchased from Wiley's father, Joseph Lee. The home was a basement house. In 1946 they built the home on top of the basement. They lived in the home until their deaths, Wiley in 1960 and Vera in 1991.

15-8 Reed Blatter; 3240 Molen Property was bought from James Albert Owen's widow, Rosa Owen, in about 1944. The home was built by Reed Blatter in 1947. Reed lived in the home until his death. Glen bought the home from his mother in 1971, when Valeria and her second husband, Almon Brown, whom she married in 1971 left on an LDS mission. Glen added a family room on the back of the house in 1978. Glen still owns the home at this time.

15-9 Roland Romrell Blacksmith Shop Built originally in about 1904 when Al Carter came to Ammon and opened a blacksmith shop. He sold the business to Ed Williams in about 1920. Mr. Williams sold the business to Roland Romrell in about 1946. Roland tore down the old shop and built the current building in about 1947-48 that is still in use today as a repair shop for the City of Ammon. Roland left this property and moved his business out of Ammon in 1960.

15-10 Roland Romrell; 3290 Molen The Romrell family moved into the house on the property during the time he ran his business there. He remodeled the home significantly and added an additional building in the rear that butts up against the shop. They sold the home

to Stephen Summers in 1992. The home is currently owned by Stephen (Jim) Summers.

16-1 Glen Furniss; 3120 Ammon Rd Builder unknown. Glen moved into the home about 1939 and used the large front room as a store and used the rest of the building as his home. In 1946 the store was moved to the new building to the south and the home was remodeled. Lavern Williams did the plastering in the home and garage. After Glen's death in 1958 the property was sold and has been through many different owners. Lenis Tirrell is the current owner of the home. It is a rental unit.

16-2 Ammon Cash Store Glen Furniss built the store about 1946. It consisted of a large room in the front where the store items were. A cold storage unit was in the back of the building with a meat cutting and preparation area. The cold storage unit was a walk in with drawers with a key lock for security. They were rented for individual use, access and storage. Glen died in 1958. The store was sold and the property changed hands a number of times. The building is currently an apartment building with six apartments, named the Glen Arms Apartments.

16-3 Dee Miller; About 3180 Ammon Rd Builder unknown. Lanny Nielsen lived in this little home with his large family in the early 1920's, while he was a school teacher in Ammon. He later became a dentist. Ellis and Cleo Black and family moved into this small house sometime in the mid 1930's. They moved out in about 1936 when they built a new house next door

to the south. The Jesse Bunnell family and Glen Call family both lived there a short while as renters, as have many others. Dee Miller and his family lived in this house later in the 1940's. The house has been partially burned and is condemned but is currently basically unchanged from its 1940's layout.

16-4 Hosea Stout; 3210 Ammon Rd Builder of this home was Ellis Black in about 1936. He died in 1937. His widow, Cleo, married Hosea Stout in 1939 and they lived in the house until their passing. Hosea in 1964 and Cleo in 1969. Don Mitchell currently resides in the home.

16-5 Walter Crow; 3230 Ammon Rd Built at the direction of Jesse Anderson who was blind, Jesse lived there until March of 1943 when he moved to the Andors Blatter (map 8-2) home. A Beasley family lived in the home. Then Walter Crow bought the home in February 1952, and lived there until the death of his wife in 1980. Irene Flegel then bought the home and is still residing there.

16-6 Wallace Wadsworth; 3455 Sunnyside He bought this property and put a prefabricated home on the property sometime in the 1930's. They lived in the home until they died, Elsie in 1951 and Wallace in 1972. Stephen Young currently owns the home.

16-7 Maiben Jones; 3095 Central Built by Joseph Anderson in 1917. Maiben Jones bought the house from the Anderson's about 1935. They lived in the home until they built a new home on the lot to the south in 1976. The large barn that Joseph Anderson had built on the property had burned down in 1975 as a result of arson. The history of the home after the Jones occupancy is unknown.

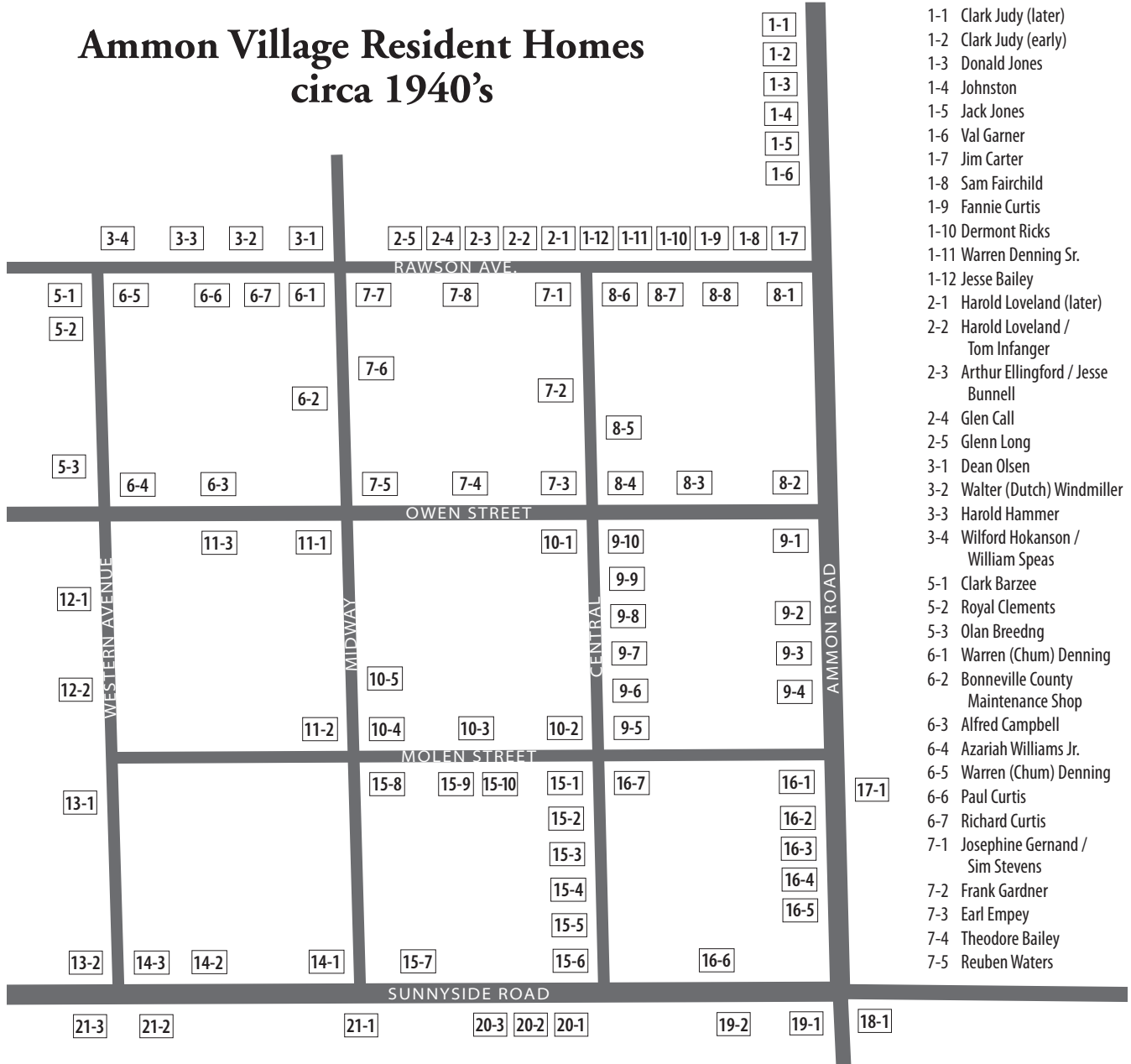
17-1 Leon Peterson; 3510 Samuel St William Franklin Owen built this rock house in about 1893. A Dutch style well house was built in 1897, out of rock to match the house. A Mr. Peterson and William Priest from Taylor is said to have helped him construct the house and possibly the well house as well. It is said to be the first shingle roofed house in Ammon, instead of dirt. It was the most modern home in the village with its own well and indoor



Leon Peterson home; 3510 Samuel Street

plumbing. This historic home is in its basic original condition on the exterior. William was the originator of the Ammon Village town site, responsible for its layout and the agent for the town site lots. He was a business man and Legislator, who sold the home to Joseph Anderson in about 1907-08. Joseph traded/sold off 80 acres of the 160 acre parcel during his ownership. He sold the home to Christopher Galbraith in 1916. They moved to Utah about a year later and sold the home to James C. Soelberg. The Soelbergs lost the home during a depression. The home stood vacant about a year and then George Wadsworth moved into the home in 1924. They were affected by the Great Depression and the home reverted to a mortgage company that rented it to a Mr. and Mrs. Heath. The Heath family lived in it about a year, moving out when the home was sold to S. L. Peterson in 1932. The Peterson's raised their family and lived there until Leon's death in 1954. His wife, Geneva, sold the farm to Harold Loveland, a contractor, who subdivided it and along with Sterling Cannon built the Peterson Park subdivision in early 1960. Geneva passed away and the home stood vacant for a time. In 1980, Marjorie Reis purchased the home. It became a historical site and hosted a business called the Mansion Gift House. The home is currently the residence of a daughter, Renee Ries.

Ammon Village Resident Homes circa 1940's



7-6 Lawrence Denning
7-7 Ude Denning
7-8 Orval Crow
8-1 Leroy (Roy) Southwick
8-2 Jesse Anderson
8-3 Roy Robison
8-4 Reed Molen
8-5 Keith Hansen
8-6 Blaine Rhodes
8-7 Ernest Empey
8-8 John Judy / Glen Dees
9-1 Wilford Woodhouse
9-2 Don Mortimer
9-3 Henry Rosen
9-4 Almon Brown
9-5 Leonard Purcell
9-6 Walden / Joann Purcell

9-7 Rex Purcell
9-8 Wadsworth Confectionery
9-9 Monson Confectionery?
9-10 Jack Williams
10-1 Ammon School
10-2 LDS Church
10-3 Ralph Cunningham
10-4 Eldon Seamons / Frank Merrill
10-5 Milt Tate / Dean Robertson
11-1 Aaron Judy / Albert Reed
11-2 Ira Judy
11-3 Abraham Day
12-1 Levi Barzee
12-2 Denzel Rowbury

13-1 Alvin Isaacs
13-2 Nathaniel Winder
14-1 Joseph Thompson
14-2 Lewis Empey
14-3 Jesse Porter
15-1 Fenton Woolf
15-2 Ammon Mercantile
15-3 Albert & Rosa Owen
15-4 John Blatter
15-5 Irene Bailey
15-6 Melvin Armstrong
15-7 Wiley Lee
15-8 Reed Blatter
15-9 Romrell Blacksmith Shop
15-10 Roland Romrell
16-1 Glen Furniss
16-2 Ammon Cash Store

16-3 Dee Miller
16-4 Hosea Stout
16-5 Walter Crow
16-6 Wallace Wadsworth
16-7 Maiben Jones
17-1 Leon Peterson
18-1 LaVern Judy
19-1 John Judy Store / Dick Kelly Store
19-2 Lyman Pickett & Ray Pickett
20-1 Harrison Barrus
20-2 Oriol Anderson
20-3 Wilmer (Bill) Lee
21-1 Joseph Lee / Hazen Olsen
21-2 Clifford Judy (later home)
21-3 Clifford Judy (early home)

18-1 Lavern Judy; Ammon/Sunnyside Rd Builder unknown. A Blatter family had lived in the home before the Judy's moved into the home in 1930 as newly weds. They said it was an old home with adobe walls and covered with lumber. Clark and Dean Judy shared the house with his brother Lavern in the winter. How long this arrangement continued is unknown. Lavern built a new brick home in 1947 and moved the old home to the east a ways. Lavern and Bessie lived in this home until their deaths in 1991 and 1989 respectively. The home was sold in 2000 and was burned as a home for practicing fire drills by the Ammon Fire Dept. In 2010 a Maverick Convenience Store and Fuel Station was built on the lot where the house stood.

19-1 Kelly's Market The building was built by Leo Nielson in 1915. He sold it to Leonard Ball in the early 1920's and the Criddle family leased it in the late 1920's, Glen Furniss leased it in the mid 1930's. Leonard Ball sold the building to John Judy in 1938. The Judy family lived in back of the store while the operated the store. John Judy leased the building to E. O. Cook for about 2 months in 1946 and they subleased it to Dick Kelly. Dick Kelly bought the building in December 1946. Dick sold the store to ZKB Corp. in 1979. Kelly's owned the store again for a brief time and sold the store to Lenis Terrill in 1984. Lenis Terrill is currently operating the store.

19-2 Lyman Pickett; 3430 Sunnyside Rd Builder was probably John Rosen. The Rosen family moved here in 1909 and built a home. They lost the farm to taxes and sold to Ray Pickett. The Lyman Pickett family moved here in 1934 and moved onto his brother Ray's farm who had purchased the farm in 1932 from Henry Rosen. The little house to the east was where Ray lived after the Lyman Pickett family came to run his farm. Ray died in 1946. They lived in the home until their death, Lyman in 1963 and Ethel in 1989.

20-1 B. H. Barrus; 3330 Sunnyside Rd Builder unknown. The B.H. Barrus family bought this home after Edson Porter had lost the 40

acre farm. It had previously gone through two other foreclosures before being purchased by the Barrus', and had also been rental property for some time. They raised their family there and sold the farm to the Ray Butler family and built a new home on Central Ave. in 1954. Ray Butler lived in it until 1975. The Butlers sold the home to Simon Gisin, who currently owns the home.

20-2 Orial Anderson; 3310 Sunnyside Rd Orial Anderson built this home in the mid to late 1940's. After his death in 1949 his wife lived in it a few years and then sold the home. Nothing further is known of its history.

20-3 Wilmer Lee; 3290 Sunnyside Rd Wilmer Lee built this home in the mid to late 1940's. They are believed to have lived in this home until their deaths. Wilmer died in 1984 and Pearl in 1985. Nothing else of the history of the home is known.

21-1 Joseph Lee, Hazen Olsen; 3210 Sunnyside Rd Joseph is believed to have built this home early in the 20th century, and lived in the home until his death. Rosella died in 1953 and he in 1957. Tom Kershaw, a local school teacher and principal, rented this home. Hazen Olsen bought it sometime after Joseph Lee's death. Hazen died in 1999 and his daughter Pam is the current owner.

21-2 Clifford Judy; 3070 Sunnyside Rd Clifford built this as a new home in 1950. They lived in this home until after Clifford died. Marjorie sold the farm to Rockwell Home Builders for a housing project. She sold the home to Dusty Judy, a grandson and he sold it to a brother Jay. He and his wife sold it to Blaine and Kent Godfrey. They currently administer it as rental property.

21-3 Clifford Judy 3050 Sunnyside Rd Builder unknown. The Judy's purchased the farm and home in the fall of 1943. They lived there until they built a new home on the lot to the east. It was a rental unit for a few years, mostly by school teachers. Their daughter Margene and husband, Lenis Tirrell rented it when they married in 1958 and sold it in 2000.

— Val Crow

SECTION 10

APPENDIX

These facts have been obtained by Roland Romrell from the minutes of the City of Ammon meetings, during my twelve year tenure of the village and later the city of Ammon.

When Bill and Earl Brunt developed Hillview they needed some place to put the pit run gravel from the basements of the homes they were building. The village board made a deal with them to bring it to the old Ammon town site and put it on our roads for our road base. This was done over a period of a number of years. Up until then all we had was dirt roads.

When we finally had the roads built up with the road base, we contracted Picket & Nelson and accepted their bid for \$24,368.00 to grade up the roads, put on road mix and pave the roads. This was in March of 1959.

Prior to selling bonds an improvement district was voted on and accepted to pay for the bonds. Roland Romrell made arrangements to sell the bonds to Bill Neilson at the rate of 5% interest to fund the project.

The board members at this time were Reed Molen, Roland Romrell, Bill Laney, Rex Budge and Farrell Bell.

Hillview was having a flooding problem in the spring of the year when the snow melted. It would all run down to the bottom end of Hillview where there was no natural outlet for the water. Bill Brunt had originally installed a thousand gallon water tank to accommodate this water. However it wasn't adequate and flooded the lower part of Hillview. We later agreed with them to build a bigger holding tank and a pump in order to pump the water into the canal on the south end of the development. The Brunts agreed to guarantee that it would be adequate to take care of the problem.

In 1953 the board members were Elmer Holmgren, Chairman, Clifford Judy, Roland Romrell, Rex Budge and Farrell Bell. It was proposed by Elmer Holmgren that we change the Village of Ammon to a second class city. The proposal was

discussed and a motion was passed and seconded by Farrell Bell. Boyd Thomas, our legal attorney, was assigned to present a resolution and ordinance to change the village to a second class city. Reed Molen was elected to be our first mayor in April 1961.

On August 17, 1960 Olsen Park submitted plans for a development which was named Rich Lane.

Peterson Park was having problem with sand in their water. They agreed to install a sand screen and this solved their problem.

The city obtained the property for a park from Ross McCowin.

Roland Romrell agreed to sell his blacksmith shop to the City of Ammon. The city used this for a city office and maintenance building until 1995 when they moved into their new office on Ammon Road. The Romrell building is still being used for maintenance and storage.

This business that was originally on this property started as a black smith shop operated by a man by the name of Carter. He operated it for 25 years when he sold it to Ed Williams who operated it for 25 years. Roland Romrell operated his business as a black smith shop then developed truck bed manufacturing, truck hoist wholesale and retail sales. It later grew into an R.V. and mobile homes sales business. It also became a manufacturing company for pick up campers which was marketed from California to Washington D.C, New Jersey and Canada and Alaska. The business was then sold to Garth Romrell. This business operated for 58 years until it closed in 2004.

AMMON FAMILY HISTORIES

SECTION 11

JESSE ANDERSON

Jesse was the seventh child born to Joseph and May Anderson. He was born in Ammon, 7 October 1910 in the old rock house built by Will Owen on my father's 80 Acre farm which is now known as Peterson Park. Dr. Wilson was the doctor at the birth, assisted by mid-wife Annie Hiatt. The doctor performed a circumcision immediately following the birth, and I threw my hands into my face and into my eyes. This apparently caused an inflammation and the subsequently loss of my left eye. I had to be taken to Salt Lake City to an eye specialist at three weeks of age. The left eye was not removed on the first visit but later. The other eye was impaired with scar tissue and resulted in my having very limited sight until I reached the age of 50 at which time I had an accident to this eye and ultimately lost all my sight. I went to Salt Lake about five times from the time I was three weeks old until I was about two for different examinations and treatments that might save the other eye. Had the state of Idaho been



Jesse and his mother, May Anderson

compelled by law to use a little bit of silver nitrate it most likely would have cleared up the infection and I would have had my sight throughout my life.

The accident to my eyes was quite a traumatic thing for both my parents. Dad took it very hard when they told him that I would be blind all my life, as I'm sure my mother did also, but it seems women are stronger in coping with such situations than men are.

I recall when I was about two years old, that we had a folding bed in the parlor. My mother would lie down with me on this bed or one of my brothers, and get me to sleep. My oldest brother, Marvin did this about the time he was going on his mission. While he was on his mission to the New England states and Canada his sweetheart, Flora Hammer, used to come to our home and help mother with the canning.

Marvin came home in about 1914 and he and Flora were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Mother and the Hammers went with Flora down to Salt Lake for this wedding and met Marvin on his way back from his mission. He didn't even come home before the marriage.

In 1902, his brother Chris, told my Dad, who hadn't been too active in the church because of being out in the hills for so much with the sheep that he ought to go on a mission. So Dad went up to Rexburg and took a little work at the Ricks Academy where they had a preparation course for missionary work. In May 1903 he left for his mission to Norway. He had previously received his letter from Box B. While he was gone my mother had the family of three boys and one girl to look after. She had very little to go on. She gleaned the fields, raised a few chickens and geese, took the feathers and utilized everything else she could. On the 4th of July she used to sell ice cream at the ward celebration. Father worried about them but he knew he was doing the Lord's business and had faith that He would provide for them. It was necessary for my father to come home early from his mission because President Grant, President of the European Mission, wanted father to escort one

of the missionaries home who had had a nervous breakdown.

Jesse attended the Idaho State School for the Blind, at Gooding, Idaho for 12 years where he graduated with honors. While there he organized a dance orchestra and won honors in several states music contests. He plays the piano, saxophone, cornet, and sings with a fine tenor voice. As a young man I played in dance orchestras and often my pay was only a sack of carrots and a chicken. He then attended Ricks College in Rexburg, and the University of Idaho at Moscow, majoring in History and Political Science. While attending the University of Idaho he was elected State Representative from Bonneville County. He was elected in 1939 and served on the committees of education, penal and charitable institutions, and as chairman of the state libraries committee. It is reported that "He was liked and respected by members of both political parties."

At Rexburg Jesse met Stella Edna Stewart of Clarkston, Utah, who was a missionary friend of his sister Cleo. Jesse and Edna were married 8 November 1940 in the Logan Temple. They have two children: Sadimae (Smith) born 25 December 1941 and Jesse Joseph born 3 June 1944. Times were hard for us. We had a small plot of ground, chickens, and a cow, and we were poor. I prayed for guidance as to how to support my family. I worked at odd jobs and played dances when I could. In 1941 we built a small brick home next to my sister Cleo. Later on in 1949 we moved from Ammon after having lived in the old Anders Blatter home on the corner of Ammon Highway and Owen Street just east of Roy Robison. In 1949 I went to work for President George Albert Smith, who was also the president of the "Society for the aid of the Sightless" and was employed by the church as a teacher of Braille, typing, etc., primarily in the Ogden area.

One day it occurred to me that Albert Talmage, the blind man who in 1913 had inaugurated a monthly Braille periodical, Messenger to the Sightless, and who produced the magazine in his home on a homemade press, would eventually have to retire. I made inquiries about the work and when



Jesse and dance band mates in Gooding, Idaho

Brother Talmage retired in 1953, I became editor and enlarged the publication, renaming it the New Messenger. It contained material from all church publications, as well as editorials, poetry, short stories, hymns, and other information. In 1958 we commenced recording the New Messenger Talking Book. These lessons have made it possible for many of our blind members to not only participate in classes but also to serve as teachers.

Many times I have received letters from as far away as India thanking the Church for the magazines. This has been a fulfillment of a blessing I received when I was 21 years old. a Patriarch said that "people in many nations will hear your voice." I firmly believe that most persons regardless of their handicap, with the proper tools and motivation can take their full part in the church, whatever their calling might be.

Jesse loved the outdoors and spent many summers teaching at the Lion's Camp for the Newly Blind on Casper Mountain near Casper, Wyoming. Here he taught short courses in the reading and writing of Braille, conventional typing and American Government. He encouraged these people to rehabilitate themselves and assured them that life can still be worth living.

He and Edna celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in November of 1990. His life with her was an example of teamwork. They enjoyed working together and were able to travel to most of the United



Front: Jesse and Edna; Back: Sadiemae and Joseph Anderson

States, Canada and had a wonderful trip to Israel. He enjoyed his children and grandchildren and the many things they have been able to do together.

Jesse Anderson 84, died August 24, 1995 in Clearfield, Utah of complications following a stroke.

This history is taken from information given by Jesse to his daughter Sadimae Anderson Smith and from other sources in her possession.

SECTION 12

JUSTIN & ALICE ANDERSON

by Delmar Anderson

Thomas Christian Anderson

Thomas Christian Anderson, the first born of Thomas Christian Anderson and Sidse Anderson Nielsen, was born on December 11, 1863. It is said that he was the first white child born in Mantua. Other children of Thomas and Sidse were Charles Oluff, born on December 5, 1865; Thomine Neilsine, born January 30, 1868; Helena Marie (or Maria Helene) born February 4, 1870; and Joseph, born February 25, 1872.

As a young boy Thomas took the neighbors cows to the foothills and herded them in the summer. He helped his mother make butter that was sold for other necessities. Though his formal schooling was meager he became self-educated through reading and study. He helped his father with the farm as he grew older. He acquired his first herd of sheep at the age of fifteen through his industry, intelligence, and ambition. He was in the sheep business thereafter until his death.

Thomas married Mary Annie Tabitha Petersen in the Logan LDS Temple on August 15, 1888. In March 1895 he moved his family to Ammon which at the time comprised three children. Criesta Zenobia, born March 25, 1889 (sp. George Parley Hansen); Elmira Annie, born January 14, 1891 (sp. Everett LaFayette Purcell); and Reuben Christian, born December 17, 1892 (sp. Chloe Gardner). Thomas's father helped them move and drove one of the wagons while the sheep and cattle were driven ahead of the wagons. After his father helped them move he went back to his home in Mantua. When the children moved to Idaho "Andersen" was changed to "Anderson."

Thomas was an early pioneer to the area. All of the farm work was done with horses. He helped dig canals and make roads, built fences and dug wells. He purchased some land and filed on other land through the homestead act. Their first home was a little log cabin. Today that entire acreage is covered with new homes. In 1900 Thomas bought a home in the Ammon townsite that had been built by Samuel Southwick, located at the corner of 3040 Ammon Road and Molen Street. Thomas dug a well, 110 feet deep by hand, with the help of Cal Zitting and a bucket pulled up by a pulley. The first water for the new church was piped from the Anderson well. Thomas remodeled the home, put in electricity, piped the water into the house and built on a special room for his mother who lived with him for several years.

Seven more children came to the family unit after their arrival in Ammon. Oriel Lewis, born 29 September 1895 (sp. Delia Lee); Sarah, born 13 January 1897 (died about 18 January 1897); Deloraus Cleopatra, born 3 July 1899 (sp. Wiley Lee); Irene, born 20 August 1901 (sp. Ernest Dermont Ricks); lola, born 21 February 1905 (sp. George Lynel Barnard); Clyde Leroy, born 1 February 1907 (sp. Constance Porter); Reed Gerald, born 2 May 1909 (sp. Norma Galbraith).

All of the children and their families participated with the community and interacted with the business, social and church activities of Ammon. They also attended school and church in Ammon. Only one actually lived in the Ammon town site boundaries. Oriel and Delia lived in a home located at 3310 Sunnyside Road for many years. While the children came Thomas served as the superintendent of a religious class held during the week, later, he was

called to be the Sunday School Superintendent. He was called to be the second Bishop of Ammon on September 25, 1899, where he served until he was released in 1913.

Thomas was Director and Manager of the Ammon Mercantile store; President of the Eagle Rock and Willow Creek Canal Company; Director and Chairman of the Progressive Irrigation District; a Director of the Anderson Brothers Bank; a County Commissioner; a member of the Ammon School Board; and served in the Idaho State Legislature in Boise in 1907.

In the Spring of 1934 Thomas, now 70 years old, went back East to Flint, Michigan, to get a new car with some other men. They stopped on Sunday at a point near Kemmerer, Wyoming, for breakfast expecting to reach home that evening. After breakfast as they continued their return trip Thomas experienced some pain. They turned around to go



Jesse, Cleo, Marvin, Joseph, Floyd, Gordon, May, Lyle, Lillie, Justin

back to Kemmerer but he died in a few moments of a heart attack before they could get him to the hospital, on April 22, 1934. His oldest son Reuben and Jack Wood brought his body home for burial. Lyle Anderson, a son of Joseph Anderson, Thomas' brother was serving as Bishop at the time.

Joseph Anderson

Joseph Anderson was the last and the fifth born, third son of Thomas Christian Anderson and Sidse Andersen Nielsen, born on February 25, 1872, in Mantua, Utah. Joseph was born on February 25, 1872, about the same time his mother and father separated over contentious incorrect understandings concerning the sealing of their children to Sidse and her first husband Ole Nielsen.

When he was 13 he started herding sheep and was so good that his employer, Peter Jensen, made him a partner when he turned 18. When he moved to Ammon he herded sheep for his older brother and took sheep for his pay. Another account states that a local rancher gave him thirty head of sheep that were sick with a usually fatal illness but Joseph pulled them through. From this start Joseph eventually acquired three herds of sheep.

Joseph married, May Christensen also known as Ingeborg Camilia or Kamilia Marie, on November 9, 1892, in the Logan, Temple. May and her sister Pauline Matilde were baptized in Denmark after they had attended the meetings nearby of the Mormons. Their mother struggled to provide for them. They were taken care of by other families most of their younger years. When Elder Martin, who had baptized them and another Elder returned home their mother sent the girls with them to the United States hoping they would have a better life than she could give them. May's sister, was 13 and May was 11 at the time.

Pauline lived with Martin's parents, Bishop Peter C. Jensen, for five years until she married Neils Jensen, in the Logan Temple. May lived with Martin and his wife until she married Joseph Anderson in the Logan Temple on November 9, 1892. They lived

in Mantua until they moved to Ammon in 1897. Two sons were born in Mantua before they moved, Marvin Joseph (sp. Flora May Hammer); and Lyle Marion (sp. Hattie Beulah Singley). Other family members born in Ammon were Lillie Blossom (sp. Willard David Zollinger); Floyd Thomas (sp. Ruth Tempest); Justin Charles (sp. Alice May McIntyre); Cleo (sp. Ellis Tracy Black)(sp. Richard Hosea Stout); Jesse (sp. Stella Edna Stewart); and Gordon P. Peter (sp. Alene Porter).

The first home that they lived in after arriving in Ammon, though not a dugout, it was not much more than that according to Jesse Anderson a son. This house was on the farm they homesteaded near the foothills in Ammon. Their next house was a red brick house that was sold to Abe Day on Owen Street. In 1907 Joseph bought the landmark three story Rock House from Will Owen located on Samuel Street and 3510 Ammon Road. It was one the nicest homes in Ammon and the first to have a shingled roof instead of dirt. In 1917 Joseph sold the Rock House and built a new home and a large barn kitty-cornered across the street from the church house at 3095 Central Avenue and Molen Street. The barn was a landmark through the many years that it stood. They cooked their meals in a small nearby home and slept in tents while the new house was being built. After their passing Maiben Jones purchased the home.

Joseph was active in the civic affairs of his community. He was one of the trustees on the village board of Ammon. At the same time he served on the School Board. After the school burned down he and Arthur Ball signed personal notes to rebuild the school. His son Justin commented that this was done by a man who abhorred debt and avoided it like the plague. He served three terms in the Idaho State Legislature from 1927- 1933.

The church had always been special in the lives of Joseph and May. Joseph helped finance the new LDS chapel that was built in 1912. When Joseph was called on missions he was ready and prepared to go. His first call was to the Norwegian mission for two years (May 1903-Jul 1905). His second call

was to New Zealand nearly two and a half years (Feb 1920-Jun 1922). His third call was to Sacramento, California for six months (Oct 27- Mar 1928). In a letter from Norway to his father Joseph wrote: "The work of the Lord is progressing in this land... I feel happy to have been called... to help in this great work. I know it is the work of God.... I know that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God... had I not known this I would not have left my family and come out here 4,000 miles from home but I know it is true."

Justin Charles Anderson

Justin Charles Anderson was the fifth child born in Ammon, on April 4, 1906, to Joseph and May Anderson. He married Alice May McIntyre in the Salt Lake Temple on June 22, 1927. They had six children, five sons and one daughter. Dwain J. (sp. Liselotte Esther Ruf); Delmar (sp. Myrna Doreen Nielsen); Vaughn Charles (sp. Deanna Cox)(sp. Clarice (Clara) Rose Trotchie); Justin Jean (sp. Doris Janet Wilson); Kenneth Blaine (sp. Sheryl Adele Jensen)(sp. Ruth D' Anne Kelsey Roberts); Gloria Jolene (sp. Larry Dee Haws). All of the children were born in Idaho Falls while the family lived in Ammon.

When the new church was built in Ammon, Justin was six years old. During the summer of 1912 when the men prepared the foundation, poured the cement, and laid the bricks he was a water boy. It was his responsibility to see that the men had drinking water as they labored in the hot summer days of 1912. Before winter set in the roof was in place. Finishing and painting was done during the winter months. Justin was seven years old when James E. Talmage an Apostle dedicated the building on April 13, 1913. Hyrum G. Smith, the Patriarch of the Church was also present. There were five hundred in attendance for the dedication. Justin's uncle, Thomas Christian Anderson, was the officiating Bishop at the time. Throughout his life, whenever Justin had occasion to reflect on those days he always spoke with pleasant fondness and reverent gratitude that he had helped build the church.

Justin was seventeen when he was called on a two

year mission to the Western States, with his mission headquarters in Denver, Colorado. Reed Blatter was called to the same mission on the same day. Reed was sent to North Dakota and Justin was sent to Nebraska. Justin tracted without purse or script and held 105 street meetings one summer. Justin was given the added responsibility of six hundred members of the church that were scattered over four or five hundred miles when he was made the Conference President.

Justin was an avid athlete and excelled in basketball and baseball. After his mission and marriage he played basketball on in an outlaw league called "The Outlaw Basketball Teams." He played baseball with the Shelley Russets in the Pioneer League and later pitched for the Spuds in the Yellowstone League. He had a letter of recommendation to try out for the major league with the Hollywood team in Los Angeles, California. Upon reaching Salt Lake he made the "decision of a life time" turned around and drove back to Ammon to be with his wife and three sons.

After his mission Justin and Alice McIntyre began to date. They became engaged in October 1926 and were married on June 22, 1927. Their first home was in Ammon, located a couple of blocks north of the church. After living there for four months they moved to a remodeled log home on the farm south of Ammon. When Justin bought the Gottlieb Blatter property on the John Empey Road next to Otto Holm across the road from Charlie Tawzer in the proximity of 51775 45 East, Justin said this is where they had their beginning.

We lived in Ammon in the big home at 3240 Central Avenue for a time. Our next home and farm was west of the Ammon road at 3111 49th South across the road from Elden Lee's place. We later moved to Leslie Idaho onto a mountain ranch were Dwain went to the Mackay High School and the rest of the kids walked, skied, or rode horses to the one room school on Alder Creek. When the ranch sold we moved into Idaho Falls on K street and a few months later to 12th street. From there we moved into the Shelley area onto the farm owned by Warren Tew located on the Stanton Road. When this farm was sold to Bert Clinger we moved to 17th Street on

the farm owned by Quincy Wagner located at 1505 E i7th and St Clair Road. Presently the home has been remodeled and occupied by the Great Harvest Bread Company. When this property sold they moved back to Shelley across the River to the west where they spent their last days.

We were always moving but mother heeded the council given to Emma Smith: “thou shalt go with him at the time of his going.” (D&C 25:6) When we lived in Ammon Alice was called to be the secretary in the Ammon Ward Relief Society. At the time she had three children, one sick most of the time and another on the way. She had told the Bishop that she would think about it and had decided to say no to the calling as it would be too much. About the same time a counselor, in the Relief Society approached Justin and asked him about her accepting the call and he told her “yes.” Alice became the Relief Society Secretary without her consent and served in that position for seven years.

The Anderson name associated with the city of Ammon reflects on Thomas Christian Andersen’s birth in Denmark in 1821, his conversion in 1854, his emigration in 1862, his marriage to Sidse in 1863 and the relocation of their posterity have all been part of the settlement and growth of Ammon.

SECTION 13

MELVIN & GOLDA ARMSTRONG

The following consists of excerpts from the history of Melvin Stanford Armstrong as written by him and his wife, Golda Reading Armstrong. It was compiled by Cheryl Armstrong Fogg and commented upon by Melvin Blair Armstrong, Annette Armstrong Lundquist, Brent Reading Armstrong, Beverly Armstrong Graham and Kathryn Armstrong Callister. It covers the period of 1942 to 1981 when Mel and Golda moved from Ammon to Farmington, Utah.

Mel writes as follows:

After living in Idaho Falls for over six years, we decided to look for an acreage and build us a house out in the country. After looking around on the outskirts of Idaho Falls, in Iona, Lincoln, and other small towns surrounding Idaho Falls, we saw an ad in the local paper by John Homer, a real estate man. This was advertising for sale a large home with 3 1/2 acres of ground, a barn and chicken coop. I knew the place well and had been in the home several times. It was owned by Justin Anderson and formerly owned by Leonard J. Ball.

I called John Homer on the phone to find out the price of the place. When he told me \$4,000 for the house, land and out-buildings, I told him right then that I would take it! This we did and moved to Ammon in June of 1942.

Our home was located right in the townsite of Ammon, just one block south of the LDS Chapel. The address was 2680 Central Avenue. We lived in Ammon from that day until 1981. We were very happy in Ammon and found it a choice place to raise our family. It was here, on our acreage that our children learned to work. This was in our plans in moving to the country. Here we had cows, chickens, a big garden, and helped the boys raise rabbits to sell. Besides helping with our living expenses, these things gave our children many things to do which used their time to good advantage and gave them many choice experiences.

The family consisted of Mel, age 44, Golda age 34, Annette age 11, Blair age 7, Cheryl age 4, and Beverly age 3. Our close neighbors included Irene and Beverly Bailey, Reed Blatter’s mother Bertha, Rosa Owen, the Lyman Pickett family, the B.H.Barrus family, the Joe Lee and Wiley Lee families.

The first thing we did after moving and getting settled was to plan and plow up a good-sized piece of our pasture and plant a good garden by June 15. As we were in the process, one of our neighbors, Sister Blatter, came over to the fence and asked Golda what we were planting. When she told her it was carrots, she said, “Oh, you can’t raise carrots in this heavy soil!” Golda went ahead and planted a long row of

carrots, and in the fall, we dug about nine bushels of fine carrots, having more than enough for us and some to share with our neighbors. Everything else grew and produced abundantly!

On the front and side of the pasture, south of the house, stood a row of very old, big poplar trees which had suckered strength from the pasture, so another of the first projects that I lined up was the removal of these big trees. I had the trees cut down by the Utah Power and Light Company, then had them cut up and hauled off. While engaged in the project of getting the stumps burned out, which took a long time and a lot of hard work and sweat, a friend, Darrell Ricks, came along and watching me at work said "Mel, you will never live long enough to get rid of those stumps." But after a long, hard struggle, toil, and sweat, this was finally accomplished.

On the back of our property stood a large, red barn, large enough to accommodate six head of cows and two horses, and a hay loft for about four tons of hay. There was a chicken coop and a coal shed near the barn. Back of the barn to the west were the remains of an old scale that was left from years before when a scale had been used and owned by the Ammon Ward for the payment of tithing. (In the early history of the Church, tithing was paid in kind, such as grain, hay, chickens, food, and crops of all kinds so the scale had been used to weigh the grain and produce that came in for tithing.)

Near the house on the north side, there was a pump house which covered a well, which furnished our water as well as water for fourteen families here on the townsite. Among those were Wolfs, Owens, Baileys, Blatters, Picketts, Barruses, and Stouts. We furnished water for these families for \$2 a month. Many folks thought this well to be quite an advantage in revenue but it proved to be a big headache to keep up—to keep the well in running order. So we were happy when the village wells went in about 1945. We then discontinued using the old well with all of its troubles. We were happy to get rid of it.

On November 4, 1942, our second son, Brent, was born in the Idaho Falls Hospital. After Brent's birth and Golda's recovery, we started trying to improve

the looks of the house on the inside. This home had originally had only four rooms, to which all the rest had been added at different times. We found out as time went on that the partition between the front room and the dining room was adobe, so it could have been just the two front rooms to start with.

Between the front room and front bedroom was a chimney, which protruded out into both rooms. Golda disliked this very much and after some long time and waiting for me to do it, I came home one day to find her with hammer and chisel and the chimney practically torn down. With a few changes, the nice, new paper, fresh paint and new curtains, we had a nice, comfortable home. As time went on, each year brought a few more improvements, making our home a comfortable, happy place for our family.

Our most important reason for moving to the country was to get an acreage where we could give our children responsibility and teach them to work. Projects to do this were soon under way, as I found ways and means to provide a good family cow, chickens, and rabbits for the children to help care for. I then added to the chicken coop and made a rabbit barn, and started raising large New Zealand white rabbits to sell for meat, building up to about 240 rabbits. We also had extra chickens and milk to sell at times.

Each spring we put in a nice big garden which the children helped to care for and harvest. We raised many nice vegetables, which furnished plenty for canning and also for our neighbors. We had a large corn patch, and raised extra corn to sell. Large patches of raspberries and strawberries furnished us with lots of delicious fruit. The kids also enjoyed the apple trees, particularly the transparent apples which came early and were extra tasty when raw with salt added. I planted several apricot trees on the north side of the garden and in a few years, these trees matured to produce many delicious apricots, many more than we could use, so we shared them with our neighbors and family. We also planted one near our kitchen door, which got very large, and was a beautiful, valuable tree, not only for the beautiful fruit it produced and the lovely, fragrant

blooms in the spring, but the cool, refreshing shade in the summer.

Our home in Ammon was located on the end of a village ditch, which ran through our yard. The ditch not only provided irrigation water for our yard, garden and pasture, but furnished much fun and entertainment for our children and their friends. As the water flooded the pasture, soon our children would be joined by the neighbors and they would have a great time as they romped and played in the water after getting soaked far beyond their bare knees. The water fun continued on as they grew older, and became very common, even on Sunday afternoons when Annette, Blair, Cheryl, Beverly and their friends would have some real water fights in the front yard, many of them getting dunked in the ditch.

We had a pretty little Jersey cow we called 'Cherry' that I bought from Mr. Lee across the street. She was quite a spicy little cow and quite frisky, and just a little mean to milk. It was Annette's responsibility this particular evening to milk her, since I was gone. It had gotten dark, and the big moon was out, and Annette was still out—trying to milk Cherry. Pretty soon Annette came up to the house with a bucket in her hand, and crying as hard as she could cry and fumed, "That---(she had more words under her breath)---cow! Oh! I won't even try to milk her! Every time I get some milk in the bucket, she kicks it over!" She went on crying and crying, and Mama said, "Oh, yes you will! We've got to have this milk!" She turned her around, and said, "I'll go out with you." (As if that would be any help!)

So they went to milk. Mama sat with her as she tried to milk Cherry, and I think she finally got some milk. It took some time, but they came back to the house and it wasn't long until I came. I had to go out and finish milking Cherry. Golda said, "I can see Annette now with her big tears and her exasperation! She was going to quit! That was never going to happen again to her!" However, I knew that I would be in a bind if it were to be that way, so that I knew that I had to talk her into going on with her milking.

Coming to Ammon proved to be a good move for us. We planned and did everything we could to

help raise our food and at the same time have things to keep the children busy. As mentioned before, each year we had a large garden with an abundance for ourselves. The children were expected to help with the garden, even though they weren't overly enthused about pulling weeds. Cheryl and Beverly can probably remember me having them pull the weeds out of the carrots because they had such dainty little fingers that could get around the plants easily.

Ammon was a good place to raise our family. We had good neighbors with families that became good friends and playmates for our children. At that time, most of the people of this area were Latter-day Saints with standards like ours which proved to be a great blessing for us. We had a good home life and were happy and delighted to see our children grow and develop and take their places in this fine community. When we moved to Ammon, our first Bishop and counselors were Bishop Reed Blatter, 1st counselor: Almon L. Brown; 2nd Counselor: C. Adolphus Holm; and clerk: LaMar Whiting. These brethren had served since November 23, 1941.

Our location at 2680 Central Avenue was a very convenient one for school and church. The children were just a block away from school and church, so there were no buses to ride for a number of years, and no taxi-ing of children. The children came home for lunch, so there were no lunches to pack.

One of our popular conveniences was the Ammon Store that was run by John and Janice Judy when we came to Ammon and then for many years later was run by Dick Kelly. This has been an attractive sport for our children and later on, our grandchildren to spend their pennies on candy, bubble gum, etc. There was a small confectionery also across from the school run by Cleo Black, one of our good friends, and later by Marvin and Rose Marie Anderson..

We had an apartment upstairs in our house suitable for renting. Our first renters were Gladys and Al Brown and their daughter, Beverly, who lived there two or three months while waiting for a home deal to go through. After they moved out, we rented to Ray and Agnes Udy and their family who stayed for some time, which was in 1942 and during Brent's

birth. Udys were very good renters and we became good friends, with our friendship lasting through the years. Other renters were Harry and Charlotte Wirkus, Jim and Faye Johnson, the Sorensen family and Parker and Verna Richards. Parker was the coach at Ammon High School.

With our move and getting established in the community, it wasn't long before we were called to positions in the ward. Golda writes: "Because of Mel's friendly, outgoing nature, his first call in Ammon was to be the official greeter at the chapel to welcome any newcomers, which he fulfilled very well. In fact, just a few years ago at this writing, (which is 1971), Mel received a letter from a family, thanking him for helping them become acquainted and the cordial greeting he had given them as newcomers to the ward."

At this time of our lives, it seems that the children were the center of activity and the most important part of our lives. It is the children who made life so interesting for us, their parents. More than a few things happened, some funny and others not so funny.

Besides everything else we had going on the Armstrong acres, for many years, we had a beehive and bees that gave us our own delicious honey. This was another chore for me. Early one morning after I had been outside with veil and gloves on to get some honey out of the hive, I came into the bedroom where Golda was still in bed—about 6 a.m.—and said, "Mama, look at Papa!" She took one look and burst into laughter. You see, a bee had stung me through the veil right on the end of my nose! It had swollen to a large, red cherry and my eyes were swollen almost shut. I didn't think it was so funny, and resented her laughing, but I guess she couldn't help it. She thought I looked so very funny!

Another time when things were funny for some, and not so funny for others: We had a young bull calf called Ferdinand. I decided to climb on him and see if he could be ridden. Mama writes: "I looked out the kitchen window just in time to see Ferdinand buck, and land Daddy on his seat right in the ditch! Embarrassed Mel looked around to

see who happened to see him, and saw me. I went out, laughing. Mel claimed he was jumping off, but believe me, Ferdinand gave him a big help!"

Blair and Cheryl enjoyed riding Ferdinand bareback, and on one occasion, Ferdinand didn't obey his master's tapping on the side of his head with a stick, and willfully went into the barn where Cheryl fell off, breaking her arm!

Blair had more than one close call early in his life. When he was about seven or so, Annette was walking him up the street and he couldn't forego getting too close to the ditch, an irrigation ditch that ran through the village, with our property last on the ditch. They had stopped up on the corner by Woolf's where the ditch was a fairly good size. Blair slipped into the ditch and Annette frantically tried to get him out, but couldn't quite pull hard enough. Fortunately, she had presence of mind to keep his head above water and called for help. Edna Woolf was home and became aware of the problem and dashed out and rescued Blair, then brought him home wet and shivering. This really frightened us and made us realize how dangerous even a small ditch can be to children. We were so thankful to have him well and unharmed.

Golda tells about one incident while living in our old home in Ammon that neither Annette nor her mother will ever forget. "At this particular time, Ray Udy and his family were living in our apartment upstairs. On this particular summer day, a nice, sunny afternoon, Annette's job was to churn the cream, so we could have some nice fresh butter for supper. About this time, some of the neighbor kids gathered and wanted Annette to come out and play. Annette really wanted to join them, but realized her responsibility, so quickly figured out how she could do both. Without asking, she picked up the churn, which had a lid that just pushed down on the top of the metal can or churn, and started for the front door, so she could at least churn outside where she could watch the kids. Just as she got to the front entrance, swinging the churn—where there were what seemed like dozens of little windows to wash—the lid came off the can, which was about

3/4 full, dropping the can to the floor. Well! cream flew everywhere...on the ceiling, walls, doors, in the adjoining porch, under rugs, and in every nook and corner!! You guessed it! Of course, I was furious, and I scolded Annette, which put her in tears. I got busy with bucket after bucket of hot water, scrubbing on my hands and knees. About this time, Ray Udy peaked through the front door and cautiously inquired, 'What happened?' At this, I replied, Get out of here! Well, I guess Ray thought all heck had broken loose and quickly went on his way. I am sure I was never that steamed up before or after! In those days in Ammon, schools were dismissed for potato harvest and children nine years and up were allowed to pick potatoes and earn some money to use as their parents allowed. In the fall of 1944, Annette, only 13 years of age, picked potatoes and bought her two little sisters, Beverly and Cheryl, new warm snow suits. We were delighted with her unselfishness and no one was more pleased than Annette. She was also a loving, dependable baby tender for her baby brother Brent.

Blair writes, "Within a year or two after moving to Ammon, we began a rabbit-raising enterprise which involved us children, particularly the boys. Dad became aware of the "opportunity" to make an investment in registered, pedigreed New Zealand White rabbits. As I recall, the source of this opportunity was the Whitney Rabbitry in the Salt Lake area that advertised a market for purebred New Zealand Whites as breeding stock and that prices as high as \$200 were being paid for such animals. Dad then purchased two does and a buck from this enterprise for \$50 apiece, as I recall, with the promise that the sellers would buy the offspring of this trio for that much each and more.

I remember well the day three large, white furry rabbits with pink eyes arrived at our home in Ammon in their fancy shipping crates. They were truly beautiful animals and I was really excited about our new venture. The excitement soon wore off when the work began! I was very impressed to see their names on a pedigree chart that came with each of them. These were the aristocrats of the rabbit world!

I soon became an expert in the feeding and breeding of New Zealand Whites. When the first generation of offspring (about 18 bunnies) reached adulthood in about 6 months, they were destined to be sold for breeding stock in accordance with the pre-arranged plan. This was the destiny of the does and the select bucks; but to our surprise and disappointment, we found that the price for each of these aristocrats had diminished to the point where the shipping cost to Salt Lake rendered that course not feasible. So our market had disappeared and the only course open was to sell them for meat to the local meat markets. I then became an expert in killing, skinning and gutting young rabbits to sell for fryers. We also had ample fried rabbit for our table—all white meat—and it was really better than chicken!

Although the anticipated wealth from this enterprise did not materialize, a probably better result was the education of two boys in the world of work and the law of the harvest. Indeed, the responsibility learned in caring for those rabbits was probably what a wise father had in mind from the start!"

On September 28, 1946, our bundle of joy, a baby girl named Kathryn Ruth arrived. The family all loved and adored our happy, pretty little Kathy. This was our family—as Kathy was the last child and the baby. What a joy they all were to us! What fine, special children.

On June 30, 1946, I was ordained a High Priest by Thomas E. McKay, Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve. On the same day, I was set apart as a High Councilman of the newly-organized South Idaho Falls Stake, with Cecil E. Hart as President, L. H. Merrill as first counselor and Reed Blatter as second counselor. This was a choice assignment that I was to fill for the next 10 years until November 24, 1956. With this calling came the opening for many opportunities to have many good social times with our good friends and their companions who were serving on the High Council.

Other members of the High Council who became very close friends were Harrison Barrus, John A. Orem, Lloyd Porter, Almon L. Brown, Cliff Kindred, Jennings Scott, Varian Halladay, Delbert



Leonard Ball Home, inhabited by the Armstrongs from 1942 to 1964.

Groberg, Wally Stosich, Harold Sudweeks and A. W. Naegel.

From May 1947 to May 1949, Golda served on the Stake Board as Stake Bee Hive Leader, Second Counselor to the president of the YWMIA, then sustained as Activity Leader, or First Counselor. In 1949, she was put in as Stake Camp Director and served in that capacity until February 1, 1953, when she was called as President of the Stake Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, which brought many choice experiences into her life. *Kathy remembers that her mother delighted in pulling pranks on the Priesthood brother assigned to chaperone Girl's Camp when she threw cold water on him while he was showering.* During these years, I was still serving on the Stake High Council, so serving in the stake together was a pleasure.

Blair recalls, "One of the dramatic impressions I learned as a boy growing up was the devotion of my dad to the cause of the Lord and the restored gospel. He taught by example that duty and devotion to the Lord and His Church were first and foremost in priority. One of the dramatic ways this was taught was by taking his children with him to work on our Stake Welfare Farm which was down Sunnyside Road about two miles to the west of our place. Many times each year, from spring

until fall when the crops were in, I would awaken before dawn to his insistent voice saying, 'Get up, Blair, it's time to go to the church farm.' I would reluctantly crawl out, get dressed and away we would go to thin beets, hoe beets, weed potatoes, haul hay, harvest potatoes, top and haul beets, etc. He was always one of the most constant in his response to the call to serve and it soon became apparent to me that my Dad was one of the few who considered the Lord's work to be his work!"

The winter of 1948-49 brought huge, record-breaking snowfall and winds. Roads were closed with drifts. The whole community was

paralyzed. Even the biggest equipment available could not budge the drifts. Finally, the roads were opened by a large, truck-mounted snow thrower/ auger which would eat its way through the drifts. Yet, after it went through the drifts, there would be a tunnel with straight sides through which the cars and other vehicles had to pass. The drifts were so high and thick that it took over three weeks to get everyone plowed out so that the kids could return to school and the men could return to work. Some of the snowdrifts were so high that we could walk up the drifts to where we could sit on the cross-arms of the telephone poles. This winter, those of us in the Stake Presidency and High Council were very busy with many meetings. Brother Harrison Barrus and I walked over to Lincoln on snow drifts higher than we were tall, where one of the brethren picked us up and took us to town to our meetings.

There was one year when the canals and creeks in the area flooded and overflowed their banks during the winter months. It must have been in February, perhaps in 1950 or so. It was a mess! Water was everywhere; yet, only a foot or so came into our basement. The men of the community were sand-bagging the creeks and canals to keep the water controlled somewhat. "It was a frightening time for



Armstrong Family, 1954. L to R: Brent, Blair, Beverly, Golda, Cheryl, Kathy, Annette, Mel

us little kids,” Brent remembers.

Ammon started to grow in the late 1940’s. One major new subdivision was “Hillview,” which connected to Ammon on the northwest corner and ran from there over to 17th Street in Idaho Falls. As new families moved into the area, the schools started to bulge at the seams. The local leaders started discussions about expanding existing schools and erecting new school buildings to meet the growth. Along with those discussions came talk of consolidating the rural communities around Idaho Falls on the east and north into one larger school district. Eventually, the consolidated school district was a reality and was called District #93, or the Bonneville School District. To finance the needed school buildings, tax had to be raised. That is, property tax. The property owners in the area, mostly farmers, did not want taxes raised and fought against any tax increase.

Brent reports, “Dad was a strong proponent for new schools and, thus, for higher property taxes. Yet, Dad was sympathetic with the plight of the farmers since the

primary way to finance schools in those days was only the property tax.

There were many meetings and hearings held to discuss the needed schools and the required tax increases. Dad must have attended most of those meetings and hearings. I remember several nights when he would come home and relate to Mom—with us kids listening—just what happened at the meeting or hearing. In this process, it is likely that Dad was outspoken on the subject and his view that taxes had to increase to provide for education of the children in the community. It is also likely that Dad made some temporary enemies of the farmers in the community, including those who lived in our ward.

Finally, the new schools were built, including a new high school—to be known as Bonneville High—at the junction of Iona Road and the Ammon-Lincoln Road. Starting in 1958, the high school students in the new District #93 started attending that school.”

Cheryl adds, “With the consolidation of the school district in 1951, junior high students were bused to Ucon from all over the district, and high

school students were bused to Ammon. I was in the eighth grade, so being bused to Ucon to Bonneville Junior High made a huge change in my life as we had a wider variety of teachers, classes and activities than before. I enjoyed meeting friends from all over the district, which friends I continued associations with until we graduated---and beyond."

Blair writes, "We had a dog from the first year we lived in Ammon. Although they were always considered members of the family, they never were allowed in the house, regardless of the weather. Dogs were meant to be useful as companions and friends, but never to have the same privileges, love or attention reserved for humans."

I think Dad enjoyed as much as I the antics and adventures of my dog, Sport. Sport was a multi-breed, including Collie and Airedale among others. He was smart, extremely loyal and an excellent fighter. I took great pride in his toughness and ability to vanquish all comers and sometimes two at a time!

Our Ammon neighbors, being farmers, always had dogs and these dogs usually rode in or on their trucks, or ran behind as the neighbor drove by on the way to his farm. At the time we had Sport, Maiben Jones had two large black dogs with white markings. Maiben drove past our place daily with the dogs running behind. Sport watched for them coming down the street and usually went out to meet them at full speed, with hackles raised and fierce growling. As they met, the fur would fly for a few seconds and around they would go in fierce combat. Sport always held his own well in these brief daily encounters.

Wiley Lee also had a dog about the same size as Sport, who always rode in the back of Wiley's pickup as he drove past. Sport would invariably give hot pursuit, growling, barking his challenge and jumping up, attempting to get his teeth into the opponent, who was leaning out of the back of the truck, attempting to engage the enemy but making sure not to lean out too far! Wiley did not hide his intense dislike for this daily routine and let me know it on many occasions. On one occasion, the combatants actually met when Wiley's dog leaned out too far and fell out on top of Sport. There was

immediate intense combat for a minute or two until Wiley's dog escaped to run after the truck."

In November, 1956, I was on my way to the Third Ward for my High Council visit, when I slipped on the ice and broke my knee cap. Golda was at Sunday School in Ammon. Nellie Elkington went for her while Enid Anderson took me home. Dr. Steve Hatch operated the next day and wired the knee cap. This put me down for just too long!

On the 23rd of November, 1956, a Saturday night before conference, Reed Blatter, who was in the Stake Presidency, rang our door bell about 11 o'clock. He had come to tell me that the Stake Presidency and "old six" of the High Council would be released on Sunday the 24th. He wanted to tell me before I heard it another way. The six of us who were released, all good friends, called ourselves "The Hatchet Club." We had many good parties and kept close after the release. (Reed Blatter died of a heart attack one week later.)

After my release from the High Council in 1956, and my recovery from my injured knee, I was called to serve in the newly-organized Ammon Stake as Assistant Stake Clerk, serving with President Harold Davis as the president. I was released from this in 1964.

The following narrative is from Golda with other comments from family as indicated.

Brent was still at home and a young man in the early 1950's. He and his mother were discussing the need to do something with the old tool shed that stood about 100 feet out behind the house, just on the other side of the main ditch. He writes, "Mother suggested that I clean out the old shed and throw away all of the old stuff in there which we had not used in the last ten years. So I went to work doing just that—throwing the stuff away. Later that day, Dad came home and became most upset when he discovered that many of his old "treasures" had disappeared from the tool shed. Mother said, 'We thought that anything that had not been used for over ten years ought to be thrown away.' Unbeknownst to us, Dad really treasured many of those old things, and he expressed his unhappiness with what I had done with most of it!"

Brent continues, “In Ammon, part of our 3 1/2 acre ‘farm’ included a large red barn with a hip roof over the hay loft in the middle part. In about 1957, the older children were off to college and preparing to get married, and I was getting involved in high school sports. We had been milking our own cow and raising our own laying hens, but Dad could see that things would not stay the same. Those animals had served their purposes, so Dad got rid of our milk cow and the chickens. Also, Dad was making plans to sub-divide our pastures to make them into lots for new houses.

In anticipation of that possibility, and to keep me busy one summer, Dad had me tear down the old red barn, as well as the other farm buildings—a chicken coop, rabbit shed, and a small tool shed. It took me about all summer to get the old barn disassembled. I was given a nail-puller, a small crowbar, a hammer and a saw and was instructed to pull each nail out and save it in a large bucket, to make sure that no tire (or human foot) was later punctured by a rusty nail on the ground.

The barn came down one board at a time—probably just the reverse of how it was erected in the first place. I stacked the boards in piles, by size and dimension, for possible future use. At the end of the summer, the ground was bare again. That was the end of an era. No more cows to milk. No more pigs or chickens to feed.”

Brent also writes, “In the summer of 1959, Dad, Mom, Kathy and I had taken a trip up to Glacier National Park in Northern Montana with stops along the way at Kalispell. On the way back, we traveled down towards West Yellowstone. It was getting late in the afternoon—probably about 5 p.m. or so, and we started looking for a place to stay for the night.

Coming to the Hebgen Lake area, Dad was driving and drove the car down into a beautiful campground in the bottom of a canyon to see if there were any campsites available. In driving through the campground, it looked as though all sites were full. Dad then said, ‘Let’s just drive on home now and not try to stay here. We have time to get home before it’s too late.’ That we did.

The next morning at about 5 a.m., we were all



The “nerw” Armstrong Home

awakened in our home in Ammon with the noise of cupboards shaking and dishes rattling. It was an earthquake! Later that day, we learned that the earthquake was centered in the Hebgen Lake area, and that a mountain above the campground we had visited had slid down into the canyon, filling it with rocks and dirt over 200 feet thick. Most of the campers in that campground had been killed!

That slide caused a lake to form since it dammed off a river in that canyon. Today, it is called Quake Lake. Was Dad inspired to travel on home that night? We know he was!”

Golda writes: “We had saved all through the years for a new home. We had in mind building on our nice big corner lot, on Central Avenue and Sunnyside, next to our old home. ! We had been building our dream home on our corner while Brent was away and Kathy had left for BYU. He had just finished our lovely new home and as we were preparing to move in, Daddy was not feeling well.”

Dad was diagnosed with Parkinson’s Disease at that time and became progressively more incapacitated even though he received care from the best doctors in Idaho Falls and surrounding area. Mother was his constant nurse from that time on.

Golda continues: “In the late 1970s, our son Brent had bought property in Farmington, Utah, and was finishing a new home there. Brent would call us in Idaho Falls and say, ‘Oh, Mother, you ought to see the sunsets at night. They’re every bit as beautiful as Hawaii sunsets.’

Brent had picked this house out in Farmington, and I had been down a few times to look at it and help order things for it. He could see that Mel, who would soon be in a wheel chair, would have a wonderful view from this particular house in Farmington, a view

of action, with the freeway and trains in the distance.

My friends in Ammon thought I had rocks in my head: 'You're moving to Utah? After you've lived in Ammon all these years? How come?' They just didn't understand why we were moving.

Before we could leave Ammon, we had to sell our home. But we couldn't sell! We had two or three different parties that were very interested, but they didn't have the money. We tried for two years. And even then we had knocked the price down until we were losing money.

One day I said to Mel, I'm going to cancel the ads in the paper and everything. I can't see any point now in spending money constantly advertising. And we're not getting anywhere. Let's just take it off the market. And Mel went along with me. But here's the amazing thing: the very next morning I got a phone call from one of our neighbors in Ammon who was looking for a place for her mother. I told her we just decided to take it off the market, but if she wanted to bring her mother the next morning it would be okay. Well, they came, they looked at it, and they bought it, with just having seen it once.

We moved to Farmington on October 9, 1981. When I got in the van to leave I felt bad to leave that beautiful new home, our dream home, but I didn't let that get me down. I was fearful of how this move would affect Mel physically, but Brent had a made nice bed in the van, so Mel just thoroughly enjoyed the ride, getting only a little bit tired. When we arrived at our house in Farmington, Gloria, Brent's wife, had everything freshened up like it was brand new. It was a very comfortable and wonderful place for Mel and me.

SECTION 14

JESSE & MERCY BAILEY

Jesse Henry Bailey was born March 13, 1885 at Mill Creek, Salt Lake City, Utah to George Brown Bailey and Elsie Maria Christensen.

He moved to Idaho with his Mother Elsie and

Step-father Frank DeLong in the late 1890's. They are listed on the 1900 U. S Census at Bingham County. They later moved to Willow Creek (Ucon), Idaho.

Jesse met a beautiful black-eyed girl named Mercy Miranda Campbell.

Mercy Miranda Campbell

Mercy was born April 11, 1890 at Bloomington, Idaho to Warren Campbell and Elizabeth Pugmire. Her father died when she was eleven. After a short time her mother remarried and they moved from place to place. She left home when she was twelve and stayed with different people and worked in every way she could to make her own living. One family that she lived with was Phineas Ball of Ammon. She called him her second father. She never had a permanent home and moved from family to family.

When she was 16, she met Jesse H. Bailey. They fell in love and they were married at Willow Creek (later named Ucon, Idaho) on February 12, 1907, and were later sealed in the Salt Lake City LDS Temple by Joseph Fielding Smith.

Their first child, Thelma was born while they lived in Ucon. They moved to Ammon where Jesse farmed for Abe Day. Their first home was a small log house. Three more children were born to them, Thula, Theodore and Harvey. Harvey died with pneumonia when he was only two months old. They moved to a small frame house $\frac{3}{4}$ miles east of the Ammon Store (now on Sunnyside and Ammon Lincoln Road). They lived there for a number of years and it was typical of the types of houses for that day, kerosene lamps and the closest canal provided their water.

Shortly after 1915, Jesse bought a farm of his own, located 2-1/2 miles east of the Ammon store. It consisted of 40 acres of side-hill soil, which was very difficult to irrigate. There was a small two-room frame house on the farm. They still had to use kerosene lamps and canal water. Two more children were born, Thora and Cora. Mercy nearly lost her life during a flu epidemic and was taken to the hospital. Her life on the farm was very busy. She hand-carried



*The Bailey Family. Back row: Thora, Thelma, Orvil, Francis, Cora, Vivian.
Front row: Eva, Orland, Jesse, Mercy, Thula, Marjorie*

their water from a big canal that was close to the house. She had a boarder, Jack Hart and fed and cared for helping hands and 12 or more thrashers. She chopped wood and prepared meals by herself because the older children were out in the fields helping their father.

It wasn't all work all the time; they had some fun times too. Some years the 24th of July Pioneer Day Celebration was held at Ozone. There would be shade built out of cut Quaking Aspen trees. There would be games, races, and a wonderful lunch with soda pop to drink.

In 1922, Jesse and Mercy bought a frame house in Ammon, (which is still being lived in today). This home is where the children were raised and six more children joined the family—Marjorie, Eva, Orval, Vivian, Orland, and Francis.

Later Jesse was a shepherd in the Kepps Crossing, Hell Creek, Clark's Hill, and Lava Creek

areas. This meant that Mercy had full responsibility of taking care of their children. Several times during the week, she would travel the distance to his sheep camp, by car over the mountain roads, taking clean clothes, delicious food, and other needed items to him. His sheep camp was very small, but they were always glad to have visitors when she went to visit him. She would always fix a wonderful meal for everyone there on the little camp stove. His horse and two sheep dogs were a great help and company for him when he was alone.

After Jesse retired, they enjoyed their home in Ammon and had a beautiful yard full of flowers, a nice orchard, and welcomed visitors to their home. Mercy played the mouth organ and could play just about anything requested. And in their earlier years, they took the prize for being the best waltzers in Ammon.

They enjoyed being members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and were dedicated

in fulfilling their callings and serving wherever they were needed.

They had thirteen children: Thelma, a stillborn daughter, Thula, Theadore, Thora, Harvey (died at 2 months from pneumonia), Cora, Marjorie, Eva, Orval, Vivian, Orland, and Francis. They had 68 grandchildren and 35 great-grandchildren at the time of Jesse's death.

Jesse died on January 1, 1961. Mercy died October 20, 1964. They are both buried at the Ammon cemetery.

— *RoseMarie Rosen Peterson*

Bailey Family History

by Orland Bailey

George Brown Bailey as a little boy came with his mother from England and settled in Mill Creek, Salt Lake City, Utah. When George grew up he married a lady and they had five children. He also married Elsie Marie Anderson when she was seventeen and together they had five children; Jesse, three boys, and a daughter. The four boys settled in and around Bonneville County where they all had farms. George Brown Bailey spent several years in the Salt Lake prison for living in polygamy.

When Jesse Bailey could no longer make a living from the farm he sold it and purchased their home in Ammon for \$2500. All twelve children were raised in this home and they all went to school in Ammon. All have passed away except Orland at this time. When Jesse and Mercy died the home was sold to Dan and Rhoda Harris for \$7,000. Orland writes, "I love Ammon, it has always been home to me."

Dad provided for his family the best he could. After selling his farm he worked for and ran two farms for Park Blair and J. A. Coy. He was a herdsman for Marvin Anderson Sr. for many years. Mom, Francis and I spent many summers in the hills with dad. It was a good life. One fall when school was about to start Francis and I led the two cows out of the hills from Lava Creek to Ammon. It was 35

miles and mom didn't even send a lunch with us. We left about 7:00 a.m. and arrived home in Ammon at dark. About a mile from home the cows gave out and wouldn't go any farther. We staked them out and led them home the next morning. We were two little boys 12 and 14 years old then.

One fall dad and I was helping Jerald Purcell thrash his grain crop. We were both running a wagon with teams of horses. Dad's team ran away with him throwing him from his wagon injuring him real bad. They didn't think he was going to live. This was during the Second World War and my brother Orval was over in Germany and Francis was in grade school. I had to quit school in my junior year and go to work to provide for our family. I did this until I got married.

Orland writes, "I am a true blue Ammon native. I was born and raised one block north of the old Ammon School on the street that is now called Rawson. During those growing up years Ammon was a farming community with few houses and only gravel roads. My father kept sheep in the Hill View area. When I was in second grade, the school burned down. I thought since the school burned down I wouldn't have to go to school any more. Much to my disappointment I ended up going to school in the L.D.S. church until the new school was built in 1936.

I worked hard here in Ammon even as a child. When I was 16 and 17 years old I cleaned ditches and worked for different farmers earning \$3.00 a day and dinner. As an adult I worked for 41 years on the railroad. Volunteering has always been a big part of my life here in Ammon. I was a volunteer for the Ammon Fire Department for 21 years. I ran for city council and for the last 8 years I have done volunteer work, picking up and delivering bakery items to the needy and to shelters, seven days a week.

SECTION 15

**BENJAMIN
HARRISON &
JESSIE BARRUS**

Harrison was born 19 December 1899 in Grantsville, Utah. He was the 5th in a family of 6 children. Three of the children had died prior to his father moving the family from Grantsville to the Uinta Basin. He bought a farm at Maser, Utah, about four miles from Vernal, Utah. The following spring tragedy befell the family. Matthew, then 14 years of age, died 15 March 1903, Zina a four months old baby died 20 March 1903, and father died 30 April 1903, the three of them within 46 days. Mother and two small sons, Emery not yet seven, and myself three years and four months, were all that remained of the family's plans and dreams.

Uncle Bish and Uncle Tim, two of mother's brothers, both of Oakley Idaho, came to Vernal to move us to Oakley to be near them. In fact we lived in Uncle Tim's front room most of the first year we were in Oakley. After Mother moved us to Oakley, I jobbed around during the summers, for neighbors, relatives, etc. until 1913. That summer I worked for Earl Whitely. He was proving up on a dry farm. My job early in the summer was to harrow the wheat after each shower with a three section peg-toothed harrow. I walked at first, later I rode one of the work horses of the team. The fire wood was the sage brush that had been railed from the land. It would take me about one third of the morning to cut enough wood for the day's meals.

The following summer, after gradating from High School, I attended the Albion State Normal School and graduated in the fall of 1923. I then went to the University of Idaho and graduated in the spring of 1925. I obtained a teaching position for 1925-26 at Grace, Idaho. It was a small school of five teachers, including the principal. My classes were Math and Science; and I also had to coach athletics, which was very hard for me as it was not my field of teaching. At this time I met, courted and married Jessie Black,

who was teaching English and Commercial at Grace.

My next assignment was at Rockland, just west of Blackfoot. They had eight grades, four upper and four lower. The school had no gymnasium for sports. I taught there four years, from 1926 to 1930. My next move was to Mackay High School during 1930-33. My salary was \$2300 per year which was pretty good for that time in the history of the teaching profession. The following year I received \$2500, and the third year everyone took a cut. The country was in a severe depression due to the 1929 Stock Market crash. Jobs were very scarce, and you went wherever there was an opening.

The teachers were paid in Warrants, not cash or check. They would be like gas or food stamps.

The person who held them was supposed to earn 7% interest on them. The stores were not allowed to convert them into cash. Most banks eventually refused to accept them because they had so many and they were of no value to them. Teachers had to find stores that would take them so they could buy food, clothes and other necessities. At one time they had to travel to Pocatello to find a store that would take their warrants.

They learned to have it put into twenties and the last one in a ten so they could get some cash change. Sometimes they were given credit for the balance or cash. Other times they would stock up and use the whole twenty, but things later got better. A law was passed during the depression that disposed of the warrants. The banks and schools were permitted to be bonded to insure payments. The teachers were then paid in cash. Checks were to come later.

Charlotte was to start school the next fall, and we were anxious to get into what we thought would be a better environment for our growing family. I applied to several places that we heard were looking for a Superintendent, or High School Principal. Many Superintendents were released and their job was added to the High School Principals job. Nearly every school district was in trouble with money matters. People were just not paying taxes.

I learned of the Ammon vacancy and applied for a job. I was invited to come to Ammon for an

interview. I had scarcely arrived at the home of Arthur Ball, when two other applicants came to his home. The three of us, and Arthur Ball, who was school board chairman at the time, rode around to see the board at the same time. The board at that time, beside Arthur Ball, consisted of Parley Hansen, Perry Bingham, George Smith, Leonard Purcell, and Joe Cook. About a month after the very strange interview, the three of us meeting and visiting and trying to be polite to the others, while all the time hoping we would be considered for the position, I say about a month later, I was asked to come to Ammon to meet with the School Board, at which time I signed a contract to teach at Ammon for \$1600 per year. In the interim Arthur Ball had died and Leonard Ball, then President of the Idaho Falls Stake, had been appointed to fill the unexpired term on the School Board.

These were hard years to try to please the public. We had at that time at Ammon a two-story four room brick building that had been condemned, and a newer six room elementary building with a 40 foot by 60 foot gymnasium, with no seats, except a small balcony over two tiny shower rooms at the south end of the gym. We needed more room, so we sold the community on taking out the shower partitions and cutting that gym and shower rooms into three class rooms and making a larger gym to the north and west, where the present gymnasium now stands. We could get help from the government, get work for several men, and the outlay for cash would be for the hiring of a carpenter supervisor. We did have to furnish most of the lumber.

The project started and the three classrooms were occupied. The gym walls and roof were finished; the sub floor had been laid. To celebrate the near completion of the W.P.A. project, of which we were very proud, we painted the lines on the sub floor of the gym with black liquid shoe polish and held a basketball game in it the 31st of January, and then we moved over to the Ward recreation hall for a dance. This was in 1936.

The hard wood flooring had been delivered that day for the gym floor. The supervisor was afraid it

was damp and that it would shrink if laid, so he had the laborers put it in the furnace room where the air and heat would dry it out. The area where they were to store the lumber was not quite large enough for the safety of the wood, and in piling it up, they piled it until it practically touched the large furnace pipe that went over to the flue. Cold weather caused the heavy firing of the furnace that day. Also we were blowing heat into the new gym taking another toll of the furnace. When the day was finished, Roy Southwick, SR., who was our custodian, did not go into the furnace room to inspect the furnace or the wood. He simply pulled the master switch that cut all the electricity from the building. Then he went to the party at the church recreation hall.

About two or two thirty A.M. Afton Barrett, our coach, came knocking at our door and window to get me out. Our school house was on fire. The fire was coming through the roof just over the furnace room. No power or lights were in the building. Smoke in the main hall was almost impossible to face, yet with a small flashlight I had found among the crowd, I got in the school office, opened the safe and took out what little money we had there, pulled out the file drawer holding the permanent record cards, then knocked out the window large enough to put the entire filing cabinet through the window to someone to get it out of the immediate danger.

Before the morning finally dawned, our entire school plant, except the stucco building was lost. That new gym, with just sub floor and roof that would burn, was completely gone. When the roof caught fire, with a new tar built up roof, the heat was so intense that the steel beams which held the roof, simply buckled, folded together and pulled the walls of the two sides in on top of the steel.

Along with the game the night before, we had our band out and we left our musical instruments in the school building, since we were going to the party. President Ball asked me about the cost of replacing the musical instruments, so Pierce Nelson, the band leader, and I figured out the replacement cost. President Ball wrote to the President of the Church, President Heber J. Grant, and told of the loss to this

little Mormon Community, and within a few days, President Ball brought me a check from President Grant for \$1,000. To help us get started building a band again.

The Chesbro Music Company of Idaho Falls, Idaho agreed to purchase instruments for us at the best possible price they could get and give us the advantage of no mark-up on their part, for the getting the band back in operation. Many businesses in town, especially those dealing in farming supplies, were solicited and made contributions for instruments. Every student who had lost an instrument received one as good as or better than the one lost.

For a building, our Ammon Ward permitted us to use the eight class rooms for the eight grades for school work. We crowded the entire High School into the Stucco building, until a new W.P.A. could get us a new High School—much better than Ammon had ever had. The school had to curtail many things and one was our annuals. It was agreed to have one only every two or three years. The basketball suits were ingenious. They took potato sacs, cut holes for the legs and then gathered or belted them at the waist. They played several games in them until enough money was donated to purchase suits.

The school purchased one hundred pairs of roller skates and they were rented out at nights and the Old Dance Hall became a skating rink. They put Lyman Pickett in charge of the skates, rent, repair, etc. A good time was had by most everyone. Monday nights were set aside for the adults of the town to do their thing. Many people learned to skate who might never have attempted it otherwise. After the gym was rebuilt skating was held in it and Saturdays was for kids.

When we first arrived in Ammon, we moved into a house owned by Andors Blatter, on the corner lot of Ammon-Lincoln and Owens Street. The house was not modern. A well and pump house were just a few feet from the kitchen door. There was an acre of pasture land, --room for a cow or two and chickens if we desired to get them. Just before three years were up Andors returned to Ammon from Chinook, Montana and wanted his home.

Earlier in the year, I had asked who owned a certain home and small farm south of Ammon. Learning that Edson Porter owned it, I contacted Edson to see if there was any possibility to purchase the farm—about 40 acres. Edson had moved to Lincoln, working for the sugar beet industry at the plant. He informed me that he was losing the farm, that if I was interested that I should contact the Federal Land Bank of Spokane, Washington. They had an office in Idaho Falls so there I went. The secretary, Gordon Boyle, told me that the farm was not as yet for sale since Edson had three or four months yet to redeem it. I left dejected.

After a few months I received a letter from the Federal Land Bank telling me that if I wanted to purchase the farm that I would have first chance since I was the first one who asked for it. We were living in the home now owned by Jacob Goodson, on Central Avenue, at the time owned by President Ball, who lived just south of us. We were interested. The price we paid for the home was \$6,000. At least 10% to be paid down or \$600. I went in to see Minnie Hitt, the lady running the bank in which our school kept its funds. Her suggestion was that I would need someone to co-sign with me and I could get the money there. I contacted Jessie's father telling him of our plans and he sent a note made out to the First Security Bank of Boise. I took the note into Minnie Hitt and she said, "You don't want to deal with a bank as far away as Boise." Just tear the note up and I believe we could let you have the money without a co-signer.

Our first farming venture began in not to auspicious manner. We had two pure-bred Jersey cows, excellent quality. Our newly purchased corral was loose barb wire. We had an old chicken coop, an old labor house turned into a granary, an old shed—barn large enough to hold two horses and three cows, but open enough to "shoot ducks through it." All of the buildings were of the poorest, cheapest quality of material and workmanship—just patched up, like you would find on any farmstead that had been lost to fore-closure three times and rented out to disinterested people.

We purchased a cow or two and started selling milk about the community. We purchased some old machinery for spuds, hay, and an old, old binder. We bought an old team from Wallace Wadsworth, who was quitting farming, then a team from Adolph Holm. As many farmers were going to tractors horses could be bought cheap. We were on the Grade – A dairy, selling milk to the coop. Dairying proved to be a very tiring chore, but the increase in the milk check made it more bearable.

By the time WW 11 came along, salaries for most people had soared very high. The exception was school teachers and some “white collar” folk. In January, 1944 I notified the school board that I would not be back the following year in capacity of Superintendent. I was determined to try my hand at farming.

One day in the spring of 1945, Bishop Reed Blatter called on me and told me a Dr. West was over in the Bishop’s office and wanted to talk with me. As we were going over, Bishop said, “Harrison, I want you to consider what Dr. West says to you to be a call from the Church.” He did not tell me what this was all about, for I had no idea who Dr. West was. After our introduction, and a brief visit on other things, Dr. West asked me if I would accept the assignment from the Church to be the Seminary teacher in Ammon. We were standing, and Dr. West put his arm affectionately around my shoulders and told me that this would help the church out, and that I had been highly and heartily recommended for the position. With no check coming in for the last several months, I did not have to be further coaxed. He told me that he would pay me \$1500, for teaching three classes, until noon, and the following year Iona Seminary was added to make me a full time job in the Church.

In the spring after my 64th birthday, Jessie and I received calls to go on a mission. This later proved to be to Florida. One of our assignments was to Madison, Florida. The books at Madison had not been kept. When President Winder sent us to Madison his main worry was that he had no annual report for the year before. The Sacrament Meeting

Minutes were all in a box on separate pieces of paper. That was a two year supply of a permanent record. Tithing Receipts were in the book but the first copy was not given to the member, who had given it, and no permanent record made of them, nor copy sent to Pres. Winder. It took us a while to get every thing in order. President Winder had told us on three or four occasions that he was very happy with our work.

The last part of 1976 and first part of 1977, Jessie was very weary, almost exhausted all of the time. We made an appointment with Dr. Harvey Hatch to give her a complete, thorough examination. He said he would call when he had time to analyze the results. He called and said he would like another Dr. to get into the picture. He told us of a very excellent man who was at the University of Utah. We saw him and he was very thorough. He also had another Dr. confirm his findings. Harvey had called the trouble “Chronic Leukemia.” The other doctors agreed with him.

Our home was quite large for the two of us. We had talked of selling and buying a condominium in Idaho Falls which we did. The last week of May, men from the Ammon First Ward and Fifth Ward were at our place moving us out. They had about nine trucks and pickups. We are happy here. We have many friends. We each have jobs in the Church. We think we will stay.

SECTION 16

CLARK BARZEE FAMILY

Clark Barzee was the son of Rueben Woodward and Ada Maria (Kendall) Barzee who homesteaded in Birch Creek Basin to the north west of Bone, Idaho. He was raised on the homestead and married Barbara Ellen Rhoades, the daughter of Leroy Evertt and Christianna Wann (Shelton) Rhoades from Mendon, Utah.

Clark proved up on a homestead of his own near his father on Rock Creek and raised his family there. Their children were Delfa Pearl (Lewis Jones), Arlo Everett, (Sadie Hammond), Afton Lucille (Wilford

Hokanson), Hugh Leroy (Bettie Jo Thomas), Nellie May (WayneSexton), Delbert Earl (Golda Clark), Opal Fern (Venoy Nielson), Lewis Clark (Deceased as a child), and Newell Dee (Joann Romer).

Clark was a talented musician who played the piano, organ and violin. He was a singer and music director in Ozone Ward and the Bone Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

He sold his homestead to his brother Levi and moved to his mother's home in Ammon in 1937 which was located at what is now 2660 Western Ave. His children were needing to attend High School and there were no high schools in the hills. He was employed in Idaho Falls music stores. He worked as Piano Tuner and sold instruments at various times.

Their son Newell graduated from Ammon High School in the late 1940s. Clark and Barbara left Ammon in 1951-52 and bought a home in Lewisville and went on a mission for the church. Barbara died of colon cancer in 1964 or 65. Clark suffered many strokes and died of natural causes.

SECTION 17

LEVI BARZEE FAMILY

Levi and his wife, Inza (Jones) Barzee came to Ammon from the Birch Creek Area of the foothills east of Bone in 1942. The schools had closed in the hills and they brought their family to Ammon to give them access to school. They bought the old Cal Zitting place at what is now 2910 Western Ave.

Levi came from pre-revolutionary war ancestors from New York. His father Rueben Woodward Barzee was born in Alderman, Northumberland, New Brunswick and his mother Aidah Maria Kendall was a daughter of a prominent early LDS convert, Levi Newell Kendall from Massachusetts. The Barzee's were part of the pioneer movement of LDS people to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The Barzee's came to Idaho to homestead in the early 1900's and Levi's older brothers and sisters filed on land in the Birch Creek area. As his brothers grew older, Levi the youngest of the family bought out his family members and accumulated a 2000 acre dry farm. He

continued to operate the dry farm with his sons help until two years before his death in 1982.

Levi married Inza Jones, a neighbor, whose father, David Jones and his second wife Olive Stringham, each brought three children from previous marriages to their new home on Sellars Creek near Bone, Idaho to settle on the 480 acres purchased from Spencer Williams in the summer of 1918.

When the Barzees moved to Ammon, their home was a two room log cabin. Levi added a front section on the home that provided a porch and



*Back row, left to right: Opal, Hugh, Arlo, Delbert, Newll, Nellie
Front row, left to right: Afton, Father Barzee, Mother Barzee, Delfa*

kitchen, followed later by a rear addition that included a basement and two bedrooms and a bath on the ground floor.

The family included 9 children when they moved to Ammon. One child, six year old Myrl Lorain had died tragically, when living on Birch Creek, when a match she was carrying ignited, catching her clothes on fire, resulting in fatal burns. David Levi, the oldest, married Naomi Null; Ivan never married but continued to live on the dry farm and was the permanent resident and caretaker. The rest of the children included; Verna Fay (1-Donald Paxton, 2- Harold Smith), Cecil Lavern (Cora June Livermore), Eva (Lawrence Duane Smith), Clifton Wayne (Barbara Ellen Hayes), Marion Dean (Mary Denise Staples), Ronald Everett (Karen Haderlie) and Myrtle Sharon (Jack Cleverly).

Levi was an accomplished fiddler who played in a band while attending Brigham Young University in his youth and accompanied dances in Bone and Ozone. He was also trained as an electrician and in addition to farming, worked at the AEC site and at Palisades Dam.

One of the sheds on the place in Ammon burned down unexpectedly after Wayne and some buddies had finished sneaking a smoke under it's cover, cause unknown. Marion was designated to stay at home with his mother and see to her needs and the Ammon chores, the rest of the brothers spent most of their summers working with their dad on the dry farm.

The children's uncle, Maiben Jones was special to them as a source of trips to Furniss's Ammon Cash store for goodies and other memorable associations.

Levi was an honest, hard working man who was



Barzee Family Photo taken in mid 1940's. Back Row L to R: Ivan, Verna Fay, Marion, Eva, Wayne. Front Row L to R: David, Inza, Sharon, Ronald, Levi, Cecil

firm with his children and required them to work, but he enjoyed his rest and allowed his children the same. He loved to hunt but left a deer who lived a number of years near the farm house, unmolested.

Levi passed away 30 April 1982, and Inza 29 July 1995. Ammon was their residence until death. In her final years Marion's wife Denice was a special companion to Inza as were her living children.

Submitted by son, Marion Dean Barzee.

SECTION 18

HOSEA STOUT & CLEO ANDERSON BLACK STOUT

by Janice Black Lefteroff

Cleo Anderson was the daughter of Joseph and May Anderson who lived kiddy cornered from the church. She went on a mission to Ottawa, Canada. While in the mission home she met Ellis Tracy Black who was going to Illinois for his mission.



*Back row, left to right: Janice, Enid, Richard, Jimmie
Front row, left to right: Hosea, Dennis, Cleo.*

Ellis had to leave his mission early because of finances but wrote to Cleo and waited for her to come home. They were married on June 6, 1930 in the Salt Lake Temple and lived in California for awhile. They had four children: Keith Ellis Black, Janice Mae Black (spouse – Christopher T. Lefteroff, Enid Fay Black (spouse – Duane Burtenshaw, Richard Dennis Black (spouse – Maxine Long). They moved back to Ammon, Idaho to be close to family and lived in the little brown house on Ammon Road next to Furniss's grocery store. Ellis built our home next to it and it cost about \$3,000. Uncle Jesse Anderson built the brick house on the south side of our house and lived there for many years.

Ellis worked in Life insurance with Mel Armstrong and played for dances with Jesse Anderson. He played the trumpet and they earned \$5 a night. Jesse told us the story of when he lived in the old rock house. Grandma Anderson was canning peaches and looked up to see Jesse falling past the kitchen window. He'd fallen out a window on the second floor but wasn't hurt at all.

When Keith was 4 years old we were playing and running races at Grandma Anderson's house. It was July 3, 1935. He collapsed and died of an enlarged

heart. A year and a half later, January of 1937, Ellis died of a ruptured appendix and pneumonia. We were snowed in and it took awhile to get to the hospital in Idaho Falls.

In 1939 Cleo met and married Hosea Stout. He worked at the brickyard and would take me with him to haul brick to different places. He hauled brick for the Idaho Falls Temple. He also played for dances. He played the piano. It was one of our favorite things to sit and listen to him play for hours. He loved baseball and would take us to all the games in Idaho Falls. We had an old Lincoln that went about 35 miles an hour, so coming home we'd all be about half undressed and ready for bed.

He and Cleo had one son, Dennis Joel Stout (spouse – Carol Mann) and he also had two children from a former marriage, Sylvia Stout and Jimmie Stout. Despite losing a brother, a father and a grandmother, who died in 1940, all within a few years we were happy.

We had another dad and a new brother. We couldn't wait to get our chores done and get out playing ball. Every spring we'd go to the cellars and cut potatoes to be planted and in the fall work in the fields picking them up in baskets and emptying them in gunny sacks. We earned 10 cents a sack. This helped pay for clothes for school. I remember my sister and me going to Furniss's store with a penny and buying a stick with an all day sucker on each end and breaking it in two. Sometimes we'd just sit on our front porch and wave at the pumice trucks as they went by. If they waved back how excited we'd be.

Our whole life centered on church and school. I think my seminary teacher Harrison Barrus influenced me a lot. I've always remembered him telling us no matter where we were or what we were doing there was someone who knew if it was good or bad.

Our school was two stories. Grade school was on the first floor and high school on the second. We went from 1st grade and graduated from high school missing only the 8th grade when I attended a different school in Stanton where we worked for



Hosea Stout Home, \$3,000 in about 1935 or 1936

Uncle Justin Anderson for a year.

We loved basketball, especially the tournaments, and dances, and the little store across from the school that made hamburgers for lunch. We had a Prom every year in High School that we decorated for. We made deep friendships and had lots of fun.

Ammon was a close knit community. I think we looked up to our elders and they looked out for us. I had aunts and uncles and lots of cousins. I remember holiday dinners, visiting families, and rides in the hills. Looking back on the 1940's reminds me of how much we really had. Not money wise but family wise.

SECTION 19

JOHN & BERTHA HOFFMANN BLATTER

Bertha Hoffmann was born July 9, 1876 at New Athens, Illinois. She was the oldest of three children. She had a brother Henry and a sister Anna. Her father died when she was 8 years old. After that her mother remarried and from then on life became very difficult for Bertha. She was taken out of school when she was in the third grade and made to work. First for her room and board and as she grew older for 50 cents a week. She tells about washing for a family of 12, scrubbing on the board, using home-made soap with a lye base to help clean the clothes and carrying the water. She washed several days a week. It would take one day just to wash white shirts

and blouses, pillow shams, doilies and table linen. The shirts all had tucks down the front so they had to be starched and ironed without a wrinkle. Imagine ironing 10-12 shirts, heavily starched, with irons that had to be heated on a cook stove in the summer time. After working for a month and earning \$2.00, which she wanted to use to buy herself a pair of shoes, she said her step-father came and collected her wages and bought booze with it. She had an unhappy childhood and perhaps that was the reason she married at 16.

John & Bertha were married Jan 31, 1893. A daughter Clara was born July 5, 1894 in Illinois. They were baptized March 6, 1897 by Elder D. W Guest (in Edna Goodliffe's history she said they were baptized by Elder's Joseph Empey, Charles Dinwoodey and Melvin J Ballard). Shortly after their baptism they left for Idaho and settled in Ammon on April 16, 1897.

The first year they were in Ammon they lived on Sam Taylor's place and farmed it for one year. This is now known as the Mark Hoff place. It was near the mouth of Henry Creek and this whole area was part of the Iona branch of the church. She has told of riding in a wagon to church, holding her small daughter on her lap. The next year they lived by the John Empey family on the place Dean and Reed Elkington have at the present time (1959). Tillie was born in a little log house that was built just across the road from the old Joseph Lee place, one mile south of Ammon. They were very poor these first years and would have returned to Illinois if they would have had the money for transportation.

John bought from A.L. Kempland 160 acres of land on February 24, 1898 one mile west and ½ mile south of Ammon. He cleared the land and then built a two-room log hut in which 3 other children were born. One was a baby girl born on Dec. 25, 1901, whom they named Grace. She contracted measles from her mother and died Jan 8, 1902. Next was a son, Henry Reed; then Edna. Arzula, the youngest, was born in the new white brick house John had built in 1910. Water had to be carried from Sand Creek before their well was dug, and on cold winter days



John Blatter family, 1922. Back row: Tillie, Reed, Clara; Front row: Arzula, John, Bertha, Edna

Bertha would drive the stock to water while John was at the Lava's getting firewood.

Because the family was very poor they were taught to be saving in all things and to make the most of things as they were. Tillie said her mother told her the first summer they were in Idaho they lived on jack rabbits and pig weeds (which I think are dandelions), both of which were plentiful.

In January of 1914 John took his family, by train, to Salt Lake where they had their temple work done and the family was sealed.

John was a strict disciplinarian. He never raised his voice, he didn't need to. If a child misbehaved, he only had to look at them (a characteristic his son Reed inherited from him! How many times have we been "wilted" by his stare???) He had very blue eyes. He had no formal education, he could only write his name, but he had a brilliant mind and an uncanny ability to estimate the tons of hay in a stack or the amount of bushels of wheat in a granary. He would sell hay and the buyer would figure the cost with

pencil and paper but John would figure in his head and have the answer first. He read the newspaper and church books. The only writing he did was to sign his name to checks and legal papers. He practiced many evenings during the winter months trying to improve his writing. He regretted his lack of education but to talk to him you would never realize he did not have a formal education.

He didn't have a hobby, he loved work. His children remember him with a shovel and canvas dam across his shoulder irrigating his crops. The only time he was incapacitated was when he had his appendix removed and he also had a severe case of small pox in the winter of 1908. Bertha was a good nurse because he never had one scar from it.

His children always called him by his given name, "John." He wanted it that way and his reason was that at one time, when he was a young man in a city in Illinois, a little child was lost and crying. The police were trying to find out the child's name and all the child could answer was "daddy." So John decided

then that when he had children he wanted them to call him by his name "John."

Bertha mentioned that they lived in the west several years and never saw a dime. Every transaction was barter. So many dozen eggs bought so many yards of fabric. They swapped wheat for flour and sugar and they bought a cow and 2 pigs. Somehow Bertha got a few chickens. She really treasured her chickens, they were hers and she could trade the eggs and have a few niceties for her babies.

The hardships Bertha went through took its toll on her health. When she was pregnant with Reed she put on a lot of weight, which she carried for the rest of her life. She was only about 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighed close to 200 hundred pounds. She developed high blood pressure, shortness of breath and had respiratory problems. She contacted a disease called Air-Sipulus, a skin infection. (Erysipelas is a Streptococcus Pyogenes bacteria also known as Beta Hemolytic group A streptococci. It is a superficial bacterial skin infection that characteristically extends into the cutaneous lymphatics. Symptoms include high fever, shaking, chills, fatigue and general illness). It spread over her entire body. To keep it from getting in her scalp they used an ointment that was black as tar and it was used all around her hairline, on her face and neck. It stained everything it touched. She was very sick and it took all summer for her to get well. It ranges from slightly visible rouges to very angry looking skin, meaning very red and hot. It may involve any part of the body, although it is more commonly seen on the face, the legs and the ears. . It is most often seen in adults.

The reason they had to keep the infection out of Bertha's scalp was that she had a beautiful head of hair. It had never been cut and when she combed it she would bend her head forward to comb her hair at the back of her neck and the hair would more than touch the floor. She wore it in a bun on top of her head. At night she'd take it down and braid it into two braids. Her hair was her crowning glory.

In 1910 the family moved into an 8 room white brick house that had been built just a few yards south of the log cabin. At that time it was the nicest home

in Ammon. It had running water, a kitchen sink and toilet and bath. The water was pumped into a huge galvanized tank in one of the rooms upstairs, first by a windmill which pumped water only when the wind blew. Later John ran the windmill using a tractor with a belt hooked to it somehow. That was a red letter day when they didn't have to wait for the wind to blow to get water. There was no electricity available. Coal oil lamps and candles were used to find the way upstairs to bed. Many years later gas lights were installed in the kitchen and dining room only. They were expensive and not very dependable. They cooked and heated the kitchen with a Home Comfort coal range and had a big belly'd heater in the dining room.

Bertha was a wonderful cook and a spotless housekeeper. Her baking powder biscuits, coffee cake and loaves of bread were something to be remembered. They always had coffee cake for Sunday morning breakfast. She did all her baking on Saturday, very little cooking was done on Sunday. It was a day of rest and the family kept the Sabbath Day holy. Bertha loved her garden and she would prepare the entire dinner, except for the meat, from the garden. One specialty of hers was her wilted leaf lettuce.

Bertha was always working, never idle. She darned beautifully, she could crochet, make hooked rugs and pillow tops, patch, cook, wash, iron and sew. Her family was her life. She had beautiful handwriting in spite of not being able to attend school.

Because of her lack of education she felt inferior and never held positions in the church with the exception of being a Relief Society Visiting Teacher. Bertha was a Primary teacher for awhile until some of the children misbehaved and called her bad names so she quit.

In 1912 Bertha returned to New Athens. She hadn't seen her folks for 19 years as they had disowned her when she got married, joined the church and moved west. Edna said the first time she ever saw her mother cry was when she finally received a letter from her brother Henry telling her that her sister Annie had died several years before. John had felt so sorry for her he gave her the money to take a trip

home. She took Arzula with her as she was just over a year old.

In 1919 there was a severe epidemic of flu and many people lost their lives. Bertha got the flu but the rest of the family did not. She was very ill for a long time and John, Edna, Reed and Arzula took care of her at home. John and the elders administered to her and with faith and prayers in her behalf she recovered slowly. She was weak and rundown so John took the family to Long Beach, California for the winter months, hoping the mild climate would be beneficial for her health. Reed didn't care for it in California so within a month he left for home. Later Edna and John returned but Bertha and Arzula stayed until spring. Arzula mentions they had a wonderful time together. Bertha enjoyed her rest and regained her strength and health. It was her first real vacation.

About 1930 John bought a piece of land on Taylor Mountain, just south of Ammon. Bertha and all the family thought he was out of his mind but he insisted. He raised fall and spring wheat and did very well on it and expanded. Reed also bought some property bordering his dad's and they went into partnership with machinery. It was a successful venture and in his later years they were very financially secure.

The first three dry farms purchased by John Blatter were from the original homesteaders: Bill Bingham, 7 March 1925 240 acres for \$500; Bertie Wadsworth 320 acres for \$3,000 on 24 October 1929; and William Zimmerman farm on 11 January 1936. All other land on Taylor Mountain was purchased by John and Reed Blatter as they had funds available from secondary owners who had purchased it from the homesteaders or got it for unpaid taxes as the homesteaders abandoned it because of the severe drought years of 1918 and 1919, the flu epidemic and low prices for crops.

In the fall of 1937 Leonard and Tillie moved to the white brick home, which was ½ mile East and ½ mile South of their 80 acre farm, and rented the farm, and John and Bertha moved to Ammon where they lived the rest of their lives. It was a traumatic experience for Bertha when John decided he'd lived long enough in rubber boots, with a canvas dam

thrown over his shoulder, and he rented the farm to Tillie and Leonard and bought a small home in Ammon. Giving up the big home was hard on Bertha even though she knew it was staying in the family.

John and Bertha spent the winters in Long Beach California and they enjoyed this very much. They attended lectures, concerts, took tours and took time just to relax and enjoy life. They were now finally able to enjoy some of the nicer things in life.

In the winter of 1941 John and Bertha had Tillie and Leonard drive them to Long Beach where they planned to spend the winter. They arrived in Long Beach on Dec. 7, 1941, the day Pearl Harbor was bombed and the United States plunged into war. Tillie and Leonard stayed a week and came home. John had a heart attack on the morning of December 26, 1941, after getting out of bed and attempting



John, age 42, Bertha, age 34. Home built 1912

to dress. He died at the age of 73. It was a shock to everyone as no one realized he had health problems. Bertha was alone in California and she never spoke about what happened. Reed was notified and he flew down and took care of all the details.

At his funeral his bishop of 20 years, Leonard Ball, paid this tribute to him: "I think of all the men I have ever known and associated with, and done business with, I know of no better man than John Blatter. He has been a good neighbor; he has been a good citizen. He has dealt honestly with his neighbors and has always been on hand whenever he was needed. He was a member of the School Board for several years and a member of the Building Committee when this church was built. He was always ready with both his money and his labor. He was not hypocritical in his religion or faith. He lived the gospel, that plan of life given by the Savior."

John had great faith in the Lord and was always very certain of His power in healing the sick. This was a special talent the Lord blessed him with. The Priesthood he held meant everything to him. He didn't like to appear before the public. He didn't seek public office. He just wanted to live a good, clean, wholesome life, which he did for 73 years.

Bertha came back to Ammon a weary and heartbroken woman. She tried staying at her home that winter. Her granddaughter, Beatrice Bingham, stayed with her and went to school part of the time but when spring came Beatrice moved back home. Bertha then moved in with Tillie and Leonard and stayed with them during the summer. The lease Tillie and Leonard had on the farm was up so Bertha rented the farm to Art Suitter.

Bertha lived seven years as a widow, spending a lot of time with her married daughters. It was only the last two years of her life that she seemed contented to be at home.

On August 23, 1947 in the early afternoon, Bertha passed away very suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage. Arzula was with her at the time.

Compiled from the histories of John and Bertha's daughters Tillie, Edna and Arzula by Marilyn Blatter Crawford, Grand daughter.

SECTION 20

REED & VALERIA PEARSON BLATTER

It was the Mormon missionaries in Illinois that brought the Blatter family to Ammon, Idaho starting in 1896. Rudolph Blatter had emigrated from Switzerland to St. Clair County, Illinois, in 1853, leaving when he was 16 or 17 years of age to avoid the compulsory draft. He ended up not only serving in the Civil War but being captured and sent to Andersonville Prison in Georgia, notorious for being the worst prison in the war. In this same prison was a fellow prisoner named Meinrad Von Euw. Meinrad was from Randolph County and Rudolph was from St. Clair County. They were neighboring counties. Meinrad did not survive Andersonville and as he was dying he asked Rudolph to look up his wife if Rudolph survived the war. Rudolph eventually returned to Illinois and ended up marrying his war buddy's widow, Elizabeth Weber Von Euw. When they married she had one living child, Josephine, and together she and Rudolph had nine more children.

Rosine who married William Vollmer; John who married Berth Hoffmann; Andors (known as A.C.) who married Margaret Hiatt; Frank who married Mary Caroline Miller; Elizabeth Mary who married John Krupp; Lillie Le Flora who married Frank Ritter; Threcie who married Joseph Waisath; Gottlieb who married Dora May Hiatt and when she died married Lorene Arabella Maddox; and William Lincoln who married Olga Vollenweider. All of the children except Rosine and Threcie joined the church. Threcie's husband forbid her joining.

One of the missionaries, Elder Joseph Empey, encouraged Rudolph to move to Ammon, Idaho. He told Rudolph there was 160 acres of virgin land covered with sage brush adjoining his land and he could buy this tract of land very cheap; he promised he would help Rudolph purchase the property. So in 1897, nine years after joining the church, Rudolph Blatter and all his children who were members of the Church decided to move to Idaho. All of the children except Andors, Gottlieb and William

Lincoln were married so they came with their families. Gottlieb was only 17 years old and William Lincoln was 15 years old when they came to Ammon. Rudolph and seven of his children and their families came to Ammon; 22 members in all. Josephine Gernand and her family came to Ammon later around 1920.

When Frank and Caroline and Andors came to Ammon first in late 1896, they found Elder Joseph Empey had already purchased the 160 acres of land for himself and had several teams plowing up the land to plant in the spring. Rudolph and family arrived the following year on August 15, 1898. That first winter was very hard on everyone, and they lived mostly on jack rabbits and pig weeds. All this caused Rudolph and Elizabeth to move back to Illinois, leaving their youngest children in Ammon, but they later returned to Idaho and became active in the church. John had bought 160 acres of land from A.L. Kempland for \$1100 and sold his father 80 acres of that land that bordered his, and Rudolph farmed the rest of his life.

All the families started farming. John and Bertha had their 80 acres in the valley and then later he bought some dry farm land on Taylor Mountain, and he and his son Reed farmed together. John and Bertha lived the rest of their lives in Ammon and are buried in the Ammon Cemetery. John died December 26 1941 and Bertha died August 23, 1947.

Andors went to Oregon and met his wife but returned to Ammon in 1910 and lived there the rest of his life. He and his wife are buried in the Ammon Cemetery. Frank and Mary had only one son but lived in Ammon and are buried in the Ammon



Valeria, Vicki, Reed, Marilyn, Cheryl, Glenn, Kay, and Lynn Blatter in 1946

Cemetery. Elizabeth and John Krupp moved to Lorenzo, Idaho and lived there the rest of their lives. Lillie and Frank Ritter moved to Oregon in 1919 for two years and then moved back to Idaho Falls and are buried there. Gottlieb and Dora May, and William and Olga moved to Chinook, Montana area where they farmed and raised their families.

John and Bertha's farm was on Hitt road a half mile south of Sunnyside road. John cleared the land of sage brush and built irrigation ditches. All of their children except, Clara, who was born in Illinois, were born at home on this farm. John and Bertha had six children five daughters and one son, Reed. One daughter died 10 days after birth supposedly from measles. Reed liked farming and worked with his Dad.

Reed's schooling consisted of eight grades and high school in Ammon. During his second year of high school his family moved to Idaho Falls where he attended high school that winter. The following year, his junior year, Reed was elected as student body president of Ammon High School. Mr. D.T. Williams was Superintendent of Schools and was also the athletic coach. Reed enjoyed basket ball, and although the student body was small and very

few boys were eligible to play, they had their share of victories. Reed's playing was cut short in the spring when he was bitten by a rabid dog. He had to take the Pasteur treatment which consisted of a series of shots in the abdomen and they were very painful. The doctor advised against playing ball any more that year.

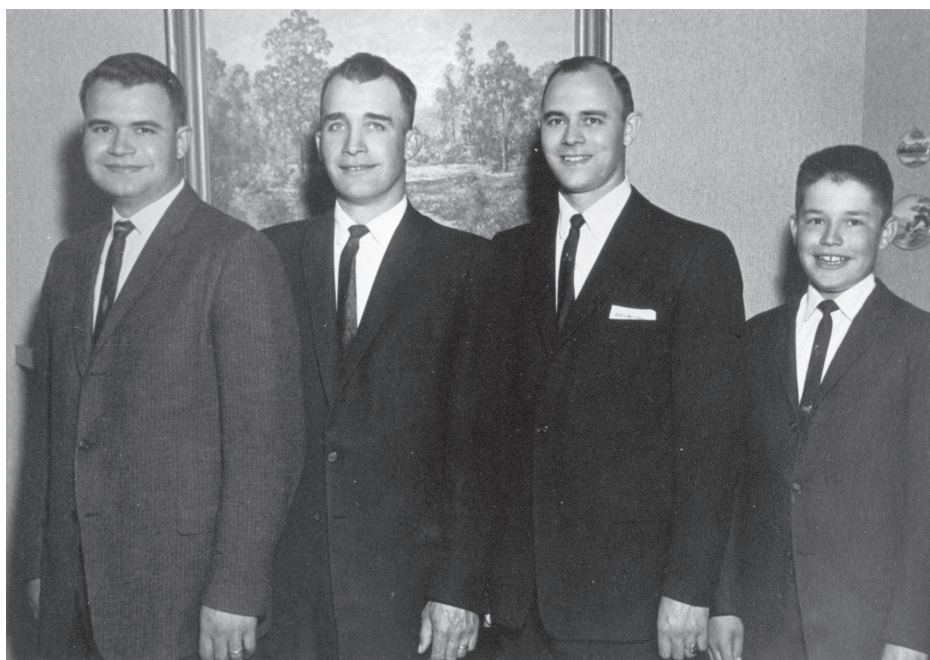
In the fall of 1923, at the age of 17, having just started his senior year of high school, Reed was interviewed by Bishop Leonard Ball regarding a mission. Justin Anderson was also interviewed at the same time and they both accepted and were called to the Western States Mission. At that time the mission was headquartered in Denver, Colorado and included northern Colorado, Wyoming and North and South Dakota and western Iowa. They left for the mission field in December; Reed served 26 months mostly in North Dakota and Council Bluffs, Iowa. He never did graduate from high school. This was at a time when most of the kids just graduated from the 8th grade.

After his release from his mission, Reed returned to Ammon and joined in with all the young people attending Saturday night dances. These dances were attended by young people from the Rigby, Idaho Falls, and Ammon area. At one of these dances he met a young woman from Idaho Falls named Valeria Pearson, who had just graduated from Idaho Falls High School. It is odd that these two people fell in love as they came from very different backgrounds. Valeria's father, Lennart Pearson was a chemist, having graduated from school in Utah. He was hired on as head chemist for the U & I Sugar Company in Lincoln, Idaho. He and his wife Rosalind had five children: Clara, who had been born in Utah and four other children who were born

after their move to Lincoln: twin girls, Vivian and Valeria, Ellen, and the only boy, Lennart (Billie) Pearson. Valeria was raised as a "city girl" and had to adapt to being a farmer's wife. Together they had seven children: Marilyn, Glenn, Lynn, Kay, Cheryl, Vicki and John.

After their marriage Reed and Valeria purchased a farm one mile west of Ammon on Sunnyside Road where Sunnyside Nursery is now located and they started farming there. The depression came before they were able to pay sufficiently to secure it, and in 1934 they lost the farm and moved into Ammon in a home directly west of the church building known as the Magelby home. Reed then went into dry farming with his father, and as he could, he bought more land and became a very successful farmer. Reed had a great ability in math. Many of the farmers would ask him to figure how much hay was in their stack. He would tell them how to measure it; then they would bring him their figures so he could calculate it. Reed could figure in his head faster than most people with a pencil and paper.

Reed served in three civic capacities: as a member of the Ammon Village Board from 1935 to 1941, and as a member of the board of trustees of the



Kay, Glenn, Lynn, and John Blatter, 1960

Ammon School from 1938-1942. He was Chairman of the Bonneville County School Reorganization Committee when the state mandated a consolidation of schools in the 1950's. This was an extremely difficult job to get all the local schools to agree on a plan. It took many meetings with very strong feelings and opinions expressed. Reed also served as the Bishop of the Ammon Ward, sustained on November 23, 1941. He served in that position until June 30, 1946, when he was called as second counselor to Cecil E. Hart in the newly organized South Idaho Falls Stake. He served in that capacity, first as second counselor and then as first counselor until a week before his death on December 1, 1956. He died at the age of 50 from a heart attack.

Valeria was 48 years old when Reed died. When she was 63 years old, having raised her seven children, she married a long time resident of Ammon, Almon Brown. They had 21 happy years together, even serving a mission in Italy. Valeria died at the age of 84 on December 2, 1992 and is buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

— *by Cheryl Blatter Graham 2011*

SECTION 21

ALMON & GLADYS WATSON BROWN

Al met Gladys who was teaching Home Economics at Weber High School after returning from his mission to France. Thelma, Al's sister, wanted Gladys in the family so with the help of family members they courted and were married November 28, 1930 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Al obtained a Masters Degree in Botany from the University of Chicago. The education law in Utah was that a married woman was not allowed to teach as those jobs were to go to the breadwinner in the family but the school district overlooked this rule as they could not find anyone to replace her.

When Gladys was pregnant with Beverly she was released from teaching and they moved to Pocatello,

Idaho in 1932 after Beverly was born. Gladys's family lived in Pocatello and her Dad was a carpenter for the Union Pacific Railroad. They lived in a small housing unit her parents owned and Al got a job teaching Botany at Idaho State University. While in Pocatello a baby boy, Ray, was born but did not live long. Gladys was not well after Ray was born and she developed arthritis.

In 1937 the L.D.S. church recruited Al to teach seminary in Ammon. There was no housing available for a family in Ammon so Gladys and Beverly moved to Aberdeen, Idaho where Gladys taught Home Economics and Beverly attended first grade. They were there one year while Al was in Ammon. He lived with Henry and Thula Rosen until his family could join him.

Al and Gladys rented the small white frame house on Ammon road from Cleo Stout. Gladys was quite ill and spent much of the time in bed for several years. They next moved to a home across from the Purcells a mile west and a half mile south of Ammon. When the brick home between Cleo Stout and Kelly's market became available they moved there.

Al supplemented his meager Seminary wages by pumping gas at Kelly's Market and electrical wiring. They next moved into the upstairs apartment at the Armstrong home. When the Chris Anderson home on the corner of Ammon Road and Molen came available they purchased it for \$7500. This was Gladys's dream home which she decorated so beautifully. Beverly relates when they were remodeling they found an adobe wall that had a nest with eggs in it. With medication Gladys was able to regain her health and secured a job teaching Home Economics in Ucon which Beverly drove her to school and attended there.

Al was transferred to the Idaho Falls Seminary and they continued to live in their nice home in Ammon until Gladys died of bone cancer March 30, 1969. She had been in a wheel chair for 4-5 years previously. On January 16, 1971 Al married Valeria Blatter whose husband Reed had died in 1956. They had been close friends for years as Al and Dolph Holm had served as counselors to Reed Blatter as Bishop of

Ammon Ward. Al served on the High Council when the South Idaho Falls Stake was formed.

When Al and Valeria were married they were called on a mission to Palermo, Italy and then as Branch President in Florence, Italy. Upon returning from their mission they built a home at 3155 Central Avenue in Ammon. They spent winters in Mesa, Arizona until Al died on July 30, 1990 in Rexburg, Idaho and Valeria died 10 December 1992 in Rexburg.

History as told to Lynn Blatter by Beverly Brown Reeves March 2011

SECTION 22

JESSE EMERY & CARMA PERRY BUNNELL FAMILY

Jesse (preferred "Jess") Emery Bunnell was born (Feb 3, 1915) and raised in Vineyard, Utah on a fruit farm located very near to the site where the Geneva Steel Company was later developed. Jesse was the third child (2nd son) of a family consisting of four boys and four girls. The parents names were: Thomas Joel and Zelda Maud Holdaway Bunnell and they both came from Mormon ancestors who crossed the plains seeking to escape religious persecution and an opportunity to raise their families in Zion.

Jesse's family was very poor but they worked very hard, parents and children, to make ends meet. Jesse learned how to work hard all day, caring for fruit orchards, Raspberry vineyards, and small farm animals. The work began

before the sun came up and lasted until after the sun went down. When Jesse was 21 year old, he hired out to local farmers of the area for \$1.00 per day. In this year (1936), he met Carma Perry from Iona, Idaho. Carma had traveled to Provo, Utah to attend her final high school year as a senior student at BYU High School. They dated during that summer and when Carma returned to Iona after graduation, Jesse decided to leave Utah and follow her up to Idaho.

Jesse lived in several homes in the Ammon area and hired himself out to local farmers, one of which was Lyman J. Whiting who was the current bishop of the Ammon ward at the time. Another farmer that he worked for was Leonard Purcell. He continued to court Carma and the result of that was their marriage on November 25, 1936 in the home of Bishop Lyman J. Whiting with Bishop Whiting officiating.

One of the places that Jesse worked for a time was the John Judy store (known as the Ammon Store) which was later owned and ran by Dick and Ethyl Kelly and is currently owned and managed by the Tirrell family of Ammon. In 1937, he began working as a bookkeeper at the Ammon Brick Yard.

On the 12th of April, 1939, Jesse and Carma's first child (a son they named Paul J) was born. On the 25th of November 1940, they had a second



Dale, Jess, Carma, Paul, about 1943

son and named him Dale Ray. During these early years of their marriage, they lived in several different homes in the old official town site of Ammon. An attempt to list these various homes (not necessarily in the order listed) is given as follows:

1. Hosea and Cleo Stout's basement on Ammon Rd.
2. A small home located immediately South of the Furniss Store.
3. An upstairs Apt in the Al Brown home on Ammon Road.
4. The small home located immediately West of the home of Clifford and Bessie Judy on Sunnyside Road.
5. A small home on the West side of Western Ave between Rawson Ave and Owen Street.

On the 22nd of March 1944, Jesse was drafted by the US Navy and served on the USS Welles in the South Pacific until the war ended in August 1945. During the time that Jesse served in the Navy, Carma and the two young boys lived with her parents: Reuben Lyman and Elizabeth Hansen Perry on their rented farm in the Osgood area. Actually, when Jesse was discharged from the Navy, Reuben and Elizabeth had moved to another rented farm in Iona. When Jesse arrived home driving an old Model T Ford, he gathered up his family and moved back to Ammon and moved into the home (still existing) on the Northwest corner of the intersection of Owens Street and Ammon Road. At this time, the school year had already begun and so Paul was pulled out of the Iona elementary school and began attending the 1st grade at the Ammon Elementary school. This is the very same red brick school building that still stands in Ammon and although Paul would later graduate from Bonneville High School in that very building, today (2010), the building is once again serving as one of the elementary schools in Ammon.

Sometime in 1946, Jesse and Carma purchased an old home at 3315 Rawson Ave in Ammon. As Jesse observed, "we bought it for \$1200 but it wasn't much of a house!" As Paul recalls, it was very small, consisting of three rooms: a kitchen, living room and a bedroom. The house was situated on 7/8 of an acre



This photo shows Jess, Carma, Don (sitting next to Carma), Jessa (above Carma's right shoulder), Dean (sitting to the left of his Uncle Gerald), Lewis (to Dean's left), Paul (to Lewis's left), Carma's Mother (Elizabeth Hansen Perry) and Father (Reuben Lyman Perry), and Jesse Bunnell (sitting at the right edge of the photo). This was taken in 1962 just after Paul's return from his mission to the New England States.

and is estimated to have been constructed sometime near the turn of the century. The old structure of the house still exists, having gone through some extensive upgrades and additions to it over the years. The home and property is still owned by the Bunnell family and is the residence for Jessa Lynette Kopp, the only daughter that Jesse and Carma were privileged to have. Jessa is single these days and in poor health (2010) suffering from MS.

The rest of the Bunnell kids joined the family as follows: Lewis Joel on July 17, 1945; Jessa Lynette on April 4, 1952; and twins Dean and Don on July 13, 1956 bringing the total to five boys and one girl.

As recollected by Paul, life in Ammon during those years: 1946 – 1957 was pretty low key. Everyone had to work hard to survive, including the kids, at least that is the way it was for the Bunnell children. Although Ammon was a very small town with a lot of wonderful pioneer type people, there was opportunity to do interesting things and there was even bad things that happened. One of the "bad" things was a tragic event that had life-long repercussions for Dale. One summer day, Paul and

Dale were playing with a neighborhood kid named Arlo Bennett who lived nearby. They were playing with BB guns and Arlo shot at Dale and hit him squarely in the eye. It hurt him terribly and destroyed his vision in that eye for life. On another occasion when Paul was 18 or 19 years old, he was walking home from church when he was hit by a car driven by some local neighborhood kids that knocked him into some jagged and frozen mud along the side of the road almost in front of his home on Rawson. This knocked out several teeth and left permanent scars on his chin and upper lip. There were other “dangers” in Ammon that a young boy had to contend with: rock fights, swimming in the canals, and your typical hassles and fights with other neighborhood kids but all in all, it was a great place to grow up.

During these years, Jesse was employed as a Life Insurance Agent and a Vacuum cleaner salesman, spending most of his time away in the adjoining state of Wyoming. As a result of the pressures of his employment, he became ill and spent 15 months at the Veterans Hospital in Salt Lake City. While he was away, Carma was faced with how to make ends meet. She was a wonderful, patient, sweet, and loyal mother and wife. She worked full-time at various places, including the Purcell Dairy on Sunnyside, the LDS Hospital kitchen, and the LDS Temple laundry. It was while Jesse was in the Veterans Hospital that Carma worked in the LDS Hospital kitchen and she had to take her lovely new daughter Jessa to be tended by baby sitters and that broke her heart.

Jesse and Carma were active in the LDS church, although in the early years of his

marriage; Jesse found the pull of the North Fork and Box Canyon fishing to be a serious contender for his weekend time. After his tenure at the Veterans Hospital, he began to think seriously about the spiritual side of life and became very active in the church, serving in various callings in the Ammon Ward, among which was as a very valiant Home Teacher and an Instructor in the High Priest Group.

After returning home from the Veteran’s hospital, Jesse continued to sell vacuum cleaners but he no longer took long and extended trips into Wyoming. He began to develop his business in the Idaho Falls area and became quite successful as a distributor. He developed a lot of loyal clients who returned often to upgrade their machines or get them repaired in his repair shop, which he had built as a garage adjacent to his home. One of his sons, Lewis, became the main repairman and he was very proficient in learning how to repair the machines and polish them up. In the late 60’s Jesse served as a Judge, among other tasks at the City of Ammon Office. He was known and respected for his fairness and honesty in dealing with speeders and others who got picked up by the Ammon City deputies. He also worked at the Sugar



Jessa, Beth Ricks, Vicki Crow, Joyce Bunnell, Paul Bunnell, Lewis Bunnell. This photo was taken in the old LDS Ammon Chapel in the upstairs recreation hall at the wedding reception for Paul and Joyce – taken on April 12, 1963

Plant in Lincoln during this time and it was while working there that he hefted a bag of something on to his shoulder and broke a bone. Upon examination, it was discovered that he had bone cancer. As it turned out, this would be the enemy that would end his life which occurred on April 3, 1970 at the Veterans Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah.

After Jesse's death, Carma was faced with the ominous task of raising two 9-year old very active and contentious twin boys without any support other than from her children, her parents, her sister Veda and the church. As usual, she found a way to get the job done. It was during these years, that she worked full-time at the LDS Temple. She suffered terribly from Rheumatoid Arthritis and eventually had both of her knees replaced with synthetic knee joints. This was a great blessing for her to be relieved of all that pain and suffering. Carma lived life from day to day, taking on each new challenge with faith and determination to do her very best. She was able to raise the twins through their teen-age years and beyond, living to the age of 78 when she died of kidney failure on July 8, 1992. She passed away in her own bed in her home of 46 years at 3315 Rawson Ave, in Ammon. There will never be a sweeter, more patient and loving mother and grandmother than she was. She suffered much and sacrificed much for her family and she is loved and respected to this day by those still living who remember her.

Of the children, Paul, Lewis and Don served full-time missions for the church while Dean decided to get married right out of high school and Dale enlisted in the Navy. After Paul returned from his mission, he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. Both Paul and Dale served approximately four years in the 1960's. Paul returned home from the service in 1966 and began his study of Electrical Engineering at Brigham Young University, graduating in August of 1970.

Probably the most important event that has occurred in Paul's life was the acceptance of his marriage proposal by a local young woman who lived on the other side of Rawson Ave from him. Her name is Joyce Crow, the eldest daughter of Orval

and Pearl Crow. It turns out that Paul had come home on leave from training in Pensacola, Florida and had determined that the little girl across the street had become a lovely young woman. After he returned to Florida, one evening at the insistence of the LDS missionaries, whom he spent a great deal of time with, he called Joyce and asked her if she would consider marrying him. She wouldn't give an immediate answer, but during a follow-up call the next day, she said "yes." They were married on Paul's birthday – April 12, 1962 while he was home on leave before being shipped out to the Island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean Sea.

After Paul graduated from BYU, he and Joyce returned to live in Ammon and they still live in Ammon at 2145 Sabin Drive. Their home on Sabin Drive is approximately 1000 yards from their homes on Rawson Ave.

Dale Ray Bunnell and his wife Darlene live in Idaho Falls. Lewis Joel Bunnell and his wife Debra live in Twin Falls, Idaho. Dean Bunnell and his wife Cindy live in Idaho Falls and Don Bunnell and his wife Jenny live in Salt Lake City, Utah.



Elsie (Ellingford) and Glenn Call

SECTION 23

**GLENN & ELSIE
ELLINGFORD CALL***by Hal Call*

My parents Glenn and Elsie Ellingford Call moved to Ammon in either 1930 or 1931. There is no official record of that to verify the date. For a few years my parents rented homes in the area until they built a small home next to Arthur Ellingford, Grandpa to me. One of these homes was on the Nance farm by the Cemetery. They also rented from a Mr. Harris who lived by the Hammers. I was born in a small home next to the grocery store on the Ammon Lincoln Road.

My oldest sister Bonnie was born in Utah before the folks moved to Ammon. My sister Darlene was born in the stone house across from the High School on October 8, 1931. My brother Karl was born in the Idaho Falls Hospital on September 7, 1941. The youngest Call, Daniel, was born June 4, 1950 in the Idaho Falls Hospital.

Sometime in the 1950s the Calls moved to Pocatello to be closer to Dad's work. I have been gone for a lot of years but Ammon is still "home" to me.

SECTION 24

**ALFRED & ADA
CAMPBELL****Memories of Old Ammon***Derlin L. Campbell (9-26-2010)*

Hi, I'm Derlin Campbell writing this on the 26th day of September 2010. Today I'm reflecting on old Ammon, my hometown. I was born there in 1932 in the old Iona Store. No, that's not a conflicting statement. The original Iona store was built in Iona around 1887 and was abandoned in 1892 when John F Shelley started the Iona Merc.

In 1897 he built a new rock building. The old wooden store was used for various endeavors until it was moved to Ammon about 1930 and was placed next to the log house owned by Joseph Alvin Isaacs on what is now 3050 Westem Ave. Shortly before I was born in it, Alvin Isaacs and Theadore Bailey moved it from the Street to the alley next to the barn

*Derlin Campbell*

which sits adjacent to the canal. We lived in the Store 6 months after I was born. Then our family moved to the red brick house at 3135 Owen Street, owned by my grandfather, James A Owen. Between the ages of 6 and 8, I remember playing in the old store and clearly remember reading the faded sign on the square marques front, "IONA store." I left Ammon



for ten years in 1951 and when I returned, the store was gone, whereabouts unknown. My neighbor And classmate, Mildred "Mickey" Isaacs, now Mrs. H Owen Briggs, also remembers this pretty much the same as I do. My mother mentions this old store in her memoirs.

I have several memories of early Ammon , but let's come back to them. Let's examine why there is an Ammon at all... how did it come to be? It all started with James Colegrove Owen who was bom Oct 11, 1825 in Pennsylvania and was converted to the LDS Church in 1844.

In 1846, the US Government petitioned Brigham Young for volunteers to serve in the Mexican War. James C Owen joined and they marched 2,000 miles to San Diego, California. After discharge he went to Sutter's Fort and was there when gold was discovered. In 1848 James went to Salt Lake City to find his wife and child only to discover they had not come west. James was asked by the Church to return to St Louis to assist new converts to come to SLC, which he did. He searched for his wife and child but never found them. On the wagon train commanded by Wilford Woodruff in 1850, James met his next wife, 16 year old Sariah Rawson. They were married June 1, 1851. They farmed where the Railroad Depot Museum now stands in Ogden. They had 6 sons and 2 daughters. James Albert was the oldest and William Franklin was 2 years younger. This holds the key to the settling of Ammon.

A more complete and fascinating history of James Colegrove Owen and Sariah Rawson Owen is aptly told in a book by that name, researched and compiled by my cousin and dear friend, Dorothy Wallace Walker. I am so grateful for her for her endeavors and for sharing it with us.

In 1866 gold was discovered in Leesburg, Idaho, near Salmon. This was of interest to James Albert Owen, even tho, at that time, he was too young to go look for it. But by 1870, 4 years later, at age 18 he took his 16 year old brother William F. Owen north to Eagle Rock, Idaho enroute to Leesburg. When they reached the ferry on the Snake River they were told there would be a delay of a couple of days. So the boys decided to look over the country and rode east of Eagle Rock and camped by a stream on the corner of what is now 17th street and Crowley Road. The next morning James saw the slope of the land and said, "this is a perfect spot for a farm. Someday I'm going to come back and take up this land."

They panned for gold and were successful and

paid their ferry crossing fee in gold dust on their return trip to Ogden.

For years James A tried to convince his father they should go to Idaho and homestead. It wasn't until 1885 that Brigham Young encouraged members to go to Idaho and homestead. James A finally got his



wish. The family settled around the "Ammon" area, James C owning the 160 acres that later became Ammon.

By 1888, my great Grandmother Sariah, had had enough of the cold winters and hardships of Idaho and told James C, "We are going back to Ogden." James C took his sons James A and William F Owen to the SE corner of his homestead present day 3170 Central (Ammon) and told them he was going back to "civilization." He instructed them to layout a township on this part of his homestead, "this is where the people will come because this is where the water is." At that time the same branch of Willow Creek that flowed through James A's homestead, flowed across the SE corner of James C's homestead and local settlers would bring their wagons with water barrels and fill them at that location because it was the closest and easiest access.

James A was a quiet man but a very hard worker. Will was a “people person” and was good with words, etc. James A said to Will, “If you will do the paper work, I’ll handle the layout.” Agreed. James A laid 98 lots approximately 1-1/4 acres each, along with roads and ditches. By January of 1899 it was platted and ready to record at Blackfoot—Bingham County. Bonneville would later be split off from Bingham County.

When it was time for Will to go to Blackfoot to record the plat, Horace Strong Rawson, the first bishop in Ammon, said, “you can’t record this as Township. It has to have a name.” “What should we call it?” someone asked. “Well, obviously, Owen”, he replied. Then Will spoke up and said, “Well, I was planning to use that on a project I’ve been thinking about.” To which, Bishop Rawson said, “well, then let’s name it after Ammon in the Book of Mormon.” And now you know. William F Owen did later organize Owendale on the north slopes of Taylor Mountain. My friend, Lynn Blatter has aptly covered this in his book, *Taylor Mountain Homesteaders*.



First home in Ammon. Built by Daniel Owen.

The first house in Ammon was built by my great uncle, Daniel Owen, just west of the now, ‘Speedy Mart,’ the first child born in Ammon was born there. The first house that has been continually occupied is at 3260 Western. It was built in 1901. It started out as small log house and has been added on to and modernized. I’m sure the large tree in the back yard is over 100 years old

As I recall, the stone house just east of the Ammon school, owned by John (Jack) Williams and



Continuously occupied house

his wife, my aunt Juanita Owen Williams, was built by Lannie Nielsen in 1902. Lannie was a master Mason and I stone cutter. He cut all the stones for the William house before he assembled it. He may have helped my great uncle, William F Owen build his two-story, rock home at 3125 (I think) Ammon Road. William F Owen sold this house to Bishop Rawson who drilled the first well in Ammon. Later, the old dutch-style windmill was added and was still pumping water when I used to play in it in the early 1940s with my friend Dal Peterson. There was a large, round, cement holding tank in the base of the windmill which filled with water and gravity-fed it into the first story of the house.

Some of my earliest memories of Ammon include the school burning down at Christmas time in 1935. My father had been working in it and lost all his tools, a devastating blow to him. There was more





James Albert Owen



*Albert W Owen, Rosa Ellingford Owen,
Ada E Owen Campbell*



*1934; Ada E Owen Derlin, Arden,
Melvin, Velda, Grace, Hazel
Front Row: Rolland, Ray, Don Ada is pregnant
with Shirley, Beth is 2 yrs Away.
Alfred E Campbell not in the Picture.*

than one building consumed because I remember they had bull-dozed large slabs of concrete into the basement of a building just south of the school and I crawled down the stairs and used a "cave" for my club house. The hole for the septic tank on the north side of the new building was huge and as deep as a house and I was afraid to play in it.

In 1940, the Japanese-American League contacted all the schools in America with their "clean up America" campaign. Their object being all those unsightly old rubber tires laying around everywhere. In those days it was common practice for businesses to paint their name on an old tire and hang it on a fence post approaching their city. You knew you were within 5 miles of a town by the appearance of the tires on the post.

The schools took up the challenge and had students gather the old rubber tires and stack them in a pile. We stacked them in the NW corner of our football field and the stack was as high as our house. On Friday night we all gathered around and torched the pile. It was so hot you couldn't get near it. It had a horrible stench and burned for days. One year later, on December 7, 1941, the Japanese declared

war on us by bombing Pearl Harbor and we were without any rubber tires for our war machinery.

There has been a lot of criticism of our government putting the Japanese-Americans in detainment camps during the war and a lot of good people were hurt by it. But can you imagine the problems the saboteurs could have caused? There was a detainment camp just across the road from my grandfather Owen's homestead and I knew a lot of them. Most were good people and took the loyalty oath. Some joined the services and fought in Germany, etc for the USA. But some refused to do either.

Rub-A-Dub-Dub

Derlin L Campbell (3/14/2009)

For the seventeen years I lived in Ammon we didn't have a garage, bathroom, central heating or electric range. Mom and Dad had been there twenty-four years before DeOn and I built our house in Twin Falls and hired Dad to do the carpentry work. With what we paid him, he was able to add these things to the red brick house.

Every Saturday evening we would take turns in the 30-gallon, galvanized tub. We hung a blanket across the corner of the combo room, next to the stove, where Dad had his favorite chair every day except Saturday evening. Then we all took a bath — whether we needed it, or not.

This ritual was done on the honor system, which meant, if you peeked, you got a session with Dad and his razor strap!!! If the older children had dates, they had first dibs on the tub. If not, we started with the oldest child and then went down the list by age, frequently adding hot water. The water was heated on top of the Majestic stove in one-gallon tea kettles.



Of course, this meant you had a fire in the stove, even on the hottest summer days. Before you could build the fire, you had to saw the wood with a one-man wood saw or if there were two able-bodied persons, you used the two-man saw. Depending on the size of the log, it would have to be split with the ax. You can see that taking a bath involved a couple of hours of preparation. Up until I was age twelve, we also had to haul the water one-hundred yards in buckets. So taking a bath involved much MORE than stepping into the shower and turning the knob.

In the winter we had a fire going until we went to bed and boy, did that heat feel good when we were wet. Sometimes we would move a little too close to the stove and get “branded”—you know where. By

the time we got down to the littlest one, the water would be brown like mud and you would wonder, “Why bother?” If you have heard the old expression, “Don’t throw the baby out with the wash”, I think I know how it originated. Mom and Dad dumped the tub and had clean water for themselves after the rest of us went to bed.

When we got to high school, we had access to a shower at the end of PE, which really helped. I took my first bath in a modern tub at age sixteen when my sister, Grace, and Glen bought a house on third street in Idaho Falls. Sometimes I would pedal my bike the five miles to their house and use their tub rather than use that little 30-gallon tub.

Tater Pickers

Derlin Campbell (5/21/2009)

By the time most kids in the Snake River Valley were ten years old, they were out in the potato fields with their mothers, older sisters, aunts, etc. clearing vines off the potato rows so the older ones could pick faster and thereby, make more money in a day. Some made as much as \$4.00, even after giving the vine removers a quarter. By the time we were twelve, as the girl in the photo, we were picking all day with our mothers, etc.

Idaho was always competing with Maine as the world’s largest potato producer. Both states got a killing frost in September, which killed the vines and let the potatoes ripen. Idaho had volcanic ash which aired the soil and let the potatoes grow faster, bigger, and better, making Idaho Falls and Blackfoot the potato capital of the world. Over my lifetime a large portion of my income was directly



connected to the potato industry. Partly because of supplying potatoes to feed our troops in the wars there are more millionaires, per capita, in Idaho than any other state in the USA.

When the “desert farmers” drilled deep irrigation wells and sprinkled, instead of flood irrigating, they had better quality control which yielded smoother potatoes and more # 1’s. They also found they could spray the potato plants with sulfuric acid to kill the vines. This meant they no longer had to wait for a frost. And 120 days from planting, the vines were killed and the potatoes started ripening. The crops were now often harvested earlier. In my youth, I always picked spuds on my birthday, and even when picking with my mother, she always baked me a cake for the occasion. Receiving gifts or having birthday parties was unheard in those days.

When they added the addition to the church built in 1912 my father, Alfred E Campbell, was one of the carpenters. The addition had a recreation hall and relief society room upstairs. The main floor had a scout room, young women’s room, restrooms and Seminary on the north end, from which I graduated in 1949.



*Back row, left to right: Melvin, Grace, Arden, Velda, Ray, Hazel, Rolland;
Front Row: Don, Beth, Ada E, Alfred E., Shirley, Derlin*

My father built several houses in Ammon including the basement house at 3085 Rawson for his sister, Miranda and Bryant Stringham, (later, the upper part was completed by Wilford Hoakenson) the house on Ammon Road just north of Sunnyside for Lavern and Bessie Judy, and others. He also did remodeling and roofing on other homes.

Alfred E & Ada Owen Campbell Family

By Derlin L Campbell

In 1944, by sheer coincidence, my brothers, Melvin & Arden, both got furloughs at the same time—just before they shipped out to go overseas—Melvin to France and Arden to the Philippines to “return” with General MacArthur. Dad had just come home from helping to rebuild the military base at Pearl Harbor. Ray was home and, in fact, all of us were home at the same time except Hazel, (inserted) who with her new husband Chester Elder, was in California building aircraft. Later, Ray would join the Navy, Rolland would serve in Germany and Don

was in the Navy during the Korean Conflict. I was 4-F and unable to serve. Despite some close calls all my brothers made it home. To my knowledge, this is the only photo of our whole family.

1946 Photo

They say one picture is worth a thousand words. I believe much of my childhood can be gleaned from this photo. Many of the residents of Ammon at that time owned acre plots which were flood irrigated. Once a week you got an allotted time period, about thirty minutes per acre on an appointed day and time period. If your neighbor hadn't pulled the head gate to let the water down to you, you went and pulled it yourself, opened the feed gaps to the pasture and garden and small head gate to bring the water all the way to the front of the place to water the lawns. Because our up- stream neighbors were old we had to shovel his gaps full of dirt to keep the ditch full. If our stream was low we had to walk the ditch up stream 1/8 of a mile checking everyone's head gates and closing the ones that were left open a few inches to sneak just a little more water to get that "high spot." We were fortunate to have daylight watering times and we could watch the flow level and if it dropped, it was take a hike back up stream to close gates. When our time was up we pulled the gate and filled in our gaps for the next in line neighbor. When it was my time to do the irrigating it just happened that this neighbor was Bob, the vet. He had been shot in the throat in the war and was disabled so I watered his place for him.

The land with its red brick house was owned by my grandma, Rosa Owen, and we rented it. Dad got rent credits for making improvements on the place. Behind my brother, Don, in the photo is the "out house" which came with the property. In those days almost all the homes in the Ammon area came with x-number "rooms and a path." Just beyond the "privy" Dad built a chicken brooder. It consisted of a two compartment box about 4' x 4' x 4' high with a wooden "run" extending 8' and covered with chicken wire to keep the baby chickens in and the dogs out.



Don, Derlin, Shirley, Beth, 1946

The heat lamp, food and water trays and baby chicks were all "upstairs" and the bottom part was for storing the feed. Way back then if you wanted chicken for Sunday dinner you raised them yourself, and, of course, you also chopped their heads off, plucked off the feathers, and cleaned them before Mom could cook them on the "Majestic" wood burning stove. Behind my head in the photo, is the chicken coop Dad built which contained the boxes just big enough for the chickens to get into to lay their eggs and the tiered roosting rods for them to cling to at night when they slept. We gaged the number of laying hens to keep by how many eggs we needed to eat or trade with neighbors to cover molting periods when our hens didn't lay. About twenty feet to the right of the chicken coop, and not shown in the photo, was the barn that Arden built for Mom before he went into

the service. Before that Mom had to milk the cow out in the weather. The next year, after this photo, I built my rabbit shed in the twenty foot space between the chicken coop and the barn. Behind these buildings was our large garden plot. In those days you had to produce most of your food. There were no Walmarks, etc. Squash, potatoes and carrots could be kept all winter in sand down in our basement. Sugar, meat, gas and shoes were available if you had ration stamps and the cash to pay for them. If we were lucky enough to shoot a deer in the fall, we could have meat that winter. All of us boys grew up with a rifle close at hand. I shot my first of over two dozen deer at age 14. When we had a vehicle, \$3.00 worth of gas and 3 bullets could bring home some meat. In the photo we are standing on our front lawn. The white area outside our front door was barren dirt because we threw out the dishwater and the lye soap killed all vegetation. We had no plumbing or sewer inside the house, except the 3/4" steel water line that came up behind the bench where our water bucket sat. Don and I are wearing our winter leather coats and I have on my "russkie" cap with ear muffs and flight goggles. After all the crops were in, we were unemployed except for the paper route, for the rest of the winter. We then took our summer wages to town and bought our winter clothes. The first item was shoes which took the biggest chunk of our money. Next was the leather coat, costing about as much as the shoes. For me, the russkie cap with goggles was next because I had to ride my bike to my scout meetings up on the foothills next to the cemetery and going fast downhill the goggles kept the cold wind out of my eyes. After that came gloves, three pair of pants, three shirts, three changes of underwear, three pair of socks, and if our Sunday shoes were worn out, we had to replace them. We always bought shoes one size too big because we couldn't take a chance of out-growing them before the next fall. We mostly shopped at JC Penneys because they had the best values and it was always a trick to make our cash cover everything we



The Derlin L Campbell and DeOn Larsen Campbell family about 1974. Back: Lanette, Leon, Kurt Front: Derlin, DeOn, Vance

needed. My mother had to buy my shoes until I was 14. I just didn't make enough for everything. My sisters, Shirley and Beth, obviously had been in the house and came out to "get took" in the picture..(no coats). Don is holding the leash tied to our little, white dog Teena, which we had acquired after our small, black dog, Tip, got old, crippled and sick. Tip had 3 or 4 white hairs right in the tip of his tail. He had been around almost as long as I had, making him about 65 or 70 years old in dog years. He was an outside dog but didn't roam, nor did he bark or beg for food and we all loved him. The day came when Mom called us all together and explained that she just couldn't stand to see Tip suffer anymore and it was time to do the merciful thing and put Tip to sleep. We all objected, cried and pleaded, but Mom convinced us it had to be done. She asked Ray if he would take care of it.

Rueben Waters had road building equipment, road graders, bulldozers, etc., which he kept on the back part of his property at 3235 Owen Street. In front of his house he had a large lawn which was the gathering spot for all the neighborhood kids to play games such as kick-the-can, rover-red-rover, hide-and-seek, etc. In the evening after chores were done the kids just naturally gathered there for games and fun. His equipment was the perfect spot to hide

when you were supposed to. The noise was obviously quite loud. One time a neighbor asked Rube why he allowed the kids to play on his property, seemingly every night, making all that noise. Rube looked at him with a sly smile and said, "you, know, I have a couple of good-looking daughters and know where they are every night." I played with his son, Lorin, frequently and was shocked and hurt when I learned that he had been run-over and killed by one of the roadgraders.

Many of my fond memories of Ammon can be exemplified by the trophy case at Ammon High School.

Made of glass plates 2 feet it by 5 feet stuffed plumb full of baseball, football, basketball trophies — Ammon produced winners.

SECTION 25

JAMES A. CARTER FAMILY

James Andrew Carter Jr. was born March 2, 1883 in Joseph, Utah to James Andrew Carter Sr. and Harriet Emily Carter (no relation). Maud Gardner was born December 27, 1884 to Elias Gardner Jr. and Laurette Jane Staples in Thistle Valley, Utah. She was the fifth of thirteen children. They both were raised in Utah. James and Maud met and courted in Idaho and were married November 30, 1904 in Blackfoot, Idaho. They lived in Goshen, Idaho for several years and then moved to Ammon where they homesteaded eighty acres south of Ammon where their last two children were born. They were the parents of fourteen children, eight girls and six boys. The children were Myrtle Vivian (James Butters),



Back: James Lazelle, Virginia, Lyn, Leonal; Middle: Laretta, Myrtal, Capitola; Front: James, William, Laura, Maud

James Lazelle (Bernice Collier), Laretta (Kenneth Campbell), Alliene (died about six weeks old), Capitola (Ronald Whiting), Lyn (Zola Andrus), Devett (died at eight months of age), Leonal, Kenneth, William Clyde (Helen Miller), Virginia, Laura (Richard Finlayson, Blanche H. and Mildred.

There were no modern conveniences but love and unity abounded there. Everyone learned to work and share. The children attended school in Ammon. About 1925 the family moved into a beautiful brick home at what is now 3485 Rawson Street. They purchased the home that Leo J Neilsen had built, a prominent Ammon resident, who built the Brick Store on the S W corner of Sunnyside and Ammon Road and served as a State Representative during the 15th Session in 1919-1920. They had running water, central heating and all conveniences available at that time. They also had forty acres across Ammon Road to the east which they farmed.

The family all worked together to run the farms. They sold the farm south of Ammon to Leonard Christensen but kept the acreage across from their home in Ammon.

On October 1, 1938, Harold Woodhouse, a neighbor, Kenneth, Blanche and Mildred were on their way to pick potatoes at Capitola and Ronald Whiting's farm and were hit by a train at the Ammon crossing. Harold, Blanche and Mildred were killed instantly and Kenneth passed away that next

morning. This was a great loss to the family and their community. Everyone pulled together to comfort and help each other.

They loved Ammon and the people there. They moved to Idaho Falls in the late 1940's. James passed away October 5, 1960 and Maud passed away January 11, 1967.

Their children moved to other places, but still remember the good times in Ammon.

Submitted by Laura Finlayson

SECTION 26

ORVAL & PEARL CROW FAMILY

Orval's grand parents, Joseph and Eliza (Welchman) Crow came to the Ammon area in the spring of 1896 with their first born son, Walter who was 5 years old. They came from Clover Valley, Lincoln County, Nevada.

Joseph's ancestors came to the U. S. from the British Isles sometime before the Revolutionary War and settled in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. The earliest identifiable progenitor, Walter Crow and his sons were patriots in the War for Independence and the sons received land grants in Tennessee. Joseph's grandfather, Robert, grew up in Greenville Green County, Tennessee and in Bellevue, Missouri and married into the Brown family that had settled in Denmark, Perry County, Illinois, about 10 miles southwest of Pinckneyville.

They were proselyted there by Mormon missionaries and Robert and Elizabeth (Brown) Crow were baptized July 1, 1839. They left Illinois in the spring of 1846 and traveled to Independence where they met with Elizabeth's



Kenneth



Blanche



Mildred

cousin John Brown and his group referred to in LDS church history as "The Mississippi Saints." They traveled west along the Oregon Trail as far as Ft. Laramie, Wy. and wintered in Pueblo, Colorado the winter of 1846-47 and then as their supplies were running low, Robert and his family with James Chesney and Lewis B. Myers, a party of seventeen, left Pueblo early in the spring of 1847 and returned to Fort Laramie, where they joined the Brigham Young Pioneer company on June 4, 1847 and traveled with them to the Salt Lake Valley, becoming the first family group to arrive in the valley.

Joseph's father, Benjamin Brown Crow, part of the Robert Crow pioneer company, settled with his family in Clover Valley, Nevada. Later in life he came to Idaho and lived his last years with his son Joseph near Ammon where he died and is buried in the Iona Cemetery.

Joseph grew up in Nevada and married Eliza Welchman from Star Valley, Wyoming. He met Eliza who served as his nurse in a hospital in Salt Lake City where he received surgery for a chronic eye condition (he was legally blind all his adult life). Joseph moved to Idaho with his young family to take advantage of the land available for homesteading in the Snake River Valley. After working for John Albert (Bert) Senter and other farmers near Ammon they filed on a 160 acre homestead in 1912 on the foothills east of Ammon.

Joseph's son Walter and his wife Vilate (Allen) from Iona built a house on his father's homestead where the Gardner Canal crosses Foothill Dr. and lived there until 1926. Walter had filed on a 320 acre



Orval Crow Family 1962. Front Row L-R: Pearl, Orval; Back Row L-R: Joyce (Paul Bunnell), Gary (Trudy Wheeler), Val (Karleen Fielding), Vicky (Robert Hambrick)

homestead in 1920 east of his fathers place, proved up on it and sold it for \$1200 in 1926. From the proceeds of this sale he purchased the Carlson farm of 23 acres about a half mile south of his father's homestead along the Gardner Canal. Here they raised their family of five children, Orval, LaVerl, Elma, Elsie, and Odetta

Orval was the oldest son. He attended school in Ammon and enjoyed music. He played the trombone in the Ammon High School Band. He also had a beautiful tenor voice and sang at family gatherings with his sisters, in funerals with a quartet, he also sang most of his life with the church ward choir.

Orval married his neighbor, Pearl Gardner, daughter of Franklin and Effie (Clements) Gardner in 1938. Orval built a two room log cabin on his father's farm and Orval worked, cleaning canals and as a seasonal hired hand on local farms. He and Pearl moved to Ammon Village in the spring of 1943 where they had purchased 2 1/2 acres from Pearls parents on Rawson St. Here they built their home from a two room log cabin that was on the property and lived their entire life in the home they built. They raised four children there, Val Gene, Joyce, Gary W and Vicky.

Orval worked as a farm laborer during the summers for Ammon farmers, Rueben Anderson, Clark Judy, John Judy, and Lorene Curtis Rhoades and in the winters for Ernest Martin at his potato processing plant east of Ammon. He took a correspondence course in Radio and Television and became a Radio, TV repairman for Lynn Hillman Radio Repair in 1954. In 1955 he joined Rex Schwendiman Wholesale Distributors as a clerk where he worked until he retired at age 65. Pearl also worked during the winters for Ernest Martin in the potato processing plant until she took training as a Beautician at the same time Orval was training for his Radio, TV business, after which she operated a beauty shop in her home for approximately 40 years. Orval and his brother LaVerl, working together, were also sextons of the Ammon Cemetery from 1966-71. Orval's father, Walter was sexton of the cemetery from 1946-61 and Dorian Crow, Walter's nephew, has been sexton from 1987 to the present (2010).

Orval and Pearl were dedicated Latter Day Saints, as are all of their children, who lived a quiet life with no prominence in local business or civic affairs. They were expert gardeners who raised a large garden with fruit trees and produced most of their own food by preserving their fruits and vegetables. They raised their children with no broken bones, serious trauma, social or family problems.

Val served an LDS mission in the Great Lakes and married Karleen Fielding from Shelley. He graduated from Utah State University with a degree in Automotive Technology and served three years in the Army, two years overseas in Germany. They then made their home in Michigan where Val worked for the Chrysler Corporation at their Automotive Proving Ground until his retirement in July 2000, when they returned to Ammon and built a home next to his parents on Romrell Lane. Joyce married a close neighbor, Paul Bunnell and following his graduation from BYU as an Electrical Engineer, they made their home in Ammon where they still reside just north of the old village limits on Sabin Dr. Gary served and LDS mission in the Northern States mission. Upon returning home he married

Trudy Wheeler whose father came to Ammon as a Church building supervisor to build the current Central Ave LDS church building. He completed a degree in Electronics Technology and has worked in Electronic retail sales in the Salt Lake City area. He was a Sears's retail employee for many years. He resides in Midvale, Utah. Vicky graduated from Ricks College where she met Robert Hambrick, a returned missionary who served in the Denver area. They returned to the Midwest and have lived in Ohio, North Carolina, and Missouri and currently reside in Middlebury, Indiana.

Orval passed away in January 2010 at age 95. His wife Pearl is still living in their home at age 92 as of this writing (Sept. 2010).

SECTION 27

WALTER CROW FAMILY

Walter Newton Crow was born the oldest son of Joseph Crow and Sarah Eliza Welchman at Clover Valley, Lincoln County, Nevada on September 6 1891. His great grandfather, Robert Crow with his family-party of 17 people joined the original pioneer company of Brigham Young at Fort Laramie, Wyoming and came into the Salt Lake Valley in July of 1947. The Crow's were the first complete family to arrive in the valley. Robert and family eventually settled in southern Utah in Pine Valley near St. George and Walter's grandfather, Benjamin Brown Crow took his family across the border in Nevada and settled in Clover Valley where Joseph, Walter's father was raised. Joseph developed an eye condition that resulted in partial blindness. He went to the LDS hospital in Salt Lake City for an operation hoping to correct his blindness. His nurse, Sarah Eliza Welchman from Star Valley, Wyoming attracted his affections and they courted and were married. In the spring of 1896 Walter's family moved to Ammon and first lived on the Albert Senter farm one quarter mile west of what would later become the Ammon Village site along the north side of Sunnyside Rd.

Sarah cooked for Mr. Senter. Later they moved to the Eph Nielson farm where he was remembered for the kindness he showed the family. There in 1897 his pioneer grandfather Benjamin Brown Crow, who had come to live with them, died and was buried in the Iona Cemetery. Walter remembered that Sand Creek was overflowing at the time and the funeral expenses were \$40 and his father's wages were \$1.25 per day.

The family then moved to Idaho Falls where Walter started first grade, Edna Clapsattle was his teacher at the Old Central Schoolhouse. He said he attended only one month. His father had rented a farm three miles south of Idaho Falls along the railroad tracks. They lived in a house that had been built for a barn, but his mother made it into a nice live-able home. Walter remembered he and a friend putting nails and rocks on the tracks to see the sparks as the steel wheels went over them. Once the engineer turned the water hose from the engine on them thoroughly frightening them.

In 1900 they moved back to the Albert Senter farm. He then attended school in Ammon with Floyd Swank as his teacher. He liked art work and was honored to draw the calendar on the blackboard for each month. He drew flowers and rain drops for the spring, in the fall he drew ripening fruits and vegetables and for December it was Santa and his reindeer.

His parents moved again and homesteaded 160 acres in Hog Hollow (Pleasant View) east of Ammon between 1st and 21st Street where he attended school. He attributes the name "Hog Hollow" to Pete Nilson who owned a large herd of hogs that he fed in one of the ravines near the foothills. The Lincoln Sugar Factory opened in 1903 and he worked thinning beets and would follow the older folks using the hoes and pulled the double plants. His chores at home were to drive the horses and cows to the watering place a half mile away. They hauled culinary water for the home from a well in the area. They also had a cement lined cistern where canal water was collected and used for washing clothes and other household uses. He remembered school being held in several places; in a log building, in the Connell Dance Hall and then later a school house was built, he served at

one time as it's janitor, receiving \$10 per month. He remembered Edna Breckenridge and Jesse Nielsen as two of the teachers. He enjoyed carpentry and helped build the Connell Dance Hall. He was given a season ticket and attended to enjoy the music but was too bashful to ask the girls to dance. Instead he and his friends would go out and find where the attendees had stashed their whiskey and would take a nip and then replenish it with urine so they wouldn't be suspected. Wood work was a hobby he enjoyed and he made two violins out of apple wood and beef soup bone, making his own glue from the hooves. His father was a fiddler and played his instruments for the dances. (His grandson, Val Crow has one of his violins and it is still in playable condition 90 years later.) For extra cash they would take the entrails of pigs for bait and set traps for coyotes plus hunting them with a .22 rifle for extra cash from the bounty the county paid. He had the usual childhood diseases and hated the "nanny goat tea" which he described as goat droppings steeped in water and the resulting strained off tea. He was afflicted with small pox when 20 years old and Rheumatic fever when 24.

He courted Vilate Allen from Iona, daughter of Simeon Morley Allen and Mary Walker, who moved to the Snake River Valley from Huntington, Utah. He worked for the Railroad in Pocatello as a car repairman and as a hired hand for Truman Barlow and A. J. Stanger in Iona. Vilate finished the 6th grade and then Sarah Rowberry, a mid-wife, petitioned to get her out of school and Vilate and went to work for her. Later she went to Pleasant View to do housework for a Mrs. Hatch where she met Walter.

They were married 23 November 1912 by Judge Crowley in Idaho Falls. He reported that when the ceremony was finished Judge Crowley said, "Now you may kiss Mrs. Crow." I remembered only one "Mrs. Crow" in my life and so turned and gave my mother the 'bridal kiss'. He thinks Vilate got one later.

They lived the first winter with Walter's parents in one room of their small home and took their meals at the family table. He built his mother a new kitchen and then in May 1913 moved to the saw mill of Spencer Covert on Sheep Mountain. He

took his wages in lumber and built his own home on his fathers land. (The location being just to east of Foothill Drive on the south bank of the Gardner Canal near where it crosses Foothill Dr.) Six children were born in this home;

- Joseph Orval-Pearl (Gardner)
- Erma Iretta (died from ruptured appendix when 12 years old)
- Julius LaVerl-Ila (Olavason)
- Leland Avon (died at 3 years)
- Alan (stillborn)
- Elma Naomi-Bill (Brandon)

Elsie Irene-Russell (Owen), Odetta-Dale (Sessions) the last two of their eight children were born after they moved to the Carlson farm a half mile to southwest. It was down a lane 1/8th mile north of 21st Street along the north side of the Gardner Canal.

On 3 October 1917, Walter and Vilate were endowed and sealed in the Salt Lake Temple and had their two children Orval and Irma sealed to them. Walter says, "I had been using tobacco and had a difficult time in breaking the habit. I quit for some

time, but walking on the way to the temple I took one last smoke. I often wonder what people thought when I went into the temple smelling like smoke. Oh, I hate to even think of it! Then sometime later someone offered me one and I accepted and was hooked all over again. One day I met Bishop Ball, who had given me the temple recommend, on the street. I was smoking. He never said a word but his eyes pierced and penetrated me so that I felt very foolish. I had promised him I would forsake that habit. In 1923 I threw away those cigarettes forever."

Walter was drafted into the Army; before his departure the Armistice was signed and he never left home. He filed on a homestead of 160 acres in 1916 and then on another 160 adjoining acres two years later. He proved up on the land and sold it to Job Rochie for \$1200. He purchased the Carlson farm in 1926 where they lived until 1952, for \$5000. They paid \$250 down and paid it off by raising sugar beets.

In 1924 Walter remembers the Home Teachers from the church coming to their home to remind them it was time to see the Bishop for Tithing Settlement. "I had no money and asked them if it

would be proper to kill coyotes for tithing. After much consideration they decided they were a predatory animal, a menace to sheepmen, and told me it would be alright. I caught two coyotes and received \$15 for the bounty and turned the money in for tithing. I January I caught sixteen more coyotes. This gave me a lesson on the value of paying tithing."

He started driving a school bus in the fall of 1922 taking students from the northeastern part of the district to Ammon. He started by



*Back Row L to R: Odetta, Elma, LaVerl and Elsie;
Front Row L to R: Orval, Vilate and Walter*

driving horses with wagon and sleigh for some time. In 1926 he bought a Ford Model T truck. It had a homemade bed on it. The covered bed had side benches for the children to sit on. He used the truck to haul sugar beets also. He would remove the school bus bed and put the beat hauling bed on during the beat harvest season. He got a lot of use out of the Ford but mentions occasionally having to pull the oil pan and file the engine bearing caps when the engine connecting rod bearings would start to knock. He later traded the Ford for a Chevrolet truck also with a homemade bed. In 1940 he proudly acquired a Dodge truck with a factory installed school bus body. He drove school bus for 23 years. During World War II he drove German Prisoners of War from their billets on the west side of the Snake River in Idaho Falls to their day labor on farms in the area. One day he was forced off the road and tipped the bus over with a load of prisoners on board. No one was hurt or tried to escape. He was comforted by some of the prisoners who told him not to worry, it wasn't his fault.

He started working as sexton of the Ammon Cemetery when he quit driving the school bus, in the spring of 1946. He took pride in this work and desired the cemetery to be a place of beauty. He says, "I have been complimented by many and reprimanded by a few. I was scolded severely once and this time in the dead of winter when I was not employed for the work done there. A terrible blizzard was raging; a body was placed in the grave and left with the hole half filled. I walked through waist deep snow drifts to the cemetery two miles away to finish the work other men had left unfinished.

In 1952 Walter and Vilate sold their foothill farm to William Nielsen for \$10,000 and moved in February to their little brick home in Ammon at 3230 Ammon Rd. He started work on February 15, 1952 as Custodian for the Ammon Ward Church building. The Rheumatic Fever contacted in 1925 had left him with a weakened heart. He suffered a heart attack on October 24, 1961 and was not able to work until the following June. His son's Orval and Laverl carried on his work. He tried to return to the Cemetery work in the spring of 1962 but his

weakened heart would not allow it so Lyman Pickett took over his duties and he continued to serve as the Church Custodian for a few more years until his health no longer permitted and his brother Jesse took over. Walter died April 6, 1975.

His wife Vilate was a member of the Daughter of the Utah Pioneers as a descendant of LDS Pioneer Simon Morley, his daughter Lucy Diantha Morely being her paternal grandmother. She loved quilting and made many beautiful quilts for the Relief Society and others. She helped cut and entirely pieced 41 Star quilts as well as many other patterns she also made. She passed away April 22, 1980.

SECTION 28

RALPH CUNNINGHAM FAMILY

Ralph's people originally came from Scotland as converts of the LDS church and immigrated to Utah. They then relocated to Montana where Ralph's father, John was born. The family then moved to Woodville, Idaho. John married Laura Hammer and they settled in Woodville where Ralph was born on June 4, 1911. His mother was stricken with the flu and died November 13, 1918. Ralph's father was left with seven small children, the baby only three months old. He moved the family to Newdale and farmed for five years and then moved to Osgood. Ralph and his family then moved to Idaho Falls on 16th St. when he was 16 years old. There Ralph helped in the family garden and helped sell the vegetables to a general store to augment the family income. His father befriended, courted and married the widow, Sadie Winkler, who lived next door in 1933. So Ralph was raised without a mother from the time he was seven years old until his father remarried.

Edna was born January 30, 1916, in Preston, Idaho. She is the daughter of Henry James Bodily and Eva May Griffith. At the age of two her parents bought a dry farm in the Bone area. After spending



*Ralph Cunningham Family. Back row left to right - Brent, VaLeta, Garth;
front row left to right - Joyce, Edna, Ralph*

a summer there the family moved to a house in Iona where she grew up and attended school. Her father was called as Bishop of the Iona Ward, in 1919 and his wife Eva May died during childbirth in January of 1920. Edna's Grandmother Griffith and her mother's sister, Eleanor Griffith came to assist Bishop Bodily with his eight children, the youngest newly born. Edna's father married Eleanor October 14, 1920 in the Logan LDS Temple and she became the mother of his large family. Edna was very close to her father and enjoyed time on the dry farm with him. He died following an appendicitis operation in January 1928. She had lost both of her parents by the age of twelve. Her teenage years were filled with school and farm work to help with the family needs.

Ralph and Edna met at the Iona Church House after a Sunday meeting. He was waiting outside for the meeting to end to meet his cousin Lee Cunningham. When Lee came out, Edna happened to exit the meeting at the same time. Lee introduced her to Ralph and two weeks later he called her for a date. They went dancing at the Wandamere Dance

Hall on the south side of Idaho Falls. They continued to see each other for two years, until Ralph went east to work for an Uncle, selling door to door. They continued to communicate by letter until Ralph returned. They were married November 1, 1937 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. He was 26 years old, and she was 21.

After their marriage, Ralph and Edna lived in Idaho Falls and later in Iona. During this time he was employed at Snow Balls Sport Shop. Their first son Garth was born September 18, 1938 and VaLeta May 17, 1940.

In 1942 the family, now with two children, moved to Idaho Falls where Ralph took a job with the Railway Express Agency. Their third child, Bent was born June 7, 1944. The Idaho Falls home had only one bedroom. They needed a larger home for their growing family. In 1948 they moved to a home in Ammon, which they purchased from Reed and Valeria Blatter. The Blatters had built a new home across the street to the south. Their fourth child, Joyce was born June 20, 1950. All the children got their primary education at the Ammon School, which was next door to their home on the Northeast. The Grade School was on the main floor and the High School was on the second floor. Garth graduated from that school. The others graduated from the new Bonneville High School three miles to the north.

The church built in 1912 was next door to the east. We found Ammon to be a great place to live and raise a family. Great neighbors like the Romrell family, the Blatters, the Judys, Reeds, Barruses along with many others formed a close-knit community in Ammon.

Ralph retired from the Railway Express in 1974. Edna had joined the School Hot Lunch program as an employee in 1956 and served in this capacity for twenty years. She retired in 1976. She served the whole time working at the Ammon building just north of her home.

The Cunninghams built a retirement home one block east at 3475 Molen St. in 1993. They enjoyed this home together until Ralph's passing on January 23, 2002.

Garth served an LDS mission in the Northwestern States, married Gloria Dial from Shelley and built a new home next to the family home by the church. They have continued to live in the Ammon area. VaLeta took training as a Beautician and married Steve Cook from Rigby. Brent served an LDS mission in the North Central States, married Nancy Nadauld from Idaho Falls, and finished business school in Moscow, Idaho. Joyce completed her schooling at Brigham Young University and married Rand Elison from Blackfoot, Idaho. They later divorced.

At this writing (October 2010) Edna still lives in Ammon on Molen St. east of the church. Garth lives in the Ammon area approximately three miles southeast of the Old Kelley's store. VaLeta lives with her husband Steve in the Rigby area. Brent lives with his wife Nancy in the Boise area. Joyce lives with her husband, Sterling Brimley, in the Salt Lake City area.

(Submitted by Garth Cunningham, based on personal knowledge, family records and the life stories of Edna and Ralph Cunningham).

SECTION 29

PAUL & ILETTA CURTIS

Lester & Francis Mary (Fannie) Curtis

Lester was born in Hyrum, Utah, November 21, 1875, and moved to Ammon around 1912. He was active in community affairs during his residence there. Fannie was born on October 20, 1887. She was the daughter of J. H. and Margaret Keefer.

Her father homesteaded in the hills east on Willow Creek where he could have stock, herds and flocks. The summers were spent on the ranch, the winters in the settlements where the children attended school. Their little mother was not too strong and healthy, suffering from a defective heart and after a year of being bedfast she passed away. Fannie was about 15 and Grant a baby of 8 months. At this age when most girls are happy and carefree she assumed the responsibility of mothering and caring for her brothers and sisters.

While here on the ranch she met and married a horseman, Lester Curtis, on the 20th of November 1912. Their first home was south of Ammon on the old Anderson Ranch. Here Richard was born. Soon after this they moved to Arco, where Margaret was born. Later another little son and Paul were born in Idaho Falls, while they still made Arco their home. When Paul was 6 months old they moved to Jackson, Wyoming. They trailed the stock and moved with horses and wagons as was the custom in those days and stayed there one winter. They then returned to Ammon, lived in the little brown house by the store and here Gene was born.

The family home on what is now Rawson Street was later purchased and there little Billie (William Edgar) was born and died of pneumonia a two months of age. Mr. Curtis was employed by several men, Leo and Jesse Nielsen, Jack Fowler, Joe and Chris Anderson. He, being a dependable man, the trust and care of their herds went into his hands. When school was over the family went out in the hills where they could all be together." (Courtesy of Dean Judy, Curtis obituary.)

From Paul's journal he writes, "in October 1932, after six months of intense suffering from Bright's Disease, Lester passed away, leaving Fannie again to assume the responsibility of the family. Richard, then 18, took over and was man of the family. From then on mother and we kids hoed beets, etc. Richard was out of high school and he went to work on the dry farm for Henry Peterson, Lorene's father."

Fannie worked at the Ammon school lunch. She had satisfaction in this work of helping others

as well as making herself independent. She was a patient, tolerant, and kind companion to her children, a true friend, and a good neighbor. She was interested in activity of the community, of the church activities as well as the school. She was a civic worker, acting many years as Registrar and as Judge and Clerk for many elections.

"For many years she was a member of the Ammon Relief Society and was faithful and dependable in her assignment. Her dues were promptly paid and the magazine was in her home, which she enjoyed reading." (Dean Judy, Curtis obituary)

Lester and Fannie's neighbors in the mid 1940's were Fairchilds, Shiffers, Southwicks, John and Janice Judy as we remember.

Fannie died in a tragic car accident on April 2, 1950 along with Richard and Richard's two children, Christina who was 8 years old, and Rodney who was 2 months. Margaret was born with a birth induced brain injury and lived most of her life in the State School at Nampa. She died at the age of 48 of a cerebral blood clot. Paul and Iletta lived in Ammon and worked at the dry farm with Richard. Paul passed away on May 2, 2011 from renal kidney failure due to old age. Gene is living as of this writing and lives with Louise and their children in Boise, Idaho.

Assembled by Karen Curtis Hammer

Grandpa's Story (Paul Curtis) as Told by Himself

*Recorded by his daughter, Karen Curtis Hammer.
Read as his obituary*

Grandpa was born May 20, 1918 on 13th Street in Idaho Falls. His family consisted of Richard, Margaret, Gene and William Edgar, children of



Lester and Fannie Curtis

Lester Curtis and Frances Mary Keefer Curtis. His father tended sheep. Grandpa's earliest recollection of his home in Ammon was in about 1924 when he started school. He lived there until he moved in 1948 with his own family three blocks down the street where he lived for the next 62 years.

We asked Grandpa to tell us some of his life experiences. The excerpts are from a taped conversation with Karen in 2001.

"We went to school in the winter time and then dad went out with the sheep in the spring. Mother and we kids would move up with him for three months all summer. He tended sheep from the upper canal here in

Ammon to Caribou Mountain. We spent two years on Caribou Mountain on the Federal Reserve they had for sheep. Most of it was spent on Dan Creek, Hell Creek, Castle Rock and Lava Creek which is about 35 miles from Idaho Falls. We helped dad with the sheep some, but mostly we just played when we were kids. At that time I was 7 or 8 years old."

"I was probably closer to dad than any of us boys because I was kind of in the middle. Gene was always left home with mother and so was Richard. I went with dad a lot. I can remember lots of times we went up in the hills, just me and dad. Dad was a good gentle father. He was his own man."

"I know one time we came to town for something dad had to come down for and he took me with him. He had three things to get as far as groceries or whatever. He was supposed to get yeast and butter and 22 shells and he got home with the 22 shells and forgot the rest of it!"

"We were with the sheep until I was 14 years old. We spent one summer in Island Park from the Railroad Ranch almost to Mesa Falls. Back then they trailed sheep everywhere. We trailed the sheep from

Ammon up through Ucon to St. Anthony and crossed the river at Menan and then went up through the sand hills at St. Anthony and came in at the Railroad Ranch at Island Park, crossed the river at Osborne Bridge and went down to the range they had at the federal reserve right. Our main entertainment at that time was when Gene and I would go out, sit along the highway and count different license plates that went along the road. They were from all over the United States even then. Then, the next summer we went up to Crane's Flat almost to the Blackfoot Reservoir. That's where dad got sick and had to quit."

"Chris Anderson went up to get dad and mother and brought replacement sheep herders. Gene and I came on horseback and led a cow. I was riding a sorrel mare that we had just broke that spring and Gene was riding "Old Buck" that we used to talk about. We had the old black milk cow and a Swiss Jersey. We were supposed to come half way and stop at Earl Empey's ranch and stay all night. (That is the church farm up there now.) We got there and it wasn't even noon. There was a 4th of July celebration in the valley. We decided, anyway, we wasn't going to stay, we was going to go on through. We brought that poor old cow clear from up there down in one day. Almost killed her!! That, of course, was the last we were ever out with the sheep."

"Dad died on mother's birthday, October 20, 1932 and I don't know, we were just young enough that I can't even remember crying or anything. I know it was a sad time for mother. Then Richard, who was 18, kind of took over and was man of the family. From then on mother and us kids, hoed beets and stuff like that. Richard was out of high school and he went to work on the dry farm for Pete."

"Mother worked at the Ammon school lunch. Dad had that little bunch of sheep that they sold. The mortgage was paid so mother owned her home. I think dad had a \$2500 life insurance policy. That was pretty good money back then in 1932 when he died. Mother took \$600 of that and remodeled the house. She built a kitchen on and a root cellar underneath it. That left her \$1900. She just spread that over the years."

"We bought the coal for the winter from our beet money. We used to take the old 1934 international service truck with the wood cab from the ranch, and go up to the coal mine out at Alpine and bring coal down. We would make three trips. We would bring a load of slack coal for Pete. He lived in town and had a coal stoker. Then we would go get a load of lump coal for mother and then a load of lump coal for the ranch."

"I started working on the ranch the summer I graduated from high school. When I got out of high school in May I had a job with a sheep man named Mr. Thompson up on Hell Creek. I did the cooking for the three of us and then after the ewes had lambled and the lambs were able to navigate, I took care of them. I was the "camp jack"!! The job was only for about a month there."

"Then, Richard came up in his old 1928 Model A. He asked me if I would like to work on the ranch. He said Pete needed somebody to just do the chores and be a flunkie and I said sure, I needed a job!! I worked for \$25 a month and was glad to get it. I worked up there four summers in 1936, 37, 38 and 39."

"I met Iletta (Montague) because all the kids from Osgood came over to Ammon to school. She was a senior and worked for Cleo Stout in the confectionery across from the school. That was our hangout. We would stop there for pop and ice cream and candy bars or whatever. I dated Iletta and we went together all that winter. The next summer I was still working on the dry farm. When school was out after she graduated, of course, she went back to Osgood. I had a 1934 Ford V8 with the suicide doors that opened from the front and whenever we got a weekend off I would go from the ranch to Osgood and we would go to a show or a dance and then I would take her home and go out to my mothers, then go back and get her Sunday and go for a ride or something. We went together all summer."

"Iletta and I got married 19th of November 1939. I didn't belong to the church at that time. I joined the church on the 3rd of December. She was pretty persuasive! Then, we went to the temple on July 23, 1940, that summer."



Paul and Ileta Curtis

"In 1940 they didn't have a place for married couples to live on the ranch, so I went to work for John Judy in the store on the corner of Sunnyside Road and Ammon Road. We had lived with mother that winter, then we rented Wallace Wadsworth's apartment when I went to work for the store."

"The store was on Sunnyside and Ammon Road. We handled everything: clothing, gloves, levis, bib overalls, shirts, jackets and a lot of bulk food. We used to get those taffy candy kisses in 50 gallon barrels. They had pickles in 30 gallon wood barrels. At Thanksgiving time they had mincemeat in probably about 30 gallon barrels. We used to have to wait on the customers. They would bring their list in and stand at the counter and read the list off. They would want a half dozen cans of corn. I would go get the corn and bring it back or they would give me two or three items at a time."

"I worked at the store for three years and then went back to the ranch. They remodeled the little green house and built a porch on. We put a stove in it, a coal burning stove."

"All the kids were raised up there."

In 1950 Mother, Richard, Tina and Rodney were killed in a car accident. Grandpa's (Paul) life was very different after that. He worked the farm basically by himself for the next 15 years then moved to Rogers Brothers full-time taking over the parts department and doing the buying for the parts and supplies for the plant. It was a good job. He was at Rogers until he retired.

"Iletta and I enjoyed going fishing and taking trips to Yellowstone Park. In 1950 we bought that new Dodge car and went to California once."

"We never did travel a lot. We drove that Dodge for 10 years then we bought the black Plymouth in 1960. We kept the Dodge and drove it another 4 years, so we had two cars. That's the one that Ryan pretty well took the body all off of it. I finally buried it in the pit at the ranch before we left. We bought a trailer and went camping with the kids for a number of years."

"We pulled it behind the Jeep. We bought that old Jeep from Dr. Biddoulf. It was really in bad shape. He had traded it in to Smith Chevrolet. Jerry (Wadsworth) had seen it in there. He said; well if you want a Jeep we will fix it up. We can make a good outfit out of it. I gave \$1200 for it. Oh, the tires were in bad shape and the paint was bad. I bought new tires for it and had it aligned and it drove perfect. Then, Jerry and Steve Levitt sanded it all off and painted it, it was a pretty good old outfit. Biggest problem with it was that it would overheat and vapor lock. It vapor locked on us going over Galena Summit into Red Fish. Luckily, we were right at a pullout. We drove into the pullout and let it cool off."

Iletta got sick in 1985 and battled cancer for two years while Grandpa (Paul) faithfully took care of her every need. She passed away November 21, 1987, just two days after their 48th wedding anniversary. Grandpa was relieved that she didn't have to be sick anymore, but he was very lonesome for the rest of his life.

"After mother, (Iletta), passed away, I didn't do any traveling. I went fishing a few times. I golfed quite a bit. I golfed with Ryan, Doug and Rod and

John. Then Irna, (Iletta's sister) and I golfed more than with anybody. She is the one who talked me into it. I always said I wouldn't play pasture pool!! It was fun. We got to get out and had something to do. Taking care of the house the lawn and outside stuff, trimming trees has kept me busy. I tell people now I'm so busy doing nothing, I haven't got time to do anything else."

Grandpa enjoyed good health except for early in 2004 when he was in the hospital for a week and in rehabilitation for two months. He was a model patient because his goal was to get out of that place and go home!

He spent a couple of months 2010 and 2011 at Lake Havasu City with Connie and Jerry. When he came back in the spring he didn't ever feel really good. His children cared for him.

Grandpa was a man of integrity and his word was as good as his signature. He had a strong work ethic as demonstrated by his life's work on the dry farm. He was skilled in maintaining and repairing machinery and always took care of the things he had. He was frugal in spending and was always self-sustaining. He never wanted to be a burden to anyone.

Grandpa (Paul) passed away on May 2, 2011 in the Idaho Falls Hospital with his children at his bedside. They include Karen (Doug Hammer); Connie (Jerry Wadsworth); Ryan (Jeaneen Rasmussen); John (Jill Hoffines); and Kevin (Katie McConnell).

Richard Curtis

Richard Curtis was born July 13, 1913 near Ammon, the first son of Lester and Fannie Keefer Curtis. The family moved around due to Lester's work herding stock for various ranchers. During this time Richard's sister Margaret and brother Paul were born. After returning to Ammon Gene and William were added to the family with William only living for two months.

Richard attended school at Ammon and was active in sports and drama. He played basketball and continued to be interested in basketball after high school. Following graduation from high school

Richard spent some time in California studying diesel mechanics. He was also able to spend some time with his uncle and aunt, Grant and Mildred Keefer.

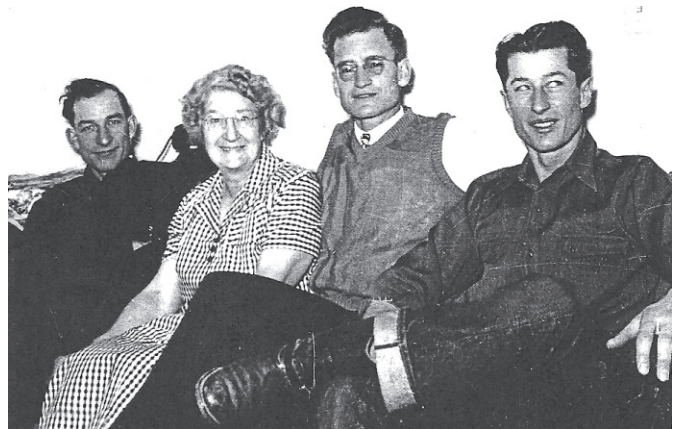
When he returned to Ammon Richard went to work for Henry Peterson on the dry farm east of Ammon.

On November 24, 1938 Richard married Lorene Christina Peterson, Henry's daughter. According to Lorene's diary even though they had been discussing marriage for some time, they did not set the wedding date until November 21, only three days before the big day.

After marriage Richard began taking over the operation of the dry farm. He bought tools and equipment from his father-in-law and leased some ground and began buying some land. He and Lorene lived in a very old log house on the farm, spending much of the winter there and staying with his mother or father-in-law when they came to town. Lorene's diary tells of using a horse drawn sleigh or skis to go from the farm house over to the Ammon road (now Sunnyside) in order to pick up mail or supplies.

Their first child, Christina, was born June 22, 1941. Soon after he started building a home for his family on what is now Rawson street in Ammon. He first built a basement and the family lived in that while money was saved to complete the house. His brother Paul would follow the same pattern, building his home next door to Richard's.

In May of 1945 a son Kent was born, followed



Richard, Fannie, Gene, and Paul Curtis

by another son, Rodney, in January of 1950. During this time Richard, assisted by his brother Paul and father-in-law worked on completing the main floor and second story of his house. This was completed in early 1950 with the family able to move into the main portion of the house on Wednesday, March 15, 1950.

On Sunday, April 2, 1950 Richard, Lorene, Tina, Kent, Rodney and Richard's mother Fannie were on their way home from a family outing. They were involved in an accident that took the lives of Richard, daughter Christina age 8, youngest son Rodney age 2 months and Fannie Curtis. Richard and his two children were buried in Fielding Memorial Cemetery and Fannie Curtis was buried next to her husband in Rose Hill Cemetery.

—*Kent and Carolyn Curtis*

SECTION 30

SIDNEY HENRY DAY

Preface: What follows is a brief history of Sidney Henry Day (1856 – 1943). This history is written by John T. Day who is the great grandson of David Day who was an uncle of Sidney Henry Day. Since there was a short period of time in the early life of John Day and the last period of Sid's life in Ammon, Idaho which overlapped, it was felt that the story of Sid's life should be preserved. Since John T. Day was but a young child, he has no direct recollections of Sid Day, but the record and stories about Sid are from discussions with John T. Day's relatives who knew him when he lived with Abraham and Lucy Day. These anecdotal tidbits flesh out and give the persona of Sid a real life quality.

This history follows a chronological approach throughout the life of Sidney Henry Day with dates and places provided. The history is incomplete due to a paucity of hard factual data, but perhaps with the advent of more and more digitized data, those gaps can be filled in.

Most of the anecdotal information comes from the reminiscences of Wendell A. Day an uncle of

John T. Day and a second cousin to Sidney Henry Day. Uncle Wendell shared these stories in personal discussions with John T. Day and I am grateful to Uncle Wendell for his spectacular memory and that he had the opportunity to review the draft of this document and correct any errors based on his recollections. Other relatives who reviewed the draft are: Phyliss (Day) Richter (daughter of Abraham J. Day), Douglas Moscrip (grandson of Abraham J. Day), Sharlene (Hammer) Anderton (granddaughter of Abraham J. Day), Billy Empey (grandson of Abraham J. Day) and Sandra L (Day) Fullmer (granddaughter of Abraham J. Day).

There are references to sources of information within the following text. The sources are listed numerically in the order of first citation. The actual source list (ranked by first order of appearance) is at the end of the text. In some cases with regard to photographs, etc. the registry for these data are provided in parentheses following their introduction in the text.

Sidney Henry Day

Sidney Henry Day was christened a member of the Church of England in the St Mary's Church on the 17th day of December 1856 in Luton, Bedfordshire, England, the son of James Day (1822-1902) and Kitty Reynolds (1824-1908) (Need citation). On his grave stone in Ammon, Idaho, the birth date is given as 17 November 1855. He was the third child of six children. Sid, as he was known to his relatives in Ammon, Idaho died in Ammon, Idaho on the 17th of November 1943 at the age of exactly 88.

We know that Sidney immigrated to the United States coming through New York City on June 2, 1875, arriving on board the Abyssinia. He was listed as 18 years old and classified as a laborer. He was found living in Luton with his parents and siblings at the age of 4 (1861 Census) and again at 14 (1871 Census) before he immigrated to the USA. According to the parish, immigration and census records, it would probably indicate that Sidney was born in 1856 rather than 1855 as noted on the grave marker.



Sidney H. Day headstone in the Ammon Cemetery

We are not sure where Sidney went upon arriving in the U.S. but it would be a good guess that he went to visit his Mormon relatives in Utah as we later find in the records that he was married to a Mary Elizabeth Rishton on the 20th of August 1877 in American Fork, Utah. On his journey to Utah he probably traveled by rail as the transcontinental railway was completed to Utah in 1869. However, as a young man he may have had to stop and earn the fare to make his way to Utah and he apparently was not a Mormon at this time and could not avail himself of some of the special opportunities to immigrate to Utah, but he may have been aided by his brothers who preceded him to Utah. From church records we know Sidney was baptized on 18 February of 1912 when he was 55 or 56 years old.

Sidney had an older brother James Arthur "Reynolds" Day who was born on July 16, 1850, in Luton. He emigrated (1871) from England to the US several years before Sidney came over and was married/sealed to Georgina Newton in 1872 (December 23, 1872) at Salt Lake City in the Endowment House. James was baptized a member of the church when he was 13 years of age on 17 September 1863 in England. We do not know how or when he met his wife, but they were married/sealed to one another in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. From later census records we find that

James Arthur was a painter and lived on 532 South 1st West in Salt Lake City. It is probable that James Arthur helped Sidney become established in Utah as he was Sidney's senior by six years.

We know that Sidney had another brother, Frederick William who was in Salt Lake City as recorded by Kent Day in his biography of David Day. As detailed by Kent Day, Frederick William Day came to Salt Lake in the early 1870's probably due to the success of his uncle in the merchant business. Frederick William was appointed as the administrator of David Day's estate several days after his death on June 25, 1876 (David Day died on June 11, 1876 in Salt Lake City). Apparently Frederick William was employed as a clerk by David Day in his company Day and Culmer. (The Salt Lake Directory 1873:38). Kent Day reported that he purchased a small farm on the southeast outskirts of Salt Lake City which he later sold and moved to the Chico/Paradise area of northern California.

We find in the records that a Frederick William Day was married at least twice: First to Elvira Dalton in Antimony, Utah in 1866 (perhaps a contradiction/error with regard to when he came to USA? Frederick William would have been 21 years of age?) As we have found no record of a divorce, we assume he was divorced as he had a second marriage to Frances Juliette Strong on March 15, 1890 in Paradise, Butte, California. (Born on April 28, 1867 in Cherry Valley, Winnebago, IL, USA daughter of Charles Alfred Strong b. Feb 18, 1837 and Mary Jane Fox b. abt 1841) Frederick William Day was born on October 13, 1845 in Luton, Bedford, England and he died on June 20, 1911 in Chico, Butte, California. He was buried on June 25, 1911 in Paradise, Butte, California. Frances Juliette Strong and Frederick William Day had the following children:

- Charles Richard Day born April 4, 1891 in Paradise, Butte, California and he died on December 24, 1936
- Arthur Day born July 1, 1893
- Elizabeth Day born on September 18, 1895 in Paradise, Butte, California

- June (Genny) Day born on June 18, 1899 and later married to Layman Breese in 1912 (? At age 13?) Layman Breese was born about 1863 (a difference of 46 years?)

Sidney also had other relatives in or around Salt Lake City. Sidney's Uncle David Day had joined the Mormon Church through the efforts of American based missionaries (Elder Squires) on 25 November, 1844 and later immigrated to the United States in 1848 aboard the *Forest Monarch*, finally arriving in Salt Lake City in 1850. We know that David was active in the church and apparently served as Branch President of the New Mill Branch in Luton and he was later ordained a seventy and travelled with the Brethren to various meetings in Northern Utah. As David was born 2nd June 1824 making him approximately 36 years older than Sidney, therefore they did not know one another until when they probably met in Utah. At the probable time of Sidney's arrival in Utah his Uncle David was living in Salt Lake City and he had been very successful in his business dealings. He lived at 52 West Third South as they had moved from Kaysville to Salt Lake in 1862. It is to be noted that David died almost exactly one year after Sidney arrived in New York (died on June 11 of 1876 after a short illness.). David's home was not far removed from Sidney's brother's home at 532 South 1st West. They were not in the same ward as David lived in the 14th Ward which encompassed a 14 block area from South Temple to 300 South and Main Street to 300 West (1860 Salt Lake City Ward Boundary Map).

David's sister, an Aunt of Sidney, Hannah Day Webster also joined the church through the efforts of an Elder Squires on 24th November 1844. Although the records show that Hannah and David were baptized on sequential days, it is perhaps more likely that they were both baptized on the same day. She was baptized with her husband William Webster on the same day. Later she and her husband with six children immigrated to the United States on the ship *Siddons* in 1855. They probably settled in Kaysville, Utah area due to the influence of her brother David who arrived about 5 years earlier and lived in the

Kaysville area at this time and was active in this farming community.

Mary Elizabeth, Sidney's first bride, was born in Huntsville, Utah on the 18th of May 1860. He would have been 21 and she would have been 17 (Married August 20, 1877 in American Fork, Utah). We assume that his wife was a member of the church but he was not. The marriage with Mary Elizabeth did not last long as she was remarried to a George Paxman in American Fork in March of 1882. While married they had a daughter Kathrine Lavinnie Day (born 18 August, 1878 at Millcreek, Utah). Kathrine Lavinnie Day later married Junius Clarence Condie in Salt Lake City, Utah, on September 1, 1899 and they later lived a portion of their lives in the Downey, Idaho area, both are buried in Pocatello, Idaho.

At some time in his youth it is assumed that Sidney must have had exposure to a piano as he became very proficient in playing various tunes by ear, i.e. he could hear the tune and then replay the melody without being able to read music. Later in life he would tell stories to his relatives about being in the Nevada Mining district (probably in or around Virginia City, Nevada.) playing in the Honky Tonk Bars for his keep. During this period of time, a famous discovery was the Comstock near Virginia City, Nevada.

The Comstock Lode was the first major U.S. discovery of silver and gold ore, located under what is now Virginia City, Nevada, on the eastern slope of Mount Davidson, a peak in the Virginia Range. After the discovery was made public in 1859 (about 10 years after the gold rush into California, Sutter's Mill), prospectors rushed to the area and scrambled to stake their claims.



*Sidney Henry Day,
date unknown.*

Mining camps soon thrived in the vicinity, which became bustling centers of fabulous wealth.

The total product of ore extracted and milled in the Comstock District, 1860 to June 30, 1880, was 6,971,641 tons, 640 pounds. Peak production from the Comstock occurred in 1877, with the mines producing over \$14,000,000 of gold and \$21,000,000 of silver that year (about \$270 million and \$400 million adjusted for inflation (2007 dollars), respectively). Production decreased rapidly thereafter, and, by 1880, the Comstock was considered to be played out.

Virginia City became a highly urbanized, industrial setting and by the early 1870s, together with its smaller neighbor, Gold Hill, reached a population of nearly 25,000, becoming one of the nation's larger communities.

Mining camps are known to pass through an evolution of boom, dramatic growth and excitement, and then decline and Virginia City certainly followed that pattern. By the early 1880s, it was becoming clear that the good times were over. It had been years since miners had discovered any new bonanzas, and thousands of people were leaving for better opportunities. By the time of the Great Depression of the 1930s, Virginia City had declined, shrinking into a town of only several hundred people. Sidney Day was probably in the Nevada mining area sometime during the years of perhaps 1882 (after his divorce) until the early 1900's as we find him homesteading near Bone Idaho around 1915. He apparently at a later time returned to the West as he was found him in the census of 1930 living in California.

One mining story as related by Wendell A. Day, a second cousin and the eleventh of thirteen children of Abraham John Day, was that on one occasion while playing he had to hurriedly hide behind the piano as a drunk gun slinger/miner shot at him for apparently not playing a tune correctly. David Day the first son of Abraham John Day used to tease Sid by saying that he was not that good at playing the piano and the gun slinger shot at him because his music was bad... It was lucky for Sidney that the shooter was not a good shot or drunk as he hit the

piano and the strings yielded a plinking sound... The miners and the times were one of hard work and hard play and hard drinking. In fact Wendell related that Sidney had a specific fondness at Christmas for his whiskey often called Schnapps.

Little has been corroborated during these years or known about what Sidney did in the in between years – between his divorce from Mary Elizabeth Rishton around 1882 and the second decade of the 1900's when he was in the Bonneville, County area of Idaho (the Homesteading Period). From the stories we believe that he was a prospector and piano player in the gold fields of Nevada and perhaps California.

Wendell recalls one story by Sidney in that he was prospecting and actually sitting on top of a boulder which was rich in ore but he did not recognize the value. Due to his lack of success as a miner he made his way by playing piano in the bars.

Wendell said that one Christmas day when Sidney had returned to live with Abe and Lucy (the latter period), the Christmas dinner had been prepared, and that he (Wendell) and Dorothy Hammer went to wake Sid who had become drowsy from his "Tom and Jerry's" and had retired to his room upstairs. They found him fast asleep and he was not responding to their calls for dinner. After they had warned him that they would put a flare to his feet to wake him, they noted a couple of big icicles out the window which they quickly procured to see if a little cold could muster him from his sleep. They used the frozen icicles on his bare feet which did rouse him, but Sidney thought they had burned his feet as the effect was a real shock to him. Later Lucy May Bloxham Day (wife of Abraham John Day) had to set Sid straight, that it was ice and not a flare which "burned" his feet. The "kids" (they were in high school) got a real kick out this prank and remember it to this day. Wendell tells the story with a grin and says I guess we were little devils....

Louisa Day Hammer was fond of Sid because he introduced her to the piano and helped her learn of music and cultivate a desire for additional education and an interest in the classics. Abe purchased a standup piano and had it shipped in all the way from Chicago

so that his girls could learn to play music. This piano was there in the Ammon home for perhaps 50 or 60 years. It became a legacy item for Louisa and finally it was inherited by Glenda Hammer, Louisa's daughter upon the death of her mother.

We assume that during Sid's initial stay in the Salt Lake City area he became familiar with David Day's family and particularly one of the sons of David, Abraham John (born 22 February 1864 making Sidney the senior of the two by 7 or 8 years). Later in life Sidney lived with Abraham John and his family in Ammon, Idaho and subsequently died there. He also homesteaded land above Idaho Falls near Bone, Idaho which would make him a neighbor to Abraham John and his ranch in the Bone area. On the second day of July 1919, Sidney H. Day received title to 320 acres of land which he homesteaded adjacent to the Abraham John Day homesteaded property.

A description of the land as stated on the patent is "southeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the west half of the southwest quarter of Section 29, the south half of the southeast quarter of Section 30, and the west half of the northeast quarter and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 31 in Township one south of Range forty east of the Boise Meridian, Idaho, containing three hundred twenty acres." (Information taken from a copy of the patented deed held by Wendell A. Day, patent number 695862) The Deed was signed on behalf of Woodrow Wilson by E.D. Bouldin, Assistant secretary. At that time the homesteader had to improve the property over a period of five years before he received his deed to the property. It is believed that this property was sold in March of 1927 to A. J. Day. It can therefore be assumed that Sidney H. Day lived in the Idaho Falls area during the period of 1915 through 1919.

According to Wendell A. Day there was a bridge near

the Day ranch over a swale area which was called Sid's bridge. Today there is a granary on the Day Ranch which was Sidney's cabin (later relocated). Apparently the interior of the Cabin was finished with many layers of newspaper to provide insulation for the cabin. A creative solution which was cheap and could provide ready reading material plastered on the walls.

In the 1920 U.S. census Sidney was found living with his daughter, Vinnie, and her family in Downey, Idaho. In the 1930 Census he was found lodging in the Olive View Sanatorium in Los Angeles, California (The Sanatorium was located in the Sylmar neighborhood. The hospital was founded on October 27, 1920 as a tuberculosis (TB) sanatorium to relieve overcrowding at County General Hospital, and when it was no longer needed for TB treatment, the facilities became an acute care hospital in 1970. In 1962, Olive View Hospital performed the first open heart surgery successfully in the San Fernando Valley, and one of the first in Southern California. The hospital was known as Olive View Hospital before it became affiliated with UCLA University's School of Medicine in 1970. Olive View Hospital became Olive View Medical Center, a teaching hospital and a new 888-bed hospital was dedicated in December 1970.)

The 1930 census record says he was 74 years old, but we do not know why he was there, was he working for the Sanatorium or was he a TB patient? It would appear that Sidney returned to Bonneville

County in 1931 as Wendell recalls that Sidney was about 75 years old (Wendell would have been 12 or 13 years of age). Apparently he had lost his job and had written to Abe and Lucy asking if he could come and live with them. But while in California, according to Wendell's understanding, Sidney had been married two or three times and he recalls there was a lady by the name of Pauline in California.



Sidney Henry Day about 1937 at the Day home in Ammon.

At about the same time Sidney lived in the Idaho Falls area and homesteaded 320 acres near Bone (40 acre pieces of ground which surrounded Abe Day's homestead on the North and West), his daughter (Kathrine Lavinnie Day Condie) and son in law (Junius Clarence Condie - married 1 September 1899 in Salt Lake City, Utah) were also living in the area as they were the owners of a piece of property in Bingham County (Bingham County { county Seat at Blackfoot, Idaho} was later divided into Bonneville {County seat at Idaho Falls, Idaho} and Bingham County). We do not know if they purchased or homesteaded the property, probably the later, but on August 9, 1917, they mortgaged the property for \$1,500. A description of the property is W1/2 Section 16 Township 1 South, Range 39 E.B.M., containing 320 acres. (Original copy of this transaction held by Wendell A. Day). Subsequently this 320 acre parcel was purchased by Abraham John Day on the 21st of December 1918 by assuming the indebtedness on the property and paying Junius and Kathrine Lavinnie Condie a consideration of \$1 dollar. This property is no longer part of the Day ranch and Wendell recalls that it was later traded or sold by A.J. Day.

It is to be noted that Junius Clarence Condie (birth 22 June 1880) and his son Robert Junius Condie (birth 27 May, 1899 or 1900 as recorded elsewhere) were registered in 1917 or 1918 for the civilian draft in World War I in Bonneville County, Idaho.

In the 1920 census Sidney was living with Junius Clarence Condie and Kathrine Levinnie in Downey, Idaho, which means they probably resettled to this area in Bannock County after selling their homesteads near Bone, Idaho. Junius died 8 August 1938 and was buried in Pocatello, Idaho. Kathrine Levinnie lived another 14 years and passed away in Roseville, California on March 16, 1952, but she was buried in Pocatello, Idaho.

During Sidney's stay with Abe's family in the late 1930's and early 40's, he worked as a water master in the Ammon area which involved monitoring the canals and ditches as well as the use of the water by



Pictured are (left to right) Larry Empey, Abe Day, Edna Day Empey (partially hidden), Billy Empey, Louise Bailey Day (Jesse M. Day's wife), Alice Day, Lucy May Bloxham Day, Sandra Day (daughter of Louise and Jesse M. Day) and Sidney Henry Day seated with Dave and Etola Day on his left and in front lying down is Sid's dog.

the farmers. It seems that some of the water users wanted to use their water turn during the day and not in the middle of the night and hence a need for a strict "Water Master." Wendell believes that Abe was instrumental in securing this employment for Sid as Abe was serving on the Ammon Village board as the president. According to Wendell, Sid would get quite upset with the youngsters in the area who would tease him by saying over and over again, "Sid, Sid the Chinese Kid."

Sidney Henry Day died living in the care and charity of his cousin Abraham John Day in Ammon, Idaho, and was buried in the Ammon Cemetery in the plot of ground owned by A. J. Day. We do not know if he had a regular funeral or whether his daughter and family came to pay their respects at his passing. His last years in the A. J. Day household were undoubtedly busy and probably noisy, but he was apart from his siblings and posterity. Perhaps even a bit lonely. From the data we have found and the remembrances of those who knew him we have attempted to memorialize the life of Sidney Henry Day before it is lost.

The photograph above was taken in front of the Abe Day home in Ammon, Idaho, around 1939. As

told by Sandra Day Fullmer, granddaughter of Abe and daughter of Jesse M. and Louise B. Day, she had been the protector of her little brother by standing between Sid's big, ferocious dog and her little brother John, so that the dog would not eat him for lunch.

Sidney was a short man of about 5 ft 2-4 inches and apparently he was quite vain as he dyed his hair black.

References - Bibliography

Church of England. St. Mary's Church (Luton), Parish registers, 1603-1944 (Salt lake City, Utah: Filmed by the Genealogical Society of Utah, 1975-1989), FHL, film no. 952,391, Item 1, Baptisms 1847-1858.

Electronic copy of photo in possession of John T. Day

David Day (1824-18760 – An Early Utah Farmer and Merchant by Kent Day, Layton, Utah 2001, p. 98 and 174

SECTION 31

ULESSES DENNING FAMILY

Ulesses known as Ude, descended from LDS converts from England. His immigrant ancestors were James Henry Denning and Sarah Merrifield. James ancestors were colliers (coal miners) for generations in the Kilmersdon, Somerset area of England. Shortly after their marriage about 1849, James and Sarah moved to Monmouth, Wales to work in the mines there.⁴⁸ It was here that they were converted to the message of the Mormon missionaries⁴⁹ and soon decided to immigrate with others of their acquaintance to the Salt Lake Valley. They left February 21, 1953, on the ship International landed in New Orleans 54 days later.⁵⁰ They arrived in Salt Lake Valley September 30, 1853.⁵¹

In 1864 the James Denning family settled with the Charles C. Rich Company in the Bear Lake area at Montpelier. James and Sarah eventually

had 13 children.⁵² Child no. 11, Phillip Merrifield Denning came to the Ammon area as a single man and married Mary Ann Ashdown, of Ammon, a sister of Martha Ashdown, wife of Arthur Ellingford, February 24, 1896.⁵³ His brother Daniel, two years older, purchased lots 7 and 8 of block 7 in the new Ammon townsite and purchased the Joseph Lee place south of the townsite, near the sand hills.⁵⁴ On November 17, 1902, Daniel sold his land in Ammon to Phillip and Mary for \$50.00. The Land Patent Records from Bonneville County Assessors Office show that Phillip's brothers, John, Joseph and Daniel all received land patents for 160 acres each just east and south of where the Iona Cemetery is today. These land patents were received in 1895 and 1898. Since Phillip was in the Ammon area when his brothers received their land patents evidenced by the date of his marriage to Mary, it is likely he helped them prove up on their land patents. He was closely associated with his brother Dan, having purchased his lot in Ammon shortly after Dan had proved up on his homestead. It is likely Dan sold the homestead to buy the Ammon property and shortly sold it to Phillip and Mary when he bought the farm land and a house from Joseph Empey. Phillip may then have worked for Dan or his other brothers in the area. This is speculation as nothing is known for sure concerning the nature of Phillips employment. Loy, Udes oldest daughter, recalled her grandfather was a farmer but had no specific details. Phillip and Mary sold their Ammon property in June of 1907 for \$600.00 to Eliza D. Merrill and then repurchased the same property from Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Sant, November 17, 1917 for \$750.00. Their domicile was listed as Grace, Idaho at the time of this purchase. A clue to his activities before this purchase can be found in the Land Patent Records in the Bonneville County Assessors Office. A Land Patent for Phillip M. Denning was given November 27, 1916 for the E 1/2 of the E 1/2 of Section 1 of Township 1 North,

48 Denning Family Organization, "James Henry Denning Sr. Family History", Vol. 1, Sec II, pp.2-5

49 Ibid., p. 7

50 Ibid., p. 12

51 Ibid., p. 14

52 Ibid., pp.23-23

53 www.new.familysearch.org, Arthur Ellingford-Martha Ashdown, and Phillip Denning-Mary Ashdown family group sheets.

54 Miranda Stringham and Ada Campbell, "Old Ammon, Idaho, USA", p. 127, Written in the Joseph Lee life story



Phillip M. Denning



Mary A. Denning



Uleses Denning



Grace Denning

Range 38, which is located $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of a mile east of Crowley Rd. on York Rd. and extending a half mile to the north. A year after getting the patent he is buying the Sant property in Ammon. It was common practice for a person to prove up on their homestead and then sell it one year later and use the proceeds to buy more useful property. Phillip died March 22, 1920, just a little over three years later at age 50. His widow and children sold the east three fourths of their property in Ammon to Franklin and Effie Gardner, October 11, 1924.⁵⁵ Mary died November 15, 1933.

Phillip and Mary had nine children who lived beyond childhood. They were, Warren Phillip (Bertie Mabel Null), Mary Ann (William Null), Amy Lizzette (Samuel Ellingford), Lawrence William (Esther Ellington, Laura May Ball), Irene (Foss Lewis), Manuel (Gladys Neilsen and Zola Hansen), Uleses, Zora (John Fowler), and Carol (Walter "Dutch" Windmiller). Warren and Birdie lived for a time in Ammon and then moved in the 1940's, Lawrence returned to Ammon in the early 1950's and lived behind Ude's home for a few years in a mobile home. Carol and Dutch Windmiller lived in Ammon from the late 1940's during most of their life.

Uleses (Ude) was born 9 May 1910 and married Grace Haderlie, daughter of Henry Walter Haderlie (Ruth Jone Ward) of Iona, August 29, 1935⁵⁶ and shortly thereafter took up residence in the house on

the property of his mother. After their marriage they spent at least one summer in the hills herding sheep. In 1942 they moved to Layton, Utah where Ude was employed at

Hill Field. Housing was difficult to come by and they camped in the open air in an apricot orchard for awhile. Later they procured a tent and finally a trailer house for winter. After a year in Utah they moved back to their home in Ammon at the current address of 3220 Rawson St. Ude entered the Navy March 21 1944 during World War II, but was injured in training in Tennessee and returned home without further duty.⁵⁷ After the Navy he was employed as an equipment operator, driving dump truck, primarily, for the Bonneville County Road Commission and worked for them until he retired.

Grace was the daughter of Henry Walter Haderlie and Ruth Jones Ward of Iona. Grace's father was born in Providence, Cache, Utah and came to Idaho at age 17 to work in the mines at Caribou after three summers Henry came to the Snake River Valley in 1903 and worked in a sawmill, herded sheep and homesteaded a dry farm in Ozone. He worked his dry farm until 1917 and then procured a farm near Iona where he worked until his death in 1971.⁵⁸

Ude and Grace had seven children, Loy (Lloyd Robinson, John Kinney), Marvin K. (Shirley Paul, Wanda ?), Auburn Jay, died unmarried at age 27, Keith Eugene (Gay Peterson), Jack Udean (Bea Nelson), Gordon H. (Mary Ann Crawford) and Susan Diane who died at age 11.⁵⁹

⁵⁵ Abstract of Title, prepared by The Bingham Abstract Co., Ltd. Idaho Falls, Idaho, in possession of Val Crow for Block 7, Lots 7 & 8, Ammon Townsite.

⁵⁶ www.new.familysearch.org, Uleses Denning and Grace Haderlie family tree.

⁵⁷ Life Story of Grace Haderlie Denning written by herself and finished by her mother.

⁵⁸ Iona Centennial History Book, 1883-1983 / ZoAnn Simmons, History book chairman, p. 230,1

⁵⁹ Information obtained from family records of Gay Peterson Denning

Ude was on the road working a lot of the time and Grace was at home with the children. Her parents and brother, Verl Haderlie, gave her a lot of support while Ude was away. Grace died at the age of 37 leaving her children motherless. Diane was only four years old and Ude's sister Carol (Walter "Dutch" Windmiller) who lived just a half a block away, took her into their home and raised her as their own until her death at age 11. Grace, Jay and Diane all succumbed to Leukemia. Ude married Chlora Underwood Nelson following Grace's death and moved to Idaho Falls in about 1962. He died in July 1979. None of the family remained in Ammon.⁶⁰



Top insert: Susan Diane; Back row (l to r): Loy, Jay, Marvin , Marguerite (? Cousin; front row (l to r): Keith, Gordon, Henry W. Haderlie – Grand father, Ramon Haderlie (on lap), Mary Lou McGavin, Ruth J. Haderlie – Grand mother, Billy McGavin (on lap), Paul Keller, and Jack.

SECTION 32

THE ARTHUR & MARTHA ASHDOWN ELLINGFORD FAMILY

Arthur Ellingford was born November 22, 1868 in Paistow, (London) England. His family was contacted by LDS missionaries and converted in February 1850. His parents were Samuel and Eliza (Gower) Ellingford. The desire to gather with the Saints to the Salt Lake Valley became a priority, as it was with most of the British Isle converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Samuel desired this for his family and decided to send the

family individually as the opportunity came. In 1863 an opportunity was found to send their 10-year old son Samuel Jr. with immigrants leaving June 4, 1863 on the ship Amazon. This was the only trip made by the Amazon carrying Mormon immigrants to America. The famous writer Charles Dickens was at the docks for its departure and recorded his impressions of the Mormons that have become a significant historical reference to LDS British immigration. Samuel died on his way west along the Platte River and was buried by the trail. According to Lovina Ellingford Brewer's biography, "The father was heartbroken. He never knew just where his little boy was buried, and he made a vow that no more of his children would come to Utah unless the whole family came along." It would be fourteen years before their departure. In the meantime Samuel and his wife served the Lord in England with determination and dedication. He served faithfully as a home missionary and approximately ten years as the Branch President in the Plaistow Branch of the church until it was dissolved in February 1877. Then

⁶⁰ Val Crow neighborhood memories.

with help from his brother John and the Perpetual Immigration Fund he and his family, consisting of his wife Eliza and children Lovina-1859, Emma Eliza-1861, William-1862, Elizabeth Hannah-1864, John Robert-1866, Arthur-1868, Alice-1871 (died in 1872) and Rosa-1873, left for America.

They arrived in Richville, near Morgan, Utah in October of 1877. Later they settled in Round Valley, Morgan County where Samuel was employed by Edward Hunter, Presiding Bishop of the LDS Church to labor on his farm operated by his son, Edward W. Hunter.

In May of 1885 Arthur left Utah with his father and brothers to homestead in the Snake River Valley in Idaho. They filed on 160 acres on the Little Sand Creek near what later became Ammon Village, located on the South East corner of the intersection of Ammon Road and 17th Street. They got a patent on the land July 1, 1890.

In the same year that Samuel filed his homestead, James Albert Owen also filed a homestead claim on land directly east of the Ellingfords. James Albert's four brothers also homesteaded on lots nearby. At that time, three out of the five Owens were eligible bachelors. Rosa, Arthur's youngest sister married James Albert, the oldest of the five Owen brothers, and the last of the Owen boys to be married. This event took place on December 12, 1889 in the LDS Temple at Logan, Utah. He was 37 and she was 16 years old. Although she was a young bride, she was ready to enter the new and different challenges married life had to offer. She knew what hard work was, having worked along side her father and brothers. Rosa and Albert had twelve children, nine girls and three boys. Because there were no doctors, Rosa's mother, Eliza, a midwife, helped deliver little Olive, their first child. Rosa herself later became a midwife. As a midwife she delivered about 120 babies in the Ammon area. About 1917, when Albert, as he was always called, could no longer farm because of failing health, he moved the family into the town of Ammon. He purchased property and sold it to new comers, often holding the mortgage himself or loaning people enough to help them

become property owners. The house Albert and Rosa lived out their lives in Ammon was located at 3170 Central Ave.

Following Samuel's death on April 4, 1895 from cancer, Arthur was bequeathed the north half of the 160 acres and continued to farm the land he had inherited. Moving to Ammon from Bountiful, Utah, was the family of Richard and Mary Ann Ashdown. Arthur was attracted to their daughter Martha, and on the 19th of February 1896 they were married in the Temple in Logan, Utah. Not quite two years later with a new little son, Arthur Edward less than a year old, Arthur received a call from his church to serve a two year mission in his native land.

While serving as a missionary in England he visited the area of his birth and relatives. Before his mission, grain had been stored and each month Martha would sell a load of grain and send the proceeds, from \$8.00 to \$12.00 to provide support to her husband.

After Arthur's return home he settled down on the farm and two more children were born to the family, Samuel and Thomas Chester, who died only 10 months old, in March 1900. A month later he sold 50 of his 80 acres for \$1500 and moved his family to Imbler, Union County Oregon in the Grande Ronde Valley, which was attracting many Latter Day Saint families. Some from Ammon had already moved there. Arthur's brother John and his family were among them. There, Arthur worked as a farm laborer and in a lumber mill in the mountains in nearby Elgin. Two more children, Benjamin and Elsie, were born during their short, four year stay in Imbler, but Martha suffered from asthma and the Oregon climate aggravated her condition so they returned to Ammon. The last three of their eight children, Gertrude, Zola and Jennie were born within the next eleven years.

Upon returning to Ammon they moved into the village in a little home located at 3325 Rawson St. Arthur provided a living for himself and family as a farm laborer, road worker, employee at Lincoln's Sugar Factory and at whatever work was available.

Arthur never learned to drive a car. He and his



Martha (Maud) Ashdown and Arthur Ellingford wedding portrait

son Sam bought a car together, but Arthur, having ended up in a ditch while learning to drive, kept to a more conventional form of transportation thereafter.

In 1923 Arthur moved his family to Bountiful, Utah where he worked for the Bamberger Railroad for eight years.

In 1931 he returned to Ammon and built a three room house located at 3315 Rawson St. just next door to his previous home. He purchased this plot of land from his brother-in-law and sister, Albert and Rosa (Ellingford) Owen. Later his daughter Elsie and her husband Glenn Call built a home next door at 3295 Rawson St. on this same plot of land. Arthur

and Martha lived in their home until their deaths.

Martha passed away 22 of January 22, 1944 and Arthur 3 years later on January 7, 1946. Elsie and her husband lived on their property for just a few more years and left Ammon for Pocatello where Glenn transferred with his railroad job. Jesse Bunnell and his family purchased Arthur's home after his death and LaVern Williams family procured the Call home next door upon their departure. LaVern was the first full time Ammon City employee and served as law officer as well as maintenance supervisor, etc.

Some members of Arthur's family continued to live in the Ammon area. Benjamin and Blanche (Wetzel) Ellingford farmed just west of Ammon Village on Sunnyside Road where his children Jerry Duane and Connie Blanche (Johnson) completed high school. Samuel and Amy (Denning) Ellingford operated an Auto Service Station on Holmes Avenue just north of the Idaho Canal in Idaho Falls and later Samuel hauled pumice stone for Otis Wooters, (which shortly thereafter was taken over by Pumice Inc.), at the Sunnyside Rd. railroad siding north of Ernest Martin's Potato Processing

Plant east of Ammon, while he resided in Lincoln during this time. He worked there from 1951 to 1956. Samuel's son, Samuel Don worked with his father at this site hauling pumice while he resided also in Lincoln.

Samuel's youngest son, Jay Dell moved to Ammon's Hillview Village shortly after his marriage to Carole Ann (Hazelton) in May 1961. He operated Jay's Texaco Auto Service Station at 960 John Adams Parkway from 1965 to 1969. Then he operated Jay's Gulf Service Station on Lindsay Blvd until 1972. He the joined Producers Pumice, formerly Pumice

Inc., as a driver in 1973 and became the Foreman of the Ammon Operation in 1974 and served until his retirement in 2004.

Information on the Arthur Ellingford family was taken from the book, "Samuel Ellingford His Life and Family, compiled by Dorothy Wallace Walker published 1989. Submitted by Val Crow. This submission was approved by Grandsons, Jay Dell Ellingford and Hal Call.

SECTION 33

EARL & MILDRED EMPEY

Born November 30, 1898, Earl's parents are Alfred Empey and Maria Lewis. Shadrach Empey was born 21 June 1822 in Eaton Bray, Bedfordshire, England and died 26 October 1896 at Lehi, Utah. He married Ann Athes 12 Oct 1847 in Eaton Bray, England. They are the parents of Alfred Empey and Maria Lewis. Alfred Empey was married to Maria Lewis 12 May 1886 in Logan, Utah. Alfred and Maria are the parents of Earl Empey.



Alfred Empey and Maria Lewis

Alfred Empey came to Idaho in November 1898 and bought a farm in Ammon. In 1914 he filed a claim on Sellars Creek. Alfred liked livestock and always had some around him. He especially liked good horses. He was fearless, courageous and honest. June 1935 his wife, Maria, died and he grieved for

her until his death 26th October 1937, after a short illness. He was seventy-four years, Nine months, and six days old.

Soon after Alfred filed his homestead claim on Sellars Creek he had lumber hauled from Durfee saw mill, to build a two room frame house to

live in. After he built his house he spent the summers there. They did not have running water but brought it from a spring about three quarters of a mile through the quakies. There was no inside plumbing and an outhouse was built in the trees behind the house. His family went with him and they cleared the land and raised hay grain, and a beautiful garden, the ground was black and fertile. But the season was short and the mornings were often crisp and frosty. They ran cattle on the ranch and the range was lush and untouched. It had a creek running through it not far from the front of the house and it was good and the life was hard but rewarding and nature abound. There the sky seemed to touch the hills and the bird's songs were sweet.

About 1918 many more homesteaders came into the territory.

Among these homesteaders were – Jack Meyers, Emuel Meyers, Mrs. Woolley, Roy Stewart, Reddicks, Spurlocks, Prophets, Winders, Howe's, Christensen's, Spritmors, Sayers, Smith, Hunters, Butlers, Stevens, Busenbards, Lee Empey, A. J. Stanger, and Ed Staples. Many of the original homesteaders disposed of their homesteads after they proved up on them and in 1930 the Jones, Howes, and Christensen's were about all that were left on Sellars Creek near the Empey homestead. Lee Empey and family lived at the Alfred Empey ranch one summer. In 1936 Earl and Mildred Empey and their Family went there to live. They spent the next twenty seven summers there.

In 1935 and 1936 Earl and Oren (Jake as he was



Earl Empey

known most of his life to friend and kin) Empey bought the original Alfred Empey homestead from Alfred Empey. They also bought the Reddick place, the Jack Myers, the Emuel Meyers, the Woolley place, and the Rebecca Williams place from the Wright Investment Company. They bought the Lee Empey homestead, on Zeigler Mountain from Lee Empey and the Jack Williams place from Jack Williams. It made a good ranch and they cleared willows and trees from many acres of the land and raised grain and hay on the farming land and ran cattle on the grazing land. They had a sheep operation that they operated as well on three sections of land on Taylor Mountain and Wolverine. Jake and his Family lived on the farm in the Valley south of Ammon and Earl and his family lived in the hills during the summer and came to the Valley in the winter where they lived in the Alfred Empey home, that he sold to Mildred Empey, in the Ammon Town site, across the street north of the High School.

They all worked together and things went well as they prospered from their hard work. They had land in the valley to live on in the winter and to there they would have a cattle and sheep drive from the hills each fall and feed them in the valley through the winter months and return to the hills in the spring with the cattle and sheep to the high cool lush pastures. There the family lived in the two room house, a sleeping room and kitchen, and the all outdoors was the living room. There the children learned from the natural beauty of the hills and rubbed elbows with the wild life that was so abundant; the badger, the deer, the coyotes and the crickets that sing you to sleep on a summer eve. They built a root cellar to keep the milk cool and their fresh food because there was no electricity and it was very nice to bring canned food to store and canning from the garden. Mildred's larder was always full. They kept chickens and several cows to feed the calves and family. Mildred had the bum lambs to care for and bought many special things for her home and family from the sale of the wool and lambs, in the fall.

The children learned to do with what you had and to make things from natural things. It was a

long ways to the valley from Bone, thirty to forty miles and dirt roads. There were chores to do and hired help, and threshers to cook for to begin with. World War II came and things were rationed and farming sometimes was hard during this time. They raised potatoes, and sugar beets on the land in the Valley where Jake and his family lived, with Earl and his family living in the hills and Ammon. Jake was married first and he married Vera Munsey.

Earl attended Ricks Academy and Business College. He liked to go to dances and he worked with his Dad on the ranches. Vera brought her very good friend to visit and wanted Mildred to meet Earl. She stayed a week at Vera's and Jake's. Earl and Mildred's first date was going huckleberring with Mildred's brother and his girl. Mildred was then invited to spend Christmas with the Empeys and met many of the family members. They dated and attended dances at Wandamere, the public ball room. Earl asked Mildred to marry him and then asked her parents for her hand. They drove to Logan on July 11, 1931 and were married at the court house. They then drove home through Bear Lake Valley, staying in Montpelier the first night, then on home to Ammon and began living in Earl's folks home and lived there for the rest of their life together until Earl's death.

History by Melba Weaver Empey

SECTION 34

ERNEST & OLIVE EMPEY

by Lois Empey Shelton

My father was Alonzo Ernest Empey and my mother was Olive Adeline Mitchell. My father was born to Ephriam Shadrack Empey and Sarah Ann Rhodes in Lehi, Utah on March 28, 1880 and my mother was born to James A. Mitchell and Olive Adeline Myers in Escalante, Utah on February 23, 1884. They were married in St. Anthony, Idaho on December 7, 1904. They settled in Ammon,



Ernest & Olive Empey wedding portrait

Idaho and built a home across from the Ammon LDS church. They were parents of nine children. The first child was Alonzo Worth Empey born in 1905, then Norma Empey Faust born in 1907, Rulon Elias Empey born in 1910, Twila Empey Sutter born in 1913, Leah Empey Molen born in 1915, Sheldon Ephriam Empey born in 1917, Ferron James Empey born in 1920, Melvin Mitchell Empey born in 1923, Lois Empey Shelton born in 1926. All the children grew up, married and raised families except Rulon Elias who died at the age of three from typhoid fever.

My fathers family left Lehi in 1888 by covered wagon to come to Idaho. There were 6 children, my

father was eight years old and rode a horse all the way helping to drive the cattle they were bringing with them. It took one month to make the journey. They homesteaded a farm south of where the Ammon store is now.

When my father was 17 years of age and his brother Elias was 19 years of age their father was called by the LDS church to serve a mission to the New York State in 1897. He left his wife with ten children and all the responsibilities of a farm and several bands of sheep. He was gone about two and one half years. My father said this was a very hard time for his mother. His brother Elias was responsible for the farming and he, my father was responsible for the sheep. He said they prospered and was able to buy more land and more sheep.

In 1915 my father was kidnapped and held for a ransom of \$6,000.00 in gold by a man who worked for the Empey family for a few months. He kept him chained to a tree for six days. My father was able to escape when the kidnapper went to sleep. This was a very hard time for my grandparents and for my mother. My parents had four small children at the time and my mother was expecting in October.

In 1929 when the stock market crashed my parents lost everything; farm, home, sheep, and a small store. We were able to stay in our home for a few years but my parents were not able to recover enough to save the home. The economy was so bad at the time that nearly everyone was having a hard time.

When World War 11 started my parents had three sons, two sons-in-law and one grandson serve during the war. It was a very hard time for them and for everyone who had someone in the service. Everyone in their family came home safely.

In January 1936 the Ammon school burned everything including a new gym that had just been built onto the existing school. One building that housed the shop classes and the home economic

classes was left. The school board had to find some way to keep between 200 and 300 students in school. The LDS church offered to let the school use the basement of the church building. There were six very small class rooms and the first through six grades were put in these rooms. There was a larger room on the west end of the basement and that was used by the seventh and eighth grade classes. They built desks from rough lumber for each classroom. I was in the fourth grade. I remember the rooms were very small and dark as there was one small window in each room. I do not believe the church had central heating. I do not know how the rooms were heated but I remember wearing our coats during school. Most of us were used to getting by with whatever our parents could provide so that is what we did at this time. I remember on the west end of the church they built outdoor toilets, one for the boys and one for the girls. We seemed to do okay and we had fun playing during recess on the steps of the church. I think how hard it was for the teachers, you have to remember everything burned. I have no idea how they got books and other supplies but everyone managed as well as they could. My fourth grade teacher was Miss Lavonda Ricks; my fifth grade teacher was Miss Helen Rogers. I remember how excited we all were when the new school was finished. It was a wonderful school building, big rooms, lots of light and warm. My sixth grade teacher was Miss Rice. I think everyone in Ammon was grateful for our new school.

After the war was over and the service people started coming home, some came home with wives from other parts of the United States and from other countries. There was a real housing shortage and families made room for the servicemen and wives. After a few months housing became more available. With help from the government many were able to attend college, learn a trade or start to farm.

My parent's health was pretty good through the years. My father died April 10, 1960 and my mother died January 13, 1973. They are buried in the Ammon cemetery. At this time, January 2011 there are three children living; Leah Molen, Ferron James and Lois Shelton.

Kidnapping Story of Alonzo Ernest Empey

On July 17, 1915, I left to go up to where we had a ranch in Long Valley to take some feed up to a horse we had up there, and also get some logs out on a place I had filed on. This place is now owned by the Roy Robison family. My brother, Bert, and his wife were staying on this place. As I was going up I met Bert and his wife coming down, and he asked me how long I would stay up there; I told him it would be in the neighborhood of a week, he said, Well, he'd be back. My son, Worth, ten years old at the time, and Claude Carson, who was working for me who was about seventeen, was with me. We got to the ranch and turned our teams loose and went in the house. Then after we had been in the house a few minutes we went up the creek to look for a stake of this land I had filed on.

Next morning we got some horses and went to look to see where we could cut logs to start a house on this ground which I had filed on, as we went out of the gate this fellow, Dean, came up out of the willows down by the creek and asked me if my name was Empey. I told him it was and he said, "You don't know where I could get a job herding sheep around here," and I said, "No I don't." I said "Our sheep are all on the reserve, and I don't know, but", I said, "I saw Mr. Stanger down at Pole Bridge and also Jack Whitehead who have sheep over the hill there." I said, "They might need a man." And he said, "Well, I will go on over and see." As we rode on, I said to Worth, I don't like the looks of that guy. He'll just about get a horse or something before he gets out of here."

So we rode on and found where we could cut these logs that I wanted. So the next day we took two teams and went to cut the logs. We cut two loads and came back to the ranch and the next day we went out and cut two more loads and as we came to the ranch, I saw this same fellow right close to the gate through which we went to the ranch and I said to Worth, "There's that sheep herder. I guess he never got a job. As I got off of the wagon to open the gate, he came down off the hill and met me right at the gate and pulled two guns on me and told me to

throw up my hands. I said, "What is the idea?" I said, "If there is anything you want around here, go take it." And he said, "That don't make any difference." Then he turned around and saw Worth sitting still on the wagon with his 22 rifle in his hands so he ordered the boy to drop the gun and get down. Then Carson, who was driving the other team, came up behind us but didn't see what was happening until he got up there and this fellow pulled the one gun on him and told him to put up his hands. Then I tried to ask him again what he wanted, but he told me to never mind, but go on up the creek. When we got up possibly a quarter of a mile up the creek, he said, "Go to the bridge." I said, "There is no bridge up here. The bridge is down by the teams." He said, "Well, go to it." So we turned around and walked back and across the bridge and he said, "You fellows haven't got any shooting irons on you have you?" and I said, "We haven't got as much as a buttonhook, and you knew it." He said, "You can put your hands down and take straight across the valley over to the edge of the hills."

When we got over there he said, "Put your hands up and turn around," which we did, and he had this letter that he had 'written to my folks and he dropped it on the ground and told the boys to take that and go back and that would tell them what to do but that they shouldn't move that night. Worth ran up in front of him and started to cry, and I thought for a moment that he maybe was going to hit him on the head with a gun, so I spoke to him and told him to go on back that I would take care of myself.

Then we started up on what is known as Sheep Mountain and it was dark by that time. We put in until possibly midnight when we came to the top of the mountain, and he said, "Have you got any matches on you?" And I said, "I think I have got two or three," and he said, "You light a match and go down through kind of a dim trail that was there and keep those matches going or I'll blow your head off." So I said, "Well, I'll do the best I can, but I am not saying that I can keep them lit." But I did. When we got down he had fixed a camp and he had a pile of wood and stuff ready to start a fire, so he told me

to drop a match in that wood and start a fire, which I did. We sat there a while and he said, "Are you hungry?" And I said, "Well I haven't had anything to eat since morning." Well, he said, "if you will lay down over there, I will fix something to eat."

He leaned his gun on a log right to the side of the fire and started to cook what little he had there to eat. After he got it cooked, he set it out a ways and picked up his gun and told me to help myself. I ate a few bites and then kinda turned sick, and I thought maybe I was poisoned, but after I got what I wanted to eat, he ate the rest of it. So, I decided it wasn't poisoned.

During the rest of the night we just sat there, him with his gun and me sitting there. He had a chain and had fastened it to a tree and after daylight, he said, "Pull your shoe off and put that chain around your leg and lock it and throw me the key." which I did. I slept until about nine or there then I woke up. I asked him what the idea was, if I was being held for ransom and he said, "that's it" Well, would you mind telling me how much of a ransom?" and he said, "\$6,000 in gold" I said, "Well, there is not \$6,000 in gold in Idaho Falls." He said, "Well, they can get it in Ogden" I never said any more to him along that line until in the afternoon, and I asked him if I couldn't square that some way with him so he'd turn me loose, and he said no, he had gone too far and for me to shut up and never mention it again.

In the meantime the boys had taken this letter and started for the valley, but were met on the road by my brother, Bert, and they went back down to the valley. In this letter he told them not to let the officers or anybody outside of my folks know about this. If they did, he would kill them. My Father wasn't there. He was on the way to Salt Lake, but they caught him on the road, and he immediately came back. So they went to the officers, and in a short time, afterwards, they had two detectives from Ogden, Utah. They went over the case and by that time there were several hundred men who were volunteering to go to help find me and the detectives said if they didn't go home and keep still they were going to get me killed. So they went home ready to wait and see what happened.

The detectives took this letter and disguised my brother, Bert, and they drove up over the road which he had directed them to take the money. In his letter he told them to take a wagon and two men would be in the wagon, one to drive and another one holding a lantern and they were to drive along the road until they heard the word, "Hey." This money was supposed to be in a white sack and be dropped in the middle of the road and then they were to turn around and drive back to the ranch. These two detectives and my brother, Bert, disguised themselves and drove up over this Long Valley road and the two detectives picked out three places where he would most likely to hold the wagon up. They planned to hide men the night before the money was to come. They were to leave the ranch at ten o'clock at night. They planned to have one man driving, one man holding the lantern in back of the wagon and one of the detectives was going to ride the breach under the wagon and when the wagon was turned around in the brush after the signal was given, was going to fall off. He had given the men orders to shoot, not to kill if I wasn't with him, but if I was there, that I would let them know somehow.

They had already started these men from Idaho Falls under disguise. Also, they had sent to Montana and got bloodhounds which they had at the sheep camp to bring up there. However, it was found unnecessary to ever use these men, as I got away first. While this was going, on, I was sitting up there with him sweating it out wondering what was going to become of me.

Sometime during the day, we would walk out on some point on the mountain where I could see the roads, and drive me ahead of him. He would always keep from 15 to 20 feet behind me and always on the upper hill side if possible. One day while we sat there he decided to take me up on top of a ridge and we just got up to the top of this ridge when we looked up and saw three horsemen coming down the ridge. He pulled the gun up on me and told me to get back down there in that brush as quick as possible. When we got back down in there, he sat there with both guns in his hands and he said, "If your guys come

down in here, you will find out this is loaded with dynamite," but, they never saw us, and in a little bit passed by. So, after a few minutes after that, I told him that I didn't think it was men we saw at all. It was a bunch of range horses but he said "No, it was deputy sheriffs," and I said, "No, I don't think so," but I said, "There were several cattle killed up here on this ridge last summer for beef and it might be they are patrolling that ridge on that account"

So the next morning he got up at daylight while I was still chained and I don't know where he had gone. I looked up there and these three fellows were driving a bunch of horses ahead of them as a disguise. He came back and said, "Well, Empey, you were right. It was just a bunch of range horses." I knew different. In the five or six days that I was there with him, I made up my mind that I just as well take it easy and watch for a chance to escape some way. So I got him to talk and this is the story he told me; He said he worked for a sheep man by the name of Jess Noble over at Boise and he knew that Noble had some ranges out north of Boise and he made a trip out there about a certain time of the year and that he had laid for ten days out there on this road to get Noble, but he finally found out that this man had sold his ranches and didn't make that trip any more.

Then he went from there over to Hailey, Idaho and laid for a sheep man over at Hailey, but missed him and then came over here and said he knew that he would get some of us over here. He also had in mind Jack Edwards and Johnny Peterson and Jonny Chummerlli and I happened to be the one that he got. He also told me about stealing a whole band of sheep down in Utah country, and driving them down to the Arizona line where he sold them. This man that owned the sheep had hired him to herd them and had a boy move camp and the man told him to go along if he wanted and soon as the man left he had the boy put the packs on the horses and he started trailing these sheep. In a week of such a matter this man went to see how his sheep were getting along and couldn't find them and didn't know what had become of them until the boy got back and

told him what had happened. He immediately put the officers on his trail, but didn't catch him. He said that a deputy sheriff hollered for him to stop and instead of him stopping he jumped over a fence and this deputy shot the pole in to in front of him.

He got away and went out into Oregon where he and another fellow went out to trap coyotes and couldn't get any bait so they shot a horse and they were caught and were given sixty days in jail in a little town in Oregon. The sheriff was pretty good to them and let them go out to get their meals. So they were going to play a joke on the sheriff. When they came back to the jail they hid behind the door and when the sheriff came in they slipped out and locked the sheriff in jail and for that they got a year in the Oregon penitentiary, but made their escape and they never did hear of him until this came up. These stories were verified by officers in these particular territories later, and found to be true. While we sat there, I asked him if I hadn't seen him some place before, which I had done, because he worked for us five years prior to this. I said, "Well, I guess I was mistaken then." He said, yes, he guessed I was.

The next day, he said to me, "Where is Tom Tice?" Tom Tice was our foreman and was the man who had hired him to work for us over in Herman. I said, "Did you know Tice," and he said, "Yes, I saw him over in Herman." I said, "Well, I thought you had never been in this country before. Well, he said, "I just happened to be there at Herman." He finally said, "I wish Tice would come in here." I said, "I wish he would too." I said, "I don't know of anybody I would rather see right now than Tice." Then he said to me, "Don't you remember a fellow whose dog you were going to kill over at the cutting out corral?" I said, "No, I don't remember at all." Of course, I did. Then he told me the story there again. We went up to cut the lambs out to ship them. Tice had come down to find out when we were going to ship them and we went back together. As we went along the road where the sheep were, his camp was setting off the road, and I said to Tice, "Isn't that one of our camps?" He said, "Yes, but I don't like that fellow. Let's go on up and stay to the other camp." Which

we did. The next morning I went over to him to take the sheep up to the corral, which was about a mile from where they were. As I rode up near him, I saw where the coyotes had killed thirteen head of sheep. But I rode on over to him and told him who I was and I wanted the sheep up to the corral. He said, "all right." We started to take the sheep to the corral, I said to him, "It looks like you had a little bad luck last night." He said, "Yes, the sheep ran off the bed ground and I got up and got them once and they went again, and I let them go to hell." I said, "Well, that is pretty expensive work."

As we drove these sheep along I noticed four or five head of sheep that were limping because they had been bitten, and I said to him, "Did the coyotes do that?" He said, "No, this old black dog did." So I said, "Well, he would have to watch her. I never said any more. When we got up to the corral, I said, "If the rest of the men were here now we could cut the lambs out of this herd," and he said, "If you want them through the chute, I can put them through the chute for you." I said, "Alright, that is what we got them here for." After a little I heard this dog biting one and I hollered at him and told him to watch the dog and don't let her bite any. He said, "Well, she hasn't bit any yet." In a short time I heard her chewing on another one, so I stopped the sheep and told him we would wait until the other fellows came. After they got there, we finished with that herd and were sitting out in the shade and I said to Tom Tice, "After we get these sheep cut out I think you better execute some dogs or we won't have any sheep." And he spoke up and said, "If it is this black dog you are talking about, you don't need to execute her. I will quit and take her with me." I said, "Well, that suits me." After he got his dinner he took his sheep back out of the corral, and that is all I saw of him.

Well, he asked me if I didn't remember the fellow whose dog I was going to kill, and I said, no, that I didn't. He said, "Well, it's a good thing that you didn't kill that dog, or I would have killed you."

So the day that I got away, we were sitting there and he had the gun in his hand, and he said, "I am awful sleepy, you better go put that chain on you,

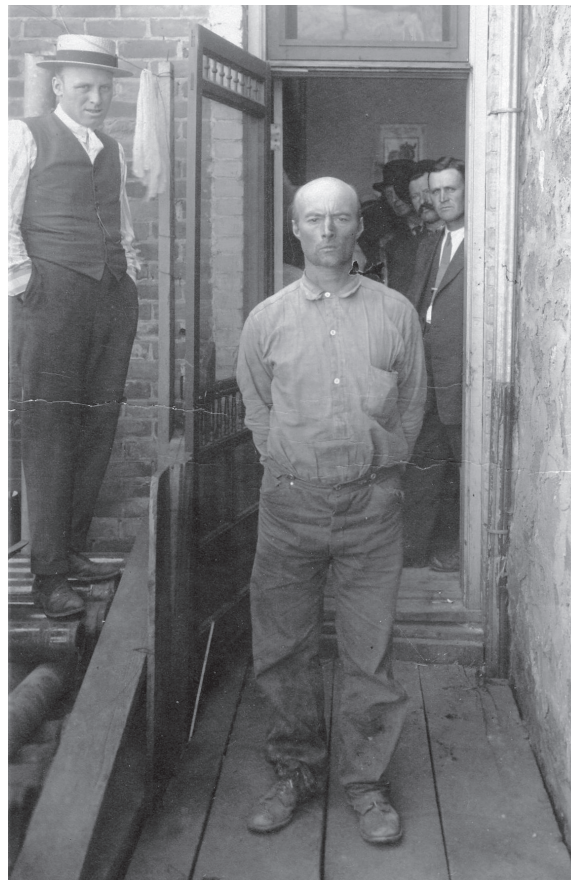
and I will go to sleep, and I said, "Oh, I don't want that chain on me. I feel like a coyote chained up." So, he said, "Well, I guess I can stay awake," and after a little, he went and laid down on his bed under the brush which hung right out over his bed. I sat there a while and then got up to get me a drink of water out of a water sack that we had. As I poured a drink of water out, I happened to turn my head and noticed him laying on his arm with the gun in his hand and his face toward me. I thought to myself, he is asleep. I didn't drink the water, but I threw it away and watched him a minute or two and decided he was sound asleep. The brush was so thick that there was only one way for me to get out of there and that was to get down on my hands and knees and crawl through it for 50 yards so I just took it easy and got a little ways at a time. I knew that if he wasn't asleep he would get up and tell me to come back but as he never said anything I kept crawling until I got to where I could get up on my feet. Then I started to run but I didn't run very far until I decided I had better not run as I wasn't certain whether there were more than him implicated in this.

Mr. Spence Covert was running a sawmill I would judge about three miles from where we were. So I made for this sawmill. The reason was he asked me one day what I would do if he turned me loose or if I got away and I told him there were two or three saddle horses down in that field at the ranch and if I got either one of them I could be in Idaho Falls in an hour, so I think he decided that I had gone to the ranch but didn't undertake to follow me. Instead he went to Cummerlli ranch and there

is where they captured him. As soon as I got to the mill, Mr. Covert blew the whistle on the engine and called the men and sent part of them to Herman to warn my folks that I had got away and that he was still at large.

He also sent Dennis Covert over to the Cummerlli ranch to tell them. So he told them the story about my getting away and that he was still at large. Mrs. Cummerlli listened to the story. Then she turned around and looked out of the window facing the west and he was just coming across a bridge so she said to her man, "John, here comes this fellow now." John said, "Oh, I guess not, you are always seeing things." She said, "Well, I'll tell you it is." Covert got up with his shot gun and met him right around the corner of the house and told him to stop where he was and Dean said, "What is the matter?" I am only a working man looking for work," and Covert said, "Then it won't hurt you to put up your hands." So he put his hands up a little ways and Covert saw

a gun on him and he said, "Oh, you carry shootin irons do you," and he said, "Well, you better throw it away." So, Dean threw this gun away and Covert said, "Is that all you got?" And Mrs. Cummerlli said, "No, you haven't. You got another one. Throw it away." He never paid any attention to her but she had a 30-30 rifle in her hands and she shot right by his hand. Then his hands shot straight up in the air and they saw this other gun on him and Covert told him to throw that away and then he acknowledged who he was and they held him there until they got help and then the sheriffs had got up to our ranch by that



Kidnapper, Leonidas Dean

time and sent word up to have him brought down to our ranch. These fellows, they took him along a different road and met the deputy sheriff at Pole Bridge and turned him over to the sheriff and they in turn brought him to Idaho Falls.

Well, I left the Covert's sawmill with a bunch of men — my uncle, Joe Empey, was included in the bunch and we went to the ranch and sat up all night 40 or 50 men waiting until morning. The sheriff wanted me to take him back to this place where we had been camping to see if we could find the stuff but he had moved it and told where he had moved it but we never could find it. That same day Earl Wright came up with a Ford car and got me and brought me down home on the 24th of July. As soon as I got home they took me right up to Lincoln where these detectives were. I told them the story and told them just what this Dean had told me and they listened to the story and when I got through, detective Edwards got up and came over and shook hands with me and said, "Mr. Empey, you are a mighty lucky man that you got away. He said, "That fellow intended to kill you whether he got the money or not." They traced him up and he was born and raised in Salem, Utah. He pleaded guilty and they gave him from one to ten years in the State Penitentiary. The judge told me that was all that he could give him under the law. When that law was made it was intended for people like man and wife who might separate and the court would see that the family went to the Mother and the man might in time kidnap the children and the law was strict enough for that but it didn't cover this case. He broke out down at Boise and went and held a widow woman and her boy in a ranch and tried to get \$500 out of them, and they got him again and sent him back there and gave him two years extra for that.

He served them out and then went to Coleville where he kidnapped two other boys and they got him there and sent him to Utah State Penitentiary for life. While he was there in Salt Lake, he and another prisoner were boxing and the other fellow knocked him down and he hit his head on the cement floor and it killed him.

SECTION 35

FRANKLIN & EFFIE
GARDNER FAMILY

by Val Crow

Franklin and Effie (Clements) Gardner came to Southeastern Idaho under different circumstances from Central Utah about 1903.

Frank, as he was always called, came from Annabelle, Utah after the death of his young wife and brought three young children to Idaho.

Frank's father was Elias Gardner a pioneer who first joined the LDS church in Nauvoo, Ill. during 1841 and came west in 1848 in the Brigham Young company. He had a total of 9 wives during his life, the first two died leaving him with children. After becoming a Latter Day Saint, he had 7 plural wives and settled in Annabelle, Utah.

After his death, one of his wives, Ellen Elizabeth (Abbot) Gardner came to the Ammon Area with her grown sons and they all took homesteads south of Ammon. They were responsible for the construction of the Gardner Canal from Iona along the foothills past their property and ending at Taylor Creek at the south end of Ammon Rd.

Frank was the youngest son of Elias and Emily Ann (Abbot), a sister of Ellen Elizabeth, and was the



Frank & Effie Gardner family, 1938. Front row, l to r: Dean (Overdorf), Pearl (Crow), Effie Gardner, Frank Gardner; back row, l to r: Owen Gardner, Earl Gardner, Iris (Crow) Glen Clark, Raymond Gardner, Irving Gardner.

last of his 44 children. At the death of Frank's wife he came to Idaho about 1903, shortly after the arrival of Ellen Elizabeth and her family. His full sister Lois (Gardner) Winder was apparently already in the area and it is likely he came to Idaho as a widower with children to be near family.

Effie and Frank had dated in Utah and so were already acquainted. Effie chose to marry another and following an unhappy marriage was divorced and took her two young boys, Raymond and Glen Clark to live with her parents, Royal Clements and Lucy Annie Kendall in Springville, Utah. She came to Idaho with her parents and settled with them in the Thornton area. She took work in a creamery in Rigby to support her family and was found there by Lois (Gardner) Winder, Frank's sister. Shortly thereafter Frank came to see her and prevailed upon her to take his children and board them and see they got to school.

Frank and Effie courted and were married in January of 1906. They lived in the Labelle area while Frank worked for various local farmers. In 1916 Frank filed on a homestead on Mill Creek in the foothills south of Ammon and the family spent time both there and in Labelle. They sold the Mill Creek Ranch to Ora Beasley and with the proceeds from that and the Labelle property, came to Ammon in October of 1924 and bought a home in the village with property that fronted on Central Ave and also Rawson St. from Mary Denning and her children's estate after her husband Phillip had died. Frank also was purchasing a farm in Pleasant View neighboring Walter Crow to the west along the Hillside canal where he had a house and the family lived there most of the time, Effie also lived in Ammon partime for school for the children and other convenience. The courtship and marriage of their children, Raymond, Iris and Pearl to Nina, Jesse and Orval Crow, respectively, resulted from their acquaintance as neighbors there in Pleasant View also called Hog Hollow.

Frank's health failed and he turned the farm over to his youngest son Earl and he and Effie moved permanently to the home in Ammon about 1938.

Frank and Effie lived there until their deaths in 1948 and 1964 respectively. Frank and Effie's Children were **Raymond** Gardner (took the Gardner name officially instead of Clark when adopted by Frank) married Nina Crow, **Glen Clark** (even though adopted by Frank preferred to keep his name as Clark), married Lizzie Saxton, **Owen**, married Zelma Empey, **Iris**, married Jesse Crow, **Irving**, married Pearl Rowbury, **Dean**, married James Overdorf, **Earl**, married Josephine Jensen, **Pearl**, married Orval Crow. Jesse and Nina Crow were brother and sister to Walter Crow, father of Orval.

The Gardner property in Ammon is still the residence of family members, daughters Pearl Crow and Iris Crow, as well as Dorian Crow (grandson), Val Crow (grandson) Jeff Crow (ggrandson) as of this writing, Sept. 2010.

Effie's parents, Royal and Lucy Annie (Kendall) Clements moved from Teton Valley to Ammon in the late 1920's in their advanced age and bought property near Lucy Annie's nephew, Levi Barzee, on the north western side of Western Avenue. Lucy Annie (Kendall) Clements and Levi Barzee's mother, Ada (Kendall) Barzee were sisters. Royal and Lucy sold the property to Levi's brother Clark Barzee in 1939 when they were no longer able to live on their own after their unmarried son James died. They then moved to Thornton area to live with their son Sterling, father of Ammon resident Levi (Dorothy) Clements, who coincidently lived on property Levi's grandfather once owned at the corner of Western Ave and Hillam.



Effie and children at Frank's funeral, April 1948

SECTION 36

JOSEPHINE FRANCISCA VON EUW & JOHN HENRY GERNAND

Compiled by Matilda Gernand Ogzewalla

My father, John Henry Gernand, was born 29 January 1846 at Diedenshausen, Westphalia, Germany, a son of George Manus Gernand and Catharine Elisabeth Weller. He was the third child in the family. His oldest little brother died in infancy. He had two other brothers John and George, and only one sister named Catharine, who died at the age of 29 in childbirth. The little girl she bore, also named Catharine, was reared by Uncle John and his wife, who never had children of their own.

I have never known the details of John Henry Gernand coming to America, or for sure how old he was when he came. I thought he was 20 or 24 years old. Father always felt his mother's death was premature because she grieved so at his leaving. If he left Germany at age 24, then his father was dead 2 years. Father was the only Gernand to come to America, and if his father had already passed away, it would make it even harder on the poor mother to have her son go so far away. Father always told us his mother died shortly after he left, but never mentioned his father's death that I ever remember.

I do know he left Germany to dodge the draft, the four year compulsory military training that his country required of its young men. About 12 years Fred Gernand, father's cousin, came to America and moved to Iowa. Father never went back to visit his native land, but he did correspond regularly with his brothers or Uncle George's girls up until the time of his death. He passed away at the age of 80 years and 6 months to the day on 29 July 1926, at an Idaho Falls, Idaho hospital. Mother could not read or write German, so after his death she wrote to Fred. (Fred had lived with us and worked for my father). Fred sent for his sweetheart from Germany, and after they were married they moved to Iowa.

My mother, Josephine Francisca Von Euw, was born 11 March 1859 at Red Bud, Randolph County, Illinois, daughter of Joseph Carolus Meinrad Von Euw and Elizabeth Weber. She was the eldest of 4 children. Her father enlisted in the Civil War when she was two and one half years old. Her brothers, Alexander and Meinrad, and her little sister Emma all died while their father was away. All three were a year or so old. Her mother later married John Rudolph Blatter, a buddy of Meinrad who was in Andersonville prison. Both men were from Switzerland.



Joseph Carolus Meinrad Von Euw

Mother was very severely mistreated by her step father Rudolph Blatter. He nearly beat her to death and Uncle Jake Weber, her guardian who was her mother's brother, took Josephine to his home. Elizabeth had a big family, one baby after another, and needed Josephine badly, so Uncle Jake consented to let her go back home. Mother told me many a

time that she never went to a dance or a party or could play and have fun but WORK, WORK, WORK –more of a slave, one might say. But of course everyone had to work those days. She was just mortally afraid of Rudolph. He was rough and mean to his own children, and especially to her. She said she could never forgive him until after she joined the church and understood the gospel. My mother, Josephine, was a good woman. She couldn't do enough for her church or her neighbors. Paying her tithing and keeping the word of wisdom was easy for her. She never talked about people. My father didn't either. I never did hear gossip at any time in my parent's home.

My folks were married 31 March 1878. There were 4 of us, all girls. Emma, Katy, Anna, and me. Father felt bad about not having any boys. He used to say in German that the Gernand name was “died out.” Uncle John Gernand had no children at all; Uncle George had one son who was killed in WW1 when he was only 18, so father was right as far as that particular family was concerned.

Father, John Henry Gernand, had 360 acres of land. A great deal of it was timber land. He used to saw the trees down and grub the stumps out. He would have a “working” as they called it, or log rollings after the trees were felled. They would be rolled into huge piles and burned. It took many men to do this. In the winter someone would have a “working.” No one was invited, but it was told around and neighbors would turn out to help each other. The wives would cook a good dinner. Some neighbor lady would come in to help cook. Most of the time, not always, if the farmer having the “working” had an uncarpeted room there would be a dance that night and he would pay the fiddler and pay for the keg of beer. Most young men would work like the dickens for that treat. (Good dinner, dance and beer!). These working days when people helped each other were common things in those days.

Speaking of carpets, they were rag carpets woven on a “loom.” The warp was closer together than are used here. It was very durable and could be made to look very attractive. The rags were thin and the

warp close. Mother had a carpet put in squares and it looked checked and matched. It was very pretty. Fresh straw was put under it to make a padding. At spring house cleaning, new straw would be put in and what a clean sweet smell a room had. Mrs. Mary Keller, Will Keller's step mother, wove carpets for 10 cents per yard. She was an expert at it, but imagine – 10 cents per yard!

Our tables were set with a knife and fork and the plate turned upside down over them. The spoons were in a spoon holder and sugar in the sugar bowl. Layer cakes were on a cake stand. I never saw a dripper pan cake. And of course coffee was cooked in a big coffee pot. Coffee beans were bought whole and ground with a grinder. I can still see mother (Josephine) with the square grinder between her knees grinding away and smell that aroma. We had so much timber that we used oak and hickory for our stoves. We always had stacks and stacks of neatly split stove length pieces for the kitchen stove and lengths cut from smaller trees, sometimes left as they were or if the piece was too big it was split for the heater. A log of hickory would last all day or all night. We had a big box in the kitchen and this was kept full. It was our job (us girls) to fill the wood box each evening. When Willie Gruber lived with us he did that, but I had to get in the “chips.” Chopping wood made a lot of chips. Instead of saying, “Get the kindling in”, it would be chips. And boy! Those people could saw too. No jerking and pulling, but working evenly.

We smoked our meat with hickory wood. Everybody had a smoke house back in Illinois. Butchering days were something to be remembered. Neighbor again helping neighbor, we would kill 4, 5 or 6 fat hogs in one day, according to the size of one's family. This was also our lard supply. People ate meat back there, and I do mean “ate.” Phillip Keller was a good butcher and he helped everyone around there. He was Will Keller, my brother-in law's father and our close neighbor. Will learned the knack of splitting the small intestines so they were thin as thin. These would be made into 2 or 3 yard lengths and stuffed with delicious tasting ground sausage meat. We owned a sausage grinder and stuffer and lard



Standing: Emma, Anna, Katy; seated: Josephine Von Euw Gernand and Henry Gernand; front: Tillie

press. From the cracklings and skins mother made soap. Meat was cut up into hams, shoulders, bacon and so on; the fat cut up and rendered, the lean and different kinds of meat was ground for these sausages flavored with garlic or spices as our taste might call for. I've seen Phillip Keller roll up his sleeves to his elbow and mix ground sausage meat in a great big tub. The heart, tongue and head meat was cooked and made into what we called "liver sausage", but we didn't use much liver. Mother said liver made it too strong. This was stuffed into the large ruffly intestines and cooked again after stuffing...I suppose to cook the intestines. This kind couldn't be split, but were washed and washed and washed, salted and again washed. Bigger chunks of heart and tongue and some fat were stuffed into the stomach and also cooked after, and each stomach after it was cooked was pressed between boards to make it solid. It was called schwaddermagen.

The women would cut the fat off the "guts" and this was rendered separately. Even the feet were cleaned. Pickled pig feet were a delicacy. I like them still. Back in Illinois pigs were called pigs: shoats were shoats, and hogs were hogs. When we came west, people would call a 300 pound hog a pig and it sounded odd to us.

We didn't kill much beef. We had no way of keeping it. In each town there was a small butcher shop where we could buy that. Another thing that was typically Eastern or probably German was the "New Year shooters." A group of young men, 10, 12 or more, would come to each home New Year's eve, say a little rhyme wishing them a happy New Year; and then each would shoot his gun that had a paper wad rammed in. It would make a loud noise. I always looked forward to these events. At each home the boys would be invited in and given a treat. Mother would have cake and pie and some of this schwaddermagen, and that went over well, for it was a change from so many sweets. At one old man's house, he gave the boys hard cider. It was almost the last place that night...they always started early and ended up at midnight. It made them all sick and much vomiting was done on the way home. They blamed it onto the hard cider, but they were probably so stuffed they would have vomited anyway.

People made their own vinegar from apple cider. We also made barrels of sauerkraut. We had a regular wooden maul made for that purpose to pound it down. We had a big kraut cutter. This was another big day.

Another big day was apple butter day. We had a 30 gallon copper kettle that we cooked it in. The day before we would have 2 apple peelers going, and everyone would work late into the night getting the apples cut into fourths and cored and ready for next morning's start. If we had plenty of apples so this could be done, we would cook the apples in cider; if not, we'd start cooking them with water. When they would cook down a little, more apples were added and this would go on until all apples were cooking; and then we cooked it 6 or 8 hours more from the time the last apples were added. Sugar and spices

would be put in the last half hour. We had a wooden “stirrer.” It may have had a name. If it did I’ve forgotten it. The apples had to be stirred constantly, using a slow fire. If it cooked too hard it would splatter all over and stick and burn. Such smooth, reddish brown apple butter no one ever tasted, unless they have eaten some made this way. Eight or ten gallons each fall was our goal. Sometimes the Elders would happen to be there and help. Every Elder said he had never tasted such good apple butter, and it was cooked so long and well that it didn’t spoil easily.

The Elders of that long ago time wore split tailed coats and a “katy hat.” One could recognize Mormon Elders for a mile away. The next thing that sounded peculiar to us when we came west was to hear people say we had a storm, or were going to have a storm, when in reality they only meant an ordinary rain. To us back East a storm meant a storm! This was before I was born, but I heard it from my parents, of how a cyclone took the roof off their home. When a storm came at night, mother would get up, light the lamp (which of course was a kerosene or “coal oil” one as we called it), get fully dressed, watch the lightening, shudder at the thunder, and walk the floor. Father would lay in bed and “let it storm.” This day when the cyclone came, mother saw it and hollered upstairs to where dad was laying reading. (He was a great reader). It must have been Sunday or already have rained or he wouldn’t have been inside reading if work could be done. He barely got downstairs when the roof came off slick and clean as if one would take a lid off a kettle, and set it down about 500 feet away from the house.

As was mentioned before, my parents were baptized in 1888. Mother (Josephine) was baptized 2 April, 1888 by Ernest S. Penrose and confirmed the same day by Charles A. Terry. Father was baptized almost a month later on the 30 April, 1888 by Charles A. Terry and confirmed by an Elder Peterson, a new companion. Elder Penrose wrote to my folks all through the years. I have a letter here written to them dated 1921. He was the son of Charles A. Penrose, who later was put in the First Presidency of the Church. It was a very fruitful field at that time in Southern

Illinois. My folks, the Blatter family and two of the Blatter girls and their husbands and families also came into the church. But since that early day, not one solitary soul there has joined, except my husband and Will Keller, Katy’s husband and her children. No one outside of our family, I mean.

There were quite a few spiritualistic people around that part. Uncle Jake Weber was a believer in it. He talked spiritualism so much that Father hated to be around him. Uncle Jake was a mild tempered man who spoke slow and softly. He was Grandma Blatter’s (Elizabeth) brother and she must have been sort of inclined toward that belief also. This was, of course, before our people had heard about Mormonism. I remember mother telling of some of the meetings she had attended. The small group would sit in a semi-circle around a table in darkness and silence. Whether they had prayer, I don’t remember her saying. Anyway, everyone



Josephine Von Euw Gernand

would sit quietly and wait for the spirits to come. A tambourine was paced on the table and shaken by them, and some matches were on the table also. In the dark a person can draw a line with the head of a match and a luminous streak will show. In this way the spirit would show his height. One said that he had been a king that lived before Jesus Christ was born. Mother (Josephine) asked if it was necessary to be baptized. He said "No." You could also ask them about any of your dead relatives. What the answer would be I've never heard or what else the spirits told the audience. One said he had to be at another meeting in DuQuoin or Benton, towns 10 or 15 miles away, at a certain hour so their flight must have been instantaneous. I don't know if they all spoke through a medium or not, but there was a woman whom they spoke through. Mother said she seemed to be in a daze or sleep and knew nothing what was going on; but she was their mouthpiece. Good old Uncle Jake and Aunt Lizzie joined our church in 1912. We were so happy about that.

One Elder, Victor D. Candland, hurt Uncle Jake's feelings terribly by telling him spiritualism was from the devil. Elder Candland had a deep voice. I can remember him distinctly even though I was just a little girl. Of course, the Elder was right, but we can't hurt people. It took a long time for Uncle Jake to get over that insult to want to listen to other Elders. He always spoke German and got after us kids if we refused to speak it. I guess I was the most rebellious one.

Throughout the years the Blatters moved to Idaho. Only my folks remained. After my husband and the Kellers joined in 1917, we moved to Lorenzo, Idaho the following year. That left my folks (Josephine and Henry Gernand) there alone. Mother cried like a baby when we left. She was very unhappy there and wanted to come West. Father hated to move and leave the farm unsold, but he did, and it wasn't long until they sold it. I guess it was about 1 ½ years later they moved in with us. They came in November and stayed through the winter. It was these few months that Father and Gernell had such a good time together. Gernell died in May shortly after they had moved to Ammon, Idaho.

When they moved to Ammon they had a few chickens and a nice spot where they raised a good garden. Having worked hard all his life, he couldn't stand to be idle, but we were glad he could have it easier. He and mother were custodians of their ward for a year or so. This, however, we felt was too much work for either one of them, but they had to have something to do.

In August 1926, Father had an operation, a tumor on his spine internally. He wasn't given a general anesthetic, only a local. He could see and hear what was going on. He said the doctors took out his "insides" and laid them on his chest while they worked on him. He seemed to get along alright. We worried about him because of his age (80). The incision wouldn't heal and he died of blood poisoning 29 July 1926.

All her life mother (Josephine) could find things to do. Quilts were her specialty. She made hundreds of them throughout her life. Many a quilt we girls got as Christmas gifts. Each one of her grandchildren received one after her death. Mother lived 14 years after father's death. She died 2 November 1940. She was 81 years and 7 months old; loved and respected by her many friends and neighbors. She had lived alone in their Ammon home. She rented the front part so in reality she wasn't altogether alone. All she had to do if she became ill was to knock on the middle door and the tenants, which were such wonderful people, would be there to give her assistance. The lady came in every day to see how she was. It was such a relief to know this.

Mother and Father had received their Endowments 24 June 1921 in the Logan Temple. We children were sealed to them at different times later. They both lived and died faithful members of the Church, with a strong testimony of the gospel. God bless their memory.

The following are some memories Violet Cora Josephine Keller, grand daughter of Josephine Gernand, has of Josephine in 1927:

Monday June 6; Got up early and came to Grandmas'. Got here about 11 o'clock. Ironed for Grandma this afternoon. Dad calcimined the front room ceiling.

Tuesday June 7; Grandma and I papered the front room

Wednesday June 8; I painted 4 doors and baseboards. Went to town with Andors. Went to a Genealogical meeting and saw Aunt Olga, Aunt Dora and Aunt Bertha and Uncle John and Gottlieb and Andors. Aunt Olga and Uncle Andors were the only ones of my relatives who knew me. The rest said I had grown so much and Uncle Gottlieb asked which one of Katie's girls I was. Grandma said I was the youngest and that I was 17. They were surprised.

Thursday June 9; Went over doors and baseboards with another coat of paint.

Friday June 10; I varnished 5 chairs, a rocker, and a table. In the afternoon we took boxes of junk to the coal shed.

Saturday June 11; Mopped Grandma's kitchen floor and helped her get dinner. Dad came after me at 10:30; left Grandma's about 1 pm and got home about 5.

*This information furnished by great grand daughter
Linda Riggs Manning*

SECTION 37

HAROLD & GRACE HAMMER

Jasper John Hammer

by Charlotte Hammer Singley

Jasper John Hammer was born September 2, 1871 to Austin Hammer and Sarah Jane Paine in Smithfield, Utah. As a small boy he moved with his parents to Kaneshville, Utah where they resided until his father Austin died of what we now know as a burst appendix. At that time little was known and there were no anti-biotics or his life might have been saved. At this time Jasper was seventeen years old and Austin's death left a family of ten children without a father and in meager circumstances. Although he

had older sisters and brothers, they looked to Jasper for advice and counsel and at a tender age it became necessary for him to go to work to help the family.

Jasper, even at this early age, was born a Nimrod and a gun and rod in his hands were as tools. He was taught by older brothers how to use his gun and rod but was admonished to use it only for good and only enough for their use. Because he was an excellent marksman this helped out materially. He would go to the lake near their home and return with wild ducks which he prepared for cooking and that developed into a regular business for this lad. After preparing the ducks, he wrapped them in rhubarb leaves and carried them five miles to Ogden on foot, selling them to ladies who were happy to help this eager boy in his first business venture. He established regular customers and soon needed another method to take his birds to market, always taking his earnings to his mother. Living was very difficult for sometime and one pair of shoes a year is all he had. He had two older brothers William and Joseph who went to work, they too assisted in the sustenance of the family. His two sisters Sarah and Millie went into homes to do house work. The family continued a happy, healthy existence.

On September 17, 1890 Jasper married his sweetheart, a neighbor girl named Sarah Ann Bartlett, in the Logan Temple. They were both 19 years old. They began their lives together on Wilson Lane, just west of Ogden, Utah. Jasper had work at a dairy there. He learned the business well and later did well in a dairy business of his own.

In 1892 this adventurous couple decided to make a new home in Idaho because money was becoming very hard to come by. Late in the summer they began to prepare and start the long trek by team and wagon to Woodville, Idaho where his sister Millie and Heber on the Snake River, three miles west of Shelley, Idaho. They were real pioneers. They built a one room log cabin which had a sod roof and no floor until lumber could be shipped in from Salt Lake City. There was no glass in the windows for a time and only a cow hide for a door. These luxuries must come later. Other settlers began coming. Jasper was

very busy. He added another room to the first, built sheds, fencing, grubbed sagebrush, cleared land, built a sled like conveyance to haul water from the Snake River for housing needs. The animals were all driven to water at the Snake River night and morning.

As nights grew cooler, wood became a concern. The cedar grew in abundance on the Lava beds, west of Woodville and could be had for the taking. Much thought and concern was given on how to bring it home as there were many deep crevasses into which a horse could fall and break a leg, which would necessitate killing the horse, and the loss of a horse to a pioneer family was a grave thing as horses were hard to come by. There was little money among these men so ingenuity, trial and error were necessary. There was a great need for wood so the men planned to avoid the Lava beds until a heavy fall had come. After two or three hard freezes they could go in a crowd to cut and trim wood, sell it by the cord in Eagle Rock and that is how they would get money for much needed groceries for the winter.

I remember of seeing the men come in from the Lava's with their loads of wood. The horses were gaunt and covered with white frost to appear as phantom horses. The ice cycles hanging from their nostrils, the men huddled around a tub on their load, burning wood to keep from freezing to death. All for that precious load of cedar wood to sustain the needs of their families. Thus Woodville got its name.



Jasper John Hammer House, 1910, on the southeast corner of Ammon Road and 17th Street

Jasper was a man of great faith, prayerful and humble. He traveled miles on horse back to administer to the sick. He had a gift of healing and many were healed under his hands through God. He was blessed with an unusual gift of healing and people who were ill would send for him. He never refused to go, many times riding miles on horse back or buggy to sit with and administer to the sick. The Lord honored this servant and many were made whole through his faith and theirs.

In the late fall of 1905 the family moved to Ammon, Idaho, four miles east of Idaho Falls. He traded farms with John Chaffin of Ammon. He could see the children would have a much better education because of the superior schools in this area and knew he would do better supporting his family. Three children were born in Ammon, making a total of ten. Jasper later purchased 23 acres across the street from James Southwick, making 52 acres that he now owned. In 1908 he started a dairy with 15 cows, selling milk in Idaho Falls, which was the first dairy in Idaho Falls and this presented the need for more land. He began to build his herd until he had 50 cows milking. He usually kept 60 cows, but some were always dry.

In 1914, my sister Flora married Marvin J. Anderson in the Salt Lake Temple as he returned from his mission in Maine. In 1915 my father, Jasper, was called on a mission to Georgia under President Charles A. Callis, where he served for two years. My



Hammer Family 1913. Back row: William, Charlotte, Lewis; front row: Flora, Harold, Sarah, Iletta, Jasper, Ella

brothers Will, Lewis, and Harold ran the Dairy and farm while he was away. When he returned from his mission he sold the Dairy as he believed it was keeping my brothers from attending church. He knew the great importance of this. While he was in Georgia, he met the Thomas Singley family who were planning on moving West. Later I was to meet my husband, William Carson Singley of this family

After World War 1 ended work became scarce. Prices for farmers stayed good until 1920. On October 5, 1921, I (Charlotte) married William Carson Singley in the Salt Lake Temple. Then came the depression in 1921. In 1929 the crash came. Prices continued to fall until beets were \$6.00 per ton., wheat \$1.00 per bushel and less, hay \$4.00 a ton. The farmer was bankrupt. My father had bought land in 1918, when prices were high, so that the boys would have work. The home and farm were mortgaged in order to make the down payment. He could see that he could never come out and decided to give up his holding and return to Utah, where my parents were both born. That was very hard on my parents. They had spent 32 years in Idaho and loved the state. In 1924 after a total of 19 years in Ammon, my parents and two unmarried daughters moved to Taylor, Utah, just four miles west of Ogden, Utah. They were among my mothers family and my father was well accepted there. They were very happy and well accepted by their friends and loved ones. My father never quite got over giving up his Ammon home where they had spent the best 19 years of their lives.

The name "Hammer's Corner still clings to that corner in Ammon by the older people who remember my parents. This is now the SE corner of 17th street and Ammon Lincoln highway.

Sarah Ann Bartlett Hammer

by William Bartlett and Iletta Hammer

Sarah Ann was born September 24, 1871 at Laketown, Rich County, Utah. Soon after her birth she moved with her family to Almy, Wyoming. They prospered here and raised cattle and put wild hay up on which to feed them during the winter. The growing season was short and there was plenty of snow and freezing weather for about six months of the year. Sarah lived with her parents in a log house. The logs would creek with the frost and the windows would be covered with frost about ½ inches thick most of the winter. Almy Wyoming was a mining town. A train would be loaded with coal and haul it to Evanston, Wyoming. It passed rather close to their home, and Sarah and her sister Charlotte would gather wild currants in ten pound lard buckets. The engineer would stop and help them into the cab of the engine and take them to Evanston to sell their currants. Those rides held many thrills for them. The money they received from the currants they could spend for themselves. Most of it was spent for brilliant hair ribbons.

When Sarah was nearly thirteen, the family moved to a farm at Kanesville, Weber County, Utah.

Her father cut and loaded two railroad cars and shipped them to Ogden so they could be hauled to the farm. Sarah and her sister Jane, who was around ten years of age, rode horses and drove the cattle from Almy to Kanesville while their father drove the wagon. Their mother and younger children remained at Almy until their father and older daughters could build a cabin.

Since there were no boys in the family old enough to help on the farm, Sarah and Jane became the farm hands; doing not only the chores, but all the



Harold and Grace Hammer with daughter, Virginia, 1926

jobs necessary like plowing, planting, and cutting hay and grain, irrigating, hauling and shocking grain. Her father often said he would rather have them than hired men. Once when Sarah was harrowing with the old three section steel harrow, she left the horses standing and went for a drink of water. They started and the lines turned them short around and tipped one section of the harrow over so that the sharp teeth were up. One of the horses fell on them and ten of the teeth entered his body. He was the favorite horse on the farm. Her father was about to kill him, but Sarah, heart broken, begged him not to do it. For weeks the matter oozed from the wounds, but three times a day she washed them with warm antiseptic water. The horse recovered and lived to an old age. This was typical of her tender heart. No human being or dumb animal, if she were near them, ever suffered alone if she could help them.

Sarah did not get much schooling because of being needed late in the autumn to harvest crops and early in the spring to plant them. After she was married at age 19 and living in Woodville, Idaho, she got a real taste of pioneering. Life was easier when they lived in Ammon. When her husband Jasper was on his mission Bishop Leonard G. Ball called her to be President of the Relief Society with Mrs. Nels Lee's and Olga Blatter as councilors where she served very efficiently.

She came from poor humble stock and she lived her life as best she knew how under the circumstances. She was kind, generous, and patient; courages, virtuous and noble. She was blessed with ten children.

Harold Hartland Hammer Life Sketch

by Jerold J. Hammer his son

Harold Hartland Hammer was born 18 March 1902 at Woodville, Bingham, Idaho, the sixth child, fourth son of Jasper John Hammer and Sarah Ann Bartlett. Harold's parents had moved from Ogden, Utah to Woodville, Idaho in 1892. They cleared the land, hauled water from the Snake River for household use and gathered wood from the

Lava beds west of Woodville where the cedar trees grew in abundance. The family lived in humble circumstances yet strived to progress and put their faith in God. When Harold was two years old a ward was organized from the Woodville Branch and his father, Jasper was called as the first bishop of the ward. In late fall of 1905 when Harold was 3 the family moved to Ammon, Idaho where the family would be closer to Idaho Falls where the children would have opportunity for a better education and Jasper felt he could better support his family. Three more children were born while the family lived in Ammon.

In 1908 the family started a dairy with 15 cows. The milk was sold in Idaho Falls. The family helped with the operation of the dairy, especially the boys. They usually kept a herd of 60 cows but some were always dry, so there were ordinarily 50 cows to milk night and morning. As the boys grew older more land was needed so 80 acres were rented west of the home place for hay and pasture land.

A new home had been built in 1910 by Harold's father. It had 8 rooms and accommodated the family very well. There were trees and flowers planted. The corner where they lived was called Hammer Corner by all in the valley. The home was a gathering place for family that came in horse and buggies from Woodville to spend a night or two. They always brought oysters and oyster crackers, and with the abundance of milk and cream the big meal was always oyster stew. A wonderful time was had with music and dancing. Harold's father played the harmonica, accordion and the fiddle. His mother always danced a jig, sometimes the boys in the family would join her and they would have a real hoe down.

The family sang a lot, old songs, and church songs. They played games, popped popcorn, and had crisp apples from the cellar. It was so fun for the children to sleep on the floor with their cousins; however there was not much sleeping because of the laughter, the jokes and the ghost stories. They could always catch up on their sleep when the cousins left. Family togetherness was always important and before the relatives left Harold's mother would suggest a

testimony meeting. Family prayers before bedtime was a habit in the family.

When Harold was 13 his father, Jasper, was called on a church mission to Georgia. He was gone two years leaving Harold, along with his two older brothers, Will and Lewis to run the dairy. In the winter Harold would get up at 4:00 A.M., harness the horses, and hitch them to a sleigh wagon and go to the sugar factory in Lincoln to get beet pulp to feed the cattle. The beet pulp had to be shoveled into the wagon bed by hand, hauled back home, then shoveled back out again for the cattle to eat. After the morning trip Harold ate a hot breakfast and walked to school, usually with his sister Iletta. After school he would take the trip again to get the beet pulp. The trip to Lincoln was about three miles and temperatures were below freezing, most times well below zero. 'Harold would be so tired after the evening trip and other chores, he would come in and straddle the kitchen chair backwards, lay his head over the back of the chair and be asleep almost immediately.

Harold had a special fondness for his younger sister Iletta. When she was feeling sad Harold always knew where to find her and how to cheer her up. When they were older he started taking her to dances. Even when he had dates, he invited Iletta to go with he and his date. Iletta's birthday came during threshing time and usually got lost in the flurry of harvesting and feeding the threshing crew. One birthday Iletta was especially sad and went to her favorite place to hide her tears. Harold came and said after he was finished with the milking he was taking her out to dinner with a banana split for desert. Just the two of them went and had a wonderful time. Iletta felt so proud that her older brother was so kind and thoughtful with her. He always looked out for her, taught her to dance, helped her over the rough times, let her know when the boys who asked her out were okay to go with or were not the kind of fellows she should go with. Harold and his school chums delighted in tormenting substitute or new teachers. Instead of giving their real names, they would give false ones. One time Harold said his name was Cyrus

Hammer. It stuck with him as a nickname and many people knew him as "Cy" for the rest of his life.

Most of the milk was sold in Idaho Falls and was delivered daily. Sometimes Harold ran the milk route. When he did, he brought a box of candy home for his younger sisters that was shared by all. During the summer months there were many jobs to do, thinning and weeding beets, putting the grain in shocks to dry and still of course the cows to milk and care for. Harold also worked at some of the neighboring farms to earn extra money. He worked very hard all of his life.

The dairy was sold when Jasper came home from his mission. Jasper felt the dairy was keeping his sons from attending church. The farm land and house were retained. In 1917 when Harold was 15 World War I started and his older brother Lewis went to war. It was very difficult to find help to do the work on the farm, but with all the family helping, the work was accomplished.

Prices for the farmers stayed good until 1920 and with the extra land Jasper had purchased in 1918 there was work enough to support the family. There was a depression in 1921. Prices fell so low that the farmer was bankrupt. In 1924 Jasper gave up the family's holdings and they moved to Utah where he and his wife, Sarah were born.

In 1923 Harold got a job in Lima, Montana with the railroad. While at a dance in Lima he met Grace Mayme Cecilia Lombard, a gregarious, beautiful girl. She was the daughter of William Vincent Lombard and Mildred McKee. When she was 17 she had come to join her father who also worked for the railroad. They were married 16 December 1924 at Idaho Falls, Idaho. At first they lived in Ammon, then after a time they moved to Taylor, Utah to help Harold's father farm. While there a daughter, Virginia Joyce Hammer, was born 10 November 1925. While still living in Utah, on 11 January 1927 Harold and Grace went to the Salt Lake Temple for their temple endowments and marriage sealing with Virginia being sealed to them also. They were active in the church and got along well with other family members.

Harold and Grace moved back to Ammon, Idaho in 1928. Harold worked for the Progressive Irrigation District as a dragline operator for 18 years and also worked for the Idaho Irrigation Company. He helped to build and maintain many of the irrigation canals in the area. One of the continuing jobs was to clean out the silt during the summer months and maintain the banks so they would not wash out. His powers with the dragline were legendary. He had great skill and ability handling that big piece of machinery. His son Jerry, tells of actually seeing his dad, using an egg for demonstration, place the egg in soft dirt, then slowly lowering the large bucket onto the egg, pushing the egg into the dirt without ever breaking the egg.

During the World War II when help was scarce, Jerry worked with his dad for two summers. Often he would have to go across the canal to the opposite bank to clean out the ditches that ran along side the canal. To get across the canal his Dad would put Jerry on the bucket, lift it up to the top, swing it across and set Jerry and the bucket down light as a feather on the other side.

Jerry recalls a time they were building a new diversionary ditch. The engineers had surveyed the ground to determine the proper slope that was required. They had driven stakes every so often to determine what the depth had to be. His dad was digging the ditch. Pretty soon the surveyor ran over stopped him and said, "Mr. Hammer don't you realize that's got to have the proper slope to it otherwise it won't flow the proper way." Dad told him, yes he knew that. The surveyor said, "Why you haven't even got out of this dragline once to go and check to see how deep you are." Dad said he could tell from where he was. The surveyor said that was impossible! He went out and got his measuring instruments, went along measuring and Dad wasn't off more than two inches in anyone place.

Often when the summer work was done Dad would spend the winter months overhauling and repairing the dragline so it would be already to go in the spring. When there wasn't repair work to be done he would work quite often in the potato houses

sorting potatoes. He knew almost all the farmers up and down the valley and was well thought of. As a result of his good reputation with the farmers he was approached by a potato buyer from back east to be a potato buyer for them. This potato company, was The Hinne Finne Company. Most farmers were suspicious of outsiders, especially easterners. The company hired Dad to buy potatoes for them. The company was so amazed that he could talk to the farmers, come up with a fair price, both for the farmers and for the company, then seal the bargain with just a handshake. This was unheard of back east. But they never had a deal ever go sour on them. Of course someone found out that they were buying up most of the potatoes, that Dad didn't have a license to buy potatoes, so Dad had to give up that job.

Three more children were born while in Ammon: Jerold, 1 July 1929; Beverly Grace, 13 October 1931; and Wayne Vincent, 25 November 1933. Harold and Grace loved to fish. Many pleasant family camping and fishing trips were made to Camas Meadows out from Dubois. They camped by and fished in Camas Creek and Spring Creek with their children and with brother Lew and his family. During the winter evenings Harold, Grace, Lew and Louise played pinochle and pitch together. They were not only related, they were great friends.

Harold was of fair complexion, about 5' 10", slim, and had a pleasant nature. He liked popcorn. He was well liked and respected by others. He loved his wife and his children and provided for them. Both he and Grace attended the school activities their children were in and were interested and caring parents. He was well loved and 'respected by his wife and his children.

Harold was ill with stomach ulcers for a period of time before he died. Jerry remembers him having bread in milk in the evenings. In late January of 1949 surgery was performed for bleeding ulcers; however, the doctor found that the ulcers were all dried up. It is believed that there was a mistake during surgery, that perhaps the spleen had been ruptured. Harold was doing fine for a couple of days, then suddenly he became very dehydrated and died February 2,

1949 at the age of 46. There was a severe winter storm at that time. All the roads between Idaho Falls and Ammon were closed so the funeral was delayed until the roads could be opened. Harold was buried February 7, 1949 in the Ammon Cemetery.

Grace Lombard Hammer

Grace Mayme Celcilia Lombard was born December 29, 1906 in Kansas City, Missouri, the first child and only daughter of Mildred McKee and William Vincent Lombard. They lived in Parsons, Labette, Kansas, which was near William Lombard's grandparents. Her father worked for the railroad and as a boilermaker.

According to a cousin, Ella Cantell, Mildred took care of Grandpa Joseph Boner when he was ill before he died, so Grace did have the opportunity to be near her great grandparents. A brother, Charles (Chuck) Thomas was born 18 April 1916. Grace was delighted to have a brother.

Tragedy came into Grace's life on 21 January 1919 when her mother died of pneumonia. Grace was only 12, Chuck was only 2 1/2. Their father had to earn a living so the children were sent to stay with relatives. They eventually ended up in Bremerton, Washington. Grace stayed with her Aunt Pearl Roberts who had married Henry Eckland just the year before and also at times with her Grandmother Kate (Catherine Boner Lombard Roberts).

By living in Bremerton, Washington Grace had the opportunity to be close to the Lombard and Roberts families. Her Grandmother, Catherine Boner Lombard Roberts, who was taking care of Chuck and Grace was able to see both of them often. Grace attended Catholic schools and was a good student.

After graduating from high school she went to join her father who was working for the railroad in Lima, Montana. She kept house for her father and was able to get reacquainted with him. She enjoyed being there, especially the dances. At one of the dances she met a very special man, Harold Hartland Hammer who was also working for the railroad.

Grace and Harold were married in Idaho Falls, Bonneville County, Idaho on 16 December 1924. Harold's brother Lewis and his wife Louisa were the witnesses. Harold had lived in Ammon, Idaho most of his life, so the newly weds settled in Ammon. In the spring of 1925 they moved to Taylor, Utah to help Harold's father 'with the farming. Their first child, Virginia Joyce Hammer was born at home 10 November 1925.

On January 3, 1926 Grace was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Later Day Saints by her father-in-law, Jasper John Hammer. They were active in the ward and got along well with family. They moved back to Ammon, Idaho in 1928. Grace took care of the home and was happy doing so. While living in Ammon a second child, first son was born 1 July 1929. He was named Jerold Jay Hammer, thus carrying on the initials of his paternal grandfather and also having a name like his fathers except for the beginning letter. On 13 October 1931 a daughter, Beverly Grace was born, being named after her mother. Around this time the family moved to Idaho Falls and lived on 13th Street. On 25 November 1933 a son, Wayne Vincent was born, being given the same middle name as his maternal grandfather.

On June 5, 1936 a dream came true. Harold and Grace purchased a home of their own in the town site of Ammon. It must have meant so much to both of them but especially to Grace who had not had a permanent home since her mother had died, one she could consider her own. There was a large area for a garden that provided food for the family and taught the principles of hard work and industry to the children. There was room enough for a cow, for chickens and when the child had 4H projects involving animals there was room for that also. It was not an elaborate house, but it was a wonderful home, with love, consideration, family loyalty, joys and sorrows shared, a place where friends and neighbors were always welcome. Grace had a wonderful way of making people at ease, comfortable and valued. Their home was a safe haven.

Grace was active in church activities. She sang in the choir, taught primary, worked in Relief Society.

Grace loved to play pinochle and many pleasant evenings were spent with Harold's brother Lew and his wife Louise. They also enjoyed going on fishing trips with their children up to Camas Meadows. She was also an enthusiastic supporter of all athletic events of the school, especially when her children were involved.

Harold had had ulcers for some time and he suddenly became very ill. An operation was performed for bleeding ulcers only to find the ulcer had been healed. It is believed that during the course of the operation Harold's spleen was ruptured. He died suddenly February 2, 1949. Grace was left a widow at age 42. Beverly and Wayne were still at home. Jerry quit college and came home to help support the family. Grace went to work in the in the School Lunch Program. The whole family did manual work in the fields and during the harvest when school was out for harvest vacation. It was a hard time for the family but with Grace's ability to adjust and maintain a pleasant home life the family was okay.

After all the children were married Grace was courted by Marion McKenzie, going to dances and again playing cards with Lew and Louise Hammer. They were married on June 4, 1960. Marion's mother had many illnesses and Grace took loving care of her.

Grace became ill with diabetes and heart problems. She died April 6, 1975. She is buried beside Harold in the Ammon City Cemetery. Everyone who knew Grace loved her and enjoyed being with her. Her laugh and sense of humor was catching. She was well loved and enjoyed by family and friends.

SECTION 38

WILFORD HOKANSON FAMILY

Wilford Edward Hokanson and Afton Lucille (Barzee) Hokanson moved to Ammon in 1934. Wilford was the son of Olaf Julyous and Emma Joanna (Welchman) Hokanson. The Hokansons were of direct Swedish descent. After joining the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, they immigrated to the United States, arriving in Utah July 21, 1871. Olaf was born in July 1872, just before the family settled in Bear Lake, Idaho. In his early twenties, Olaf moved to Star Valley, Wyoming where he met and married Emma Welchman, the daughter of Arthur Pendry and Sarah Lucretia (Kershaw) Welchman of English and Welsh descent. They were, likewise, LDS converts who immigrated to Utah during their early years.

Afton was the daughter of Clark Franklin and Barbara Ellen (Rhoades) Barzee. Clark homesteaded in the Birch Creek area near Bone along with his father Rueben Barzee and Brother Levi. Wilford was introduced to Afton by his cousins, Jesse and Nina Crow, at an Easter outing that they hosted, to which Afton had been invited as well. After their courtship and marriage they settled in Star Valley, Wyoming.

All nine of their children were born while residing in the Ammon area. Darin Ray in 1935, Lenaia B in 1936, Devon Etsel in 1937, Rhona Ree in 1939, Garth (stillborn) in 1943, Vione W in 1945, Yohlon R in 1946, Clint Arliss in 1947 and Erol Wilford in 1948.

Wilford and Afton moved from Star Valley, Wyoming to help her brother on his farm in the Mud Lake area of Idaho. When work finished there, he searched and found farm work in Ammon. He hired out where ever he could find work. Parley Hansen employed him to help with his spring lambing and being very satisfied with him, recommended him to Derald Ricks whose brother Lawrence, was leaving on a mission for the LDS Church for three years. Derald had a sheep ranching business and Wilford was needed to help with herding, shearing, lambing etc. In the winter, Derald would buy young sheep to fatten up along with the old yews to sell to the market for lamb and mutton sheep cuts. Wilford would truck the discarded beet pulp from the Lincoln Sugar Factory close by to feed and fatten them. It was really a messy and smelly job. Afton didn't relish the job of laundering the work clothes after the day of work. He started at \$40 a month with raised wages of \$65 a month by the third year. That was nice wages for

Afton and Wilford developed great respect and friendship with the Derald Ricks family, spending much time teaching and learning from each other. Ann would often invite Afton into her kitchen to inspect her bread to see if it was stiff enough or if it had raised high enough to bake. When Wilford received news of his father's death, Ann loaned Afton her electric iron to press Wilford's suit that he would need to wear to the Wyoming funeral. That was the first time she had ever used one. In their later years, they both spoke fondly of these friends.

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be given the third lamb to feed on a bottle and raise for his own. This was the beginning of a nice little flock of lambs for him.

Employment at the Lincoln Sugar Factory was a blessing for the family the next ten years. Just about any job in the factory could be included on his list of duties ending as a night watchman. Afton was able to supplement the income in many ways' such as garden crops (the corn sold from their large garden helped pay some hospital bills) and butter, cream and milk from the cow helped but her real specialty that brought her great satisfaction and lifelong friends was her hair dressing talents. She had wanted to be a cosmetologist but the funds didn't happen to send her to school. So on her own she learned to give haircuts and charged 25 cents, also curl and style hair for the same price, giving \$1 permanents for many people in the town. Bessie Judy was one of her best customers and became a cherished friend for life. Afton also created exceptional needle work, crocheting beautiful doilies and handkerchief edges. Her embroidery temple aprons were always in demand.

The basement house was a challenge because the flat roof allowed leakage from rain storms and melting snow and ice. Many were the times Afton could be found sweeping the rain off the roof after a storm to prevent leaks. Damp walls were a continual problem. Once a neighbor boy closed the head gates of the irrigation ditch near the house and during the night water flowed down the steps, flooding the whole basement with an inch of water before waking Afton up. Wilford was not at home that night and she had to go out and smash the gate with an ax because she couldn't move it any other way. What a giant mess they had to deal with, bailing out water, sopping up and drying the house. Afton remembers times when "I nearly had a nervous breakdown between irrigation ditches and leaky roofs. When the storm clouds would begin to form in the sky, my heart would grow heavier and heavier in anticipation of what was to follow. After we built a house above the basement, it took some time for me to overcome that dark dread of inevitable rain. Yet, when one

is safe under a good roof and comfortable, there is something soothing and fulfilling about the sound of gentle rain on the roof. Inside the house one feels protected and insulated from the elements. Yet, outside, with face up to the rain, comes the feeling of being one with nature. Thunder and lightning that accompanies moisture falling from the clouds, always is a joy to me now."

In 1941 Mr. Stringham offered to give Wilford the first chance to buy the basement property. Wilford told him he didn't have any money to buy it.

Mr. Stringham asked him, "What are you going to do with those year old lambs?"

Wilford answered, "Eat some and sell some."

Mr. Stringham offered, "I'll take them for a down payment on the place. I want \$500 for this place. I'll give you \$10 for each lamb. There are 9 of them. That's \$90. I'll want \$15 a month to pay it off."

It was such a good deal that Wilford and Afton signed the papers. They had a home of their own a last. The roof still leaked, water had to be carried in and wash water had to be hauled out, but it was theirs and they would build a new house on top.

Wilford grew weary of the Halloween prank of boys tipping over the outdoor privy so he wired a car engine down inside under the seat to permanently weight it down when he moved it to a new spot. On waking the morning after the next hallowed eve, miracle of miracles, it was still standing and undisturbed. Wilford couldn't help feel great satisfaction and glee imagining the "huffing and puffing" going on that night but they couldn't "push the house over" forever more.

In the summer of 1943, they were expecting their fifth child. In July she delivered a full term, stillborn baby boy whom they called Garth. Bishop Reed Blatter was there for them, officiating at the graveside service with love compassion and comfort. Garth's grave is located on the hill under a shade tree on the east side of the Ammon Cemetery where Wilford and Afton now are buried. Afton felt "great comfort from the many friends in the community and found what a beloved husband I have. I am so thankful that I belong to such a wonderful institution as the LDS

Church with which to tie in times of disappointment like that time was. My prayers were answered and we received many blessings.”

When Wilford became a night watchman at the sugar factory, he started building the new house over the basement during the day, working hard and sometimes with not much sleep. It took him four years to finish it but what a joy! The house was made of cinder blocks with a coal burning furnace. Now they had no leaks, windows to see the sky and neighborhood, the children when they were outside, inside running water that was both hot and cold, flush toilet, electric stove and so many other “luxuries.”

On Halloween, after moving into the new home, Afton planned a Spook House for a few of the Children’s school friends. Every friend must have invited another friend or two for it seemed the whole school showed up. It was a grand party beginning with a basement window entrance where a wet flap hit the face. There were many unexpected surprises and jolts including a lighted ghost, a dead person in the bath upstairs, a fortune teller and other eerie and scary things. This was just another example of Afton’s imagination and ingenuity. The children received an apple at the end of the tour and what fun the family had in taking part of acting the part of the scary creatures and sharing their new home, basement and upstairs included. For those who attended this party, it was never forgotten!

The Hokinson’s moved their family to Pingree, Idaho in 1949 to a 160 acre farm. The time spent in the village of Ammon gave the family many challenges and opportunities with chances to grow and make choices that would impact the rest of their lives. The friendship and blessings experienced there helped make memories that to this day are remembered and cherished by the Wilford Hokanson Family.

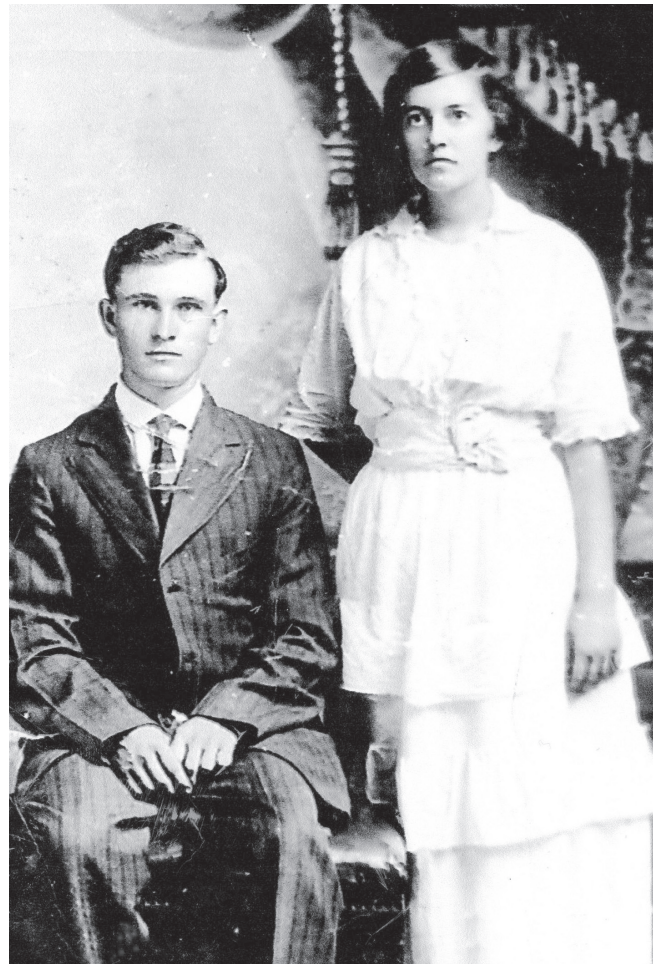
Compiled and submitted by daughters Rhona Legg, Vione Graham and Lenaia Lords.

SECTION 39

ALVIN ISAACS FAMILY HISTORY

Joseph Alvin Isaacs was born March 16, 1897 in Delany, Arkansas. He lived in the Ozark Mountains for the first 18 years of his life, where he worked at farming and also as a timber cutter and hewed railroad ties by hand. He was very adept at hewing hardwood items such as ax, hatchet, and hammer handles, and single and double trees for wagon hitches. He continued carving these for friends and family until about 4 years before his death. All the kids have prized examples of his carving abilities.

Alvin was a convert to the L.D.S. Church and while still living in Arkansas he served as 1st



Alvin and Blanche Isaacs

Counselor in the Barney Branch for 6 years. Blanche worked as a teacher's assistant. They started their family with Eunice, born 1918, Chester in 1920, Porter in 1922 and Beulah in 1924 while they were still in Arkansas.

In 1924 they moved to Idaho and settled in Ammon. Alvin worked as a farmer for Bishop Leonard Ball and they lived in the old Merrill house and a house on the Bingham property and then on Bishop Ball's farm where Alvin was severely injured when a hay rack fell on him badly tearing his stomach causing gangrene to set in and he almost died.

They then moved to Vaughn, Montana and while on the way the brakes on the old truck went out and they wrecked resulting in more injury to his stomach. They lived and worked in Vaughn for one summer where they lived in an old school house. When they were moving back to Idaho, a doctor who had been drinking, hit their truck so they were held up for repairs. The doctor paid for repairing the truck and their housing and money to help them get back to Idaho. They moved in 1928 or 1929.

Alvin worked again at farming and hauled cement from the Inkom plant for building the Ammon school house. He went back to work in the timber and worked as a custom cutter and potato cellar contractor. He and the boys would cut and peel the timber in the summer and build cellars in the fall. He bought Trude siding which had 4 cabins, a wash house and several tent frames for hired help. They sold Trude Siding in 1967 when he retired.

They always had a huge garden and canned vegetables and fruit for the winter (many, many bottles of each) and also canned most of our meat other than pork. Blanche worked so hard, sewed our clothes, washed them by hand (with the help of us girls). I don't know how mom did all this while having and raising 12 children. We are all very proud and in awe of how hard mom and dad had to work to raise their family.

They bought the little log house which was 2 rooms and had a sod roof. Dad and the boys who were old enough added 2 rooms and got rid of the sod and put on a new roof. We all lived there until

we built the new home in the summer of 1949.

Mom and dad lived through the depression and the loss of 2 children. Betty, at the age of 13, drowned in Willow Creek on a Mutual outing. La Vern had turned 19 and was killed in action during WW11 in Europe March 28, 1945. We had La Vern and Gary Judy's memorial service together in the Ammon Church. Gary was killed in Europe March 26, 1945 also. We later had La Vern's body brought home and is now buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

I don't know how Mom and Dad found the strength to live with the worry of having 3 sons in the military during WW 2. Chester was in the navy, he was quartermaster on a navy supply ship in the Pacific during the time of the kamikaze attacks. Porter was a Marine staff sergeant. He was a radioman/gunner in a SBD Dauntless dive bomber and was also a turret gunner in a TBM Avenger torpedo bomber. Part of his time was spent on the U.S.S. Block Island aircraft carrier. He served almost 39 months.

La Vern was a PFC in the Army and was lead man on a Browning automatic rifle team. Part of the time he was with Patton's army. I will always remember the small flag in the window with 3 stars on it during the war and the sadness when one of the stars became gold and made our Mom a Gold Star Mother.

Mom and Dad left Ammon in 1957 and bought a home and acreage in Taylor where they lived until their deaths. Mom passed away April 18 1980 and Dad passed away December 3, 1983.

We have many happy memories of Island Park and being together as a family. There were 7 boys and 5 girls in our family, there are now 2 boys and 1 girl still living.

— *Mildred (Mickey) Briggs*

Ora Blanche Tyler Isaacs

Blanche was born to Rufus Black Tyler and Mary Hogan Tyler in Pocahontas, Arkansas on February 18, 1898. At age nine she was baptized into the Mormon Church in a creek at Altica, Arkansas. It



Blanche worked as a teachers aid for two years donating her time for the children who came to school. In December 1916 in Barney, Arkansas she met Alvin for the first time. They were married March 21, 1917. Blanche was 19 and Alvin was 20. In November 1918 they rode the train to Salt Lake City to be sealed in the temple. They stayed for four months while Alvin worked for

was through her mother's faith in the church and the teachings she received which formed the foundation for the life which was to follow as a loving and much loved wife and mother.

Elmer Haggard (later to become her brother in law) grew up with her in Enola, Arkansas. They were friends and went to school together enjoying jumping rope and community parties. They were friends for about ten years before she was married. She had moved to Enola with her family when they were converted to the church and helped form an L.D.S. community at Enola, Arkansas.

the railroad repairing and doing steel work on the rail cars and Blanche worked in a chocolate factory. In 1919 they returned to Arkansas by rail and went into farming and timber work and started their family.

In 1924 with four small children they moved out west again to Ammon, Idaho where Alvin worked on a farm for three years. Alvin purchased a truck and was in the timbering business until he retired. Blanche was the mother of 12 children, 7 boys and 5 girls. She sang with the Singing Mothers for several years and sang with them once at General Conference in the Tabernacle. She worked many years as a Relief Society teacher and Primary teacher in which she found great joy.

She was a woman of great patience and virtue, never one to gossip, and always had a good word about everyone. She always reminded her children when they complained of others with this saying: "There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it ill behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us." Blanche was always admired and loved by everyone for her compassion, understanding and honesty. She and Alvin were married 63 years

—Written by the Children



Eunice, Beulah, Jean, and Mick. 1948 Casey Jones.

SECTION 40

MAIBEN & LEDA
JONES

by Duane Jones

The route to Ammon for the Jones family probably began in Llanelly Crmtn. Wales, where Daniel Jones married Ann Evans and they had a son, David Jones. They migrated to Holden, Utah where David grew up and married Marinda Alice Stevens. They had three children, Ruby, Inza, and Maiben. Marinda died when Maiben was 5 months old and he was raised by his father and relatives till they migrated to Glennore, Idaho and bought the Spencer Williams homestead.

David subsequently married Olive Stringham, who had two sons, Platte, and Bryant. Platte married Ruby and they moved to Blackfoot, Idaho where the family still lives. Bryant married Miranda Campbell and moved to Ammon where they raised three children: Bryce, Forest and Florine. Inza married Levi Barzee and moved to Ammon where they raised 10 children: David, Velma, Ivan, Cecil, Merle, Eva, Wayne, Marion, Ronald and Sharon.

Maiben remained on the ranch and married a neighbor girl Leda Sayer. They raised four children in Glennore, Alice, Duane, Jeanenne and David. When Alice reached the age where she was in high school they had to move to a place where there was one, that being Ammon. They bought the old Joe Anderson place and the half block of property lying between Sunnyside road and Molen Street east of Central Avenue. There was a huge barn and corrals and sheds where they fed their livestock in the winters. This barn was a great land mark where all of the neighbor kids gathered to play basketball in the upstairs loft. It was burned to the ground in early fifties by an arsonist.

After the barn burned down Maiben moved the canal to the east side of the property and sold the west side for the houses presently there. All of their children graduated from Ammon High School. Alice married Harry Day also from Ammon and moved to Stevensville, Montana and bought a ranch. They

raised five children: Dennis, Dallas, Cody, Kelly and Steve. Harry died from bone cancer and Alice was killed in a car wreck. None of the children ever came back to Ammon.

Duane went into the service in world war two and went to the Phillipines. He returned home and married his high school sweetheart Celia Thompson also from Ammon. They attended College at Utah State where he studied Pre-Vet. They then went to Washington State where he graduated with a Dr. of Veterinary Medicine. They moved to Eugene, Oregon and practiced there for a year, and then bought a practice in Corning California. Sold that and returned to Idaho Falls, Idaho where they built the Jones Pet Clinic on south Holmes. They practiced there for about ten years and sold that and built the Flying Heart Clinic on Sunnyside Road., sold that and bought the old home ranch at Glennore where they presently live in the summer and return to Ammon in the winter.

Jeanenne married Joe Hine and had one daughter Jennifer. She divorced Joe and married Rex Murdock. She became a school teacher and taught till retirement then moved to Hooper Utah where she presently resides. David (or Mick as he was known here) went to medical school and became an M.D. He practiced in Pocatello for many years until he was killed in a snowmobile accident. None of his children returned to this area. Two of Duane's sons live in Ammon Blake and Gary. The rest also live in the area.

Celia married Duane Jones, vet and rancher. They have six children and live in Idaho Falls.

Boyd married Joy Hatfield, who is now deceased. He was self-employed until he retired. They had three children. Boyd now lives in Idaho Falls.

SECTION 41

WILLIAM AARON JUDY

As told to Karen Sparks by her grandfather and with excerpts from a biography of William Aaron Judy and Mary Ann Nielsen Ward Judy

William Aaron Judy was born in Hyrum, Utah November 28, 1871. His father's name was William Alva; his mother's name was Alseoun Smith. Aaron had one brother and seven sisters.

His father operated a saw mill up in the canyon near Hyrum and as a small boy he spent much time there with his father. Often they hunted grizzly bears which were numerous and troublesome to the settlers. His mother sold six chickens and bought a gun for her oldest son. With pride he hunted and became a good marksman. Bringing home wild game for his mother to fix, in delight, some meals for a growing family. It was fun for a young boy to be a good fisherman and hunter. There were plenty of fish in the river and plenty of geese and ducks to hunt. I hunted a great deal. No other gun that I have owned shot as much game as that gun. I shot my first wild goose when I was thirteen. He found real pleasure in these activities which lasted all through his life.

He attended school in Hyrum for a short term of three or four months. Tuition was paid by the month. One teacher, Howard Leach, patiently taught him to master arithmetic which he used all his life. He later attended school in Salem and Rexburg.

His father first came to the Snake River Valley in 1883. He later returned to Hyrum. Then the next year, in 1884, the father and his son Aaron left Hyrum on the 28th of November which was Aaron's thirteenth birthday. They were eight days on the road driving horses and cattle. They arrived at the ferry crossing over the Snake River late at night. There were no bridges across the rivers or streams. It was decided it would be wise to cross over that night. The next morning the river was frozen solid. When we arrived in Salem it was snowing and there was not a house to go to. We had to build one with the help

of two good neighbors. They helped us build sheds for the stock.

In January 1885 the family came from Hyrum. The weather was bitter cold and their house was not yet completed. Those left at home were to come by train to Market Lake. The father said, "They must not come yet." The ferry couldn't run and the ice not strong enough to hold his weight. He never faltered in his decision. With a chain around his body for added protection, Aaron watched his father go hand over hand across the river cable. Word was sent to his family who were waiting in the depot for the train. Their departure was delayed. Some of the children were not well at home and needed a doctor's care. Some of the horses that had been taken to Idaho had been traded for a team of oxen. The oxen were sold to pay for the doctor's fee. This left them with only a pony and a horse with a big crippled knee to start their farming in this new territory in Idaho.

The first year, small acreages of hay, corn and wheat were planted. Rabbits and squirrels devoured much of it, so they harvested only a few bushels. A surveyed school section of land was first issued to the early settlers. The land was divided into small units of ten, twenty, thirty and forty acres each. According to the needs of the family each received his allotment. For two years this system was used. The father, William Alva then homesteaded 160 acres. The building of roads and canals were the big projects of those early pioneers. The heads of the families and children old enough to work all helped to clear the land of sagebrush and bring the water from the rivers to the thirsty land.

In 1886 we moved onto the homestead and built our home. The first canal that we built was from the North Teton River, but the river went dry about the 24th of July. We had 15 acres of grain. The squirrels ate about 7. We raised about 80 bushels of wheat that year. In 1888 we made a canal from the North Fork of the Snake River to avoid another drought. We had to dam the river off with rocks and dirt. The Blackfoot people came up to complain so we had to turn half of the river down to them. We had about 4 years of shortage of water. Since that time there



Aaron and Mary Judy

was plenty of water. Aaron helped with these projects and worked other places and in the hay fields of Montana. One summer he worked in Yellowstone Park cutting hay in the meadows and hauling rocks to make the foundation for some of the buildings at Mammoth Hot Springs. Here the money was earned for his wedding.

When I was six or seven I would play with a little calf and I taught him to bunt. My dad sent the calf away with the herd that summer and when it came back that fall it was a big calf and it took right after me. I took off up the shed with the calf right behind me. There was a big hole in the shed which I did not see in my rush to get away from the calf. I fell through and kinked my back. My mother was away for the day and when she came home I was a pretty sick boy. I bloated up until I could not see over my stomach lying down. I thought I would surely die until the Dr. from town came out and relieved me. I have been bothered with kidney trouble ever since.

When I was 10 years old I had diphtheria and just about died from it. My oldest sister Melissa died at this time. People did not know how to treat the disease and they gave her the cold treatment to loosen the flem. But instead of putting woolens over the cold cloth on her chest they did not. She got pneumonia and died a hard death. Elvira came home from the neighbors with a pain in her side. No one at

that time knew what was wrong but I believe now it was appendicitis. She was sick six days then died.

I was in the 4th grade when we moved from Hyrum. At Salem there were not books for every grade. They went through what books they had and learned as much as they could from the material they had. The teacher took extra pains with another boy and me and took us through the arithmetic book. We liked mathematics and became quite good at it. We had to pay our own tuition to go to school. My mother taught me to read from the Book of Mormon. I would crawl

under the bed to be alone and there I would read from the Book of Mormon.

All the people of Salem would meet and make ice cream together. Everyone associated together. We had a lot of dances. We held one once a week all winter. The tickets were \$.25 a piece. We danced to the music of the accordion and the fiddle. At some of the parties we would draw for partners. The partners were then weighed and we paid so much per pound for them as our ticket to the dance. On Christmas we always exchanged presents but we never had a Christmas tree until our children were growing up.

When I was 26 years old I married Mary Ann Ward who lived about two miles from us in Salem. She was 21 years old. She was taught to be industrious and conservative at an early age. She often did housework for neighbors, especially on the arrival of a new baby, and received one dollar for a weeks work. With some of the money she bought currants and raisins to make pies and cakes for her special boy friend, Aaron Judy. She had a cheerful disposition. Aaron and Mary Ann Ward with one other couple traveled to Logan with a team of horses and light wagon or buggy to be married on October 27, 1897.

Aaron was given 60 acres of the homestead to make his home. A log house which consisted of one room was built. A little later a frame house was



*William Aaron Judy Family, 1955. Back row: Albert, Cora, Reed, Nellie, Dean;
middle row: Marjorie, Melvina, Janice, Lillie, Dean, Bessie, Dorothy;
front row: Clifford, John, Aaron, Clark, Lavern, Ira*

started but was not completed for a few years. They lived and farmed in Salem where six children were born. Annie Melvina, born August 27, 1898, Alva Clark, March 27, 1901, William Lavern January 24, 1903, Lilly September 5, 1905, John Melvin January 27, 1908 and Cora Dorothy 28 February 1910.

Aaron was called on a mission to the Southern States on December 19, 1905 leaving Mary Ann to take care of the family and run the farm. Lilly was the new baby at the time. On the farm berry patches were started and watermelons were raised. With the first frost the melons were put into storage and later marketed. The profit was 400 dollars.

Aaron records that while in the mission field I baptized 17 people in the church. My companion, Elder Snarler and I went with some fisherman on the Gulf of Mexico. On the way down we met a terrible wind storm blowing the sea into waves of about 50 feet high. It blew all day and all night. We were on an island that was completely covered with water except for a place big enough for a tent. The fishermen would get up about every hour to watch the tide. When morning came the boats were on top of the island and the fisherman said he was just going to call us. He said he intended on tying the boat to

the tree but the tide kept rising so he had to keep tying the ropes a little higher on the tree until he got to the top of the tree.

If the water kept coming they would just have to take the waves. The boats were small sail boats and they would not have had much of a chance. The wind quit about sunrise and blew back about as hard as it came. It blew back one night and one day. It blew the water out until you could see the ridges in the bottom of the ocean. No ship could sail. We would run out on the oyster beds and gather oysters and cook them on our campfire. The fish were in the low places of the ocean where there was more

water. We would see the sharks chase the fish and eat them. The sharks would even grab the fish and jump six feet out of the water too.

We waited until the tide came in then started for Crystal River. We had three sail boats and I and two young boys were left with one boat to bring in. When we arrived my hands were all blisters because I did not know how to handle the sails. The boy's mothers were standing on the landing waiting for their arrival. The water had been up into the city and it ran into the fire boxes and stopped the trains.

One of the young Elders always wanted to go out hunting alligators. Some boys took him out on the lake and when they got out about ½ mile they shot an alligator about eight feet long. They pulled him into the boat. When it was into the boat it came alive and took after the young Elder. He wouldn't notice the other boys, he just chased the Elder. The Elder kept pounding him on the head with his gun while jumping from one end of the boat to the other. The alligator put his lower jaw up the Elder's pants leg and tore one leg of his pants off. When he saw he could not get the best of him by hitting him over the head, he hit him in the small of his back and that

numbed him long enough so they could throw him out. The Elder and the boys were all ready and eager to come home. When the Elder and his companions talked about it they decided it was because he was out of line of duty and was the reason the alligator chased him and no one else.

My companion and I was directed to a mans place by his son. We introduced ourselves as Elders to the women of the house since the man was not home as yet, however his boys were there. We waited until the man came home and we told him that his son had directed us there. He said his son was not head of the house. He was a big rough fellow. He asked if we were Elders and when we told him we were he told us to get out as fast as we knew how, although it was dark. He had just killed a Negro the day before for saying that his boys stole chickens. The boys had taken chickens for a chickaree and when the Negro came and told their father he told the Negro to step outside and he would settle with him. He then hit him over the head with a wagon tongue. We went a mile or two away and made a fire and stayed all night. There weren't many people in that section. We had to walk five to fifteen miles to get from one home to another. This was in the Everglades of Florida

When he returned from his mission Aaron worked at the Sugar Factory in Sugar City for many years, going to work on horseback or driving a team of horses and a buggy. In 1910 he homesteaded in Ozone. Their first home was a one room log house, later another room was added. They returned to Salem for school for two or three seasons. When a school was established at Ozone, they made that their permanent home.

In 1914 Aaron was made Bishop. He served for eight years. Four other children were born to the family while they lived in this community. Nellie, February 28, 1912, Rulon Clifford, May 27, 1914, Floral, November 16, 1916, and Ira, July 22, 1919.

In 1918 there were 203 L.D.S. members and 29 non-members making a total of 232. This afforded them a voting precinct, a Red Cross Chapter, and an active Farm Bureau. A private telephone system was in operation connecting sixteen homes. Several

soldiers were called from this precinct during World War 1. For a few years the people prospered and were happy. Ozone was a thriving community. There was a store, Post Office, feed barn, Hotel, two cafes, and confectionaries, machine shop and garage.

Then came the drought and hard lean years, where little if any crops were harvested. The people were forced to leave their farms and work elsewhere to provide for their families. The school was closed and the ward was unorganized. Perhaps one of the saddest days in Aaron Judy's life was when the Stake officers attended the Sunday meeting where a farewell testimonial was held. There the brethren stated, "You have been a good shepherd but your flock has gone, not from choice but from necessity."

A home in Ammon was purchased, the children then at home attended the Ammon schools. They joined this ward for church activities. Aaron Judy spent the remainder of his life in this home. Mary Ann Judy died February 18, 1949 and Aaron Judy passed away at home where he wanted to be on November 15, 1955.

SECTION 42

ALVA CLARK & DEAN OTTESON JUDY

Alva Clark Judy Autobiography

I was born the 27th day of March 1901, in the family home at Salem, Idaho, located six miles north of Rexburg, Fremont County. Mrs. Waltz the Community midwife attended my mother at the time of my birth. My father's name is William Aaron Judy. He was born in Hyrum, Utah the 28th of November, 1871. His father was William Alva Judy and his mother's name was Alseone Smith. My mother's name was Mary Ann Ward; she was born the 16th of September, 1876 at Hyrum, Utah. Her father's name was George P. Ward. Her mother's name was Sina Dorteia Nielsen.

I was blessed the 5th of May 1901 by William

Alva Judy, my grandfather, in the Salem Ward, Rexburg Stake. I was baptized June 5, 1909 by Bernice R. Harris in the Teton River north of Salem. I was confirmed June 6, 1909 by Andrew J. Hansen. I started school when I was six years old at North Salem. I went to school there until I was in the sixth grade. My father filed on a homestead east of Idaho Falls, in Ozone. A school district was formed and I finished my 7th and 8th grade in the Ozone school. I then attended Ricks Academy and graduated from high school under George S. Romney.

I remember well seeing 8 head of oxen yoked to two wagons hauling crushed beets from Parker to Sugar City, on the return trip coal was hauled. While very young it was my job to herd the cows and to see that the pigs were home at night. I mowed and raked hay before I was ten years old driving, horses hitched to the machinery. One day while cutting the third crop of hay late in the season my father sent me to the house for a watermelon. I rode a mean vicious horse, when I dismounted my foot caught in the line, she fretted, trembled, and looked at me but did not run; carefully I released my foot from the harness and continued my work unharmed.

Our amusements in the early days in the winter was hitching a horse to a Toboggan and gathering a group of boys to have races, sleigh rides and skating parties. We drove horses and buggies to our church meetings.

When I was ten years old my parents moved to Ozone. Here we pioneered a new community, built roads, new school buildings and made home improvements. My father gave me eighty acres of dry farm ground, four head of horses, a cow and 12 chickens when I was married. I have accumulated and expanded my farming operations until at this time, the first of January 1956, I have 2125 acres of dry farm and 225 acres of irrigated land, 35 head of purebred Herford cattle and 140 head of feeder cattle. My son Darwin was married the 4 of November 1955. I am giving him a deed to 120 acres of irrigated land recorded in the Bonneville county courthouse.

I was ordained a Deacon by David C. Campbell

September 7, 1913. I passed the sacrament and gathered fast offerings and did other work pertaining to that office of the Priesthood in the Ozone Ward. Butler Wallace ordained me a teacher September 2, 1917. I was assigned several members in the ward to visit; I often went alone on horseback, the families living several miles apart. I was ordained a Priest by Butler Wallace Sept. 28, 1919. I administered to the sacrament and passed it to the congregation. The sacrament bread was passed on a plate and the water was passed in a glass, a pitcher of water was carried to refill the glass when it was empty. I was a counselor in the Y.M.M.IA. in 1919. I was ordained an Elder by Lorenzo J. Ward August 29, 1920 at Iona Ward.

I was called to fill a mission in the Western States, headquarters at Denver, Colorado on October 12, 1920. I was set apart for my mission by Richard R. Lyman. I labored in Colorado Springs, Canyon City, Victor and Cripple Creek, Rocky Ford and La Junta. I finished my mission in Pueblo, Colorado. As I remember I baptized 5 people, Gideon S. Phebus was among the number who had not been previously visited by other missionaries, he was later ordained an Elder in the church and was called to work in the Sunday School Superintendency. I returned home September 24, 1922. I was then set apart as first assistant in the Sunday School Superintendency and served as a ward clerk until the ward was disorganized in August of 1924.

I was married in the Salt Lake Temple June 6, 1923 to Louie Dean Otteson. I received a Patriarchal blessing from Andrew J. Hansen and also from Hyrum G. Smith.

When I moved to the Ammon Ward I was called to be President of the Elders Quorum in 1936, my counselors were William Humphries and Lyman Pickett. I was released and called to a Stake mission December 6, 1939 and was set apart by Emil Wirkus December 17, 1939. I labored with Emil Wirkus, Azer Empey, and Jesse Porter. We had nine adults join the Church during this time. I was released February 8, 1942. I was ordained a seventy by Silvester Q. Cannon February 4, 1941. I was set apart as one of the Presidents of the 324th Quorum of Seventies



Dean and Clark Judy and family in the 1930's

representing the Ammon Ward, April 19, 1942 by Samuel O. Bennion. I was released May 16, 1948. I was ordained a High Priest July 18, 1948 by Reed Blatter and was appointed Secretary to the High Priest group of the Ammon Ward January 1949. I worked under Vernal Wold in 1949 and Leon Peterson in 1950, Frank Field in 1951, Frank Merrill 1952 and Noel Nixon 1953. I was the Improvement Era Director November 1952 until April 1, 1955. I was called to be chairman of the Genealogy Group of the Ammon Ward in 1954 and was released April 24, 1955 and sustained as teacher in this organization under Orland Larsen January 15, 1956.

I sent my son Darwin on a mission to Denmark; he arrived in Denmark December 15, 1950. Robert served a mission to Finland October 15, 1955. Doyle was called to Austria, he speaks the German language. Steven served his mission in England. One grandson, Val, now is on a mission in England. All four boys have been married in the temple and are raising families.

We were called to work in the Temple Visiting Center, by Harold B. Davis, Stake President, June 13, 1965. Alanzo and Annie Cook were our companions. We were released February 27, 1968. We were called for an interview with Pres. Parley Arave June 16, 1970 who read us a call from the Presidency of the Church to be Temple Officiators, and were set apart July 31, 1970 by Pres. Arave. We labored until

June 1, 1976 at which time I had an eye operation for cataracts.

I am now 76 years old and have a nervous condition along with gout and shingles so I now avoid big crowds and responsibilities. I have always had a strong testimony of the gospel and have been blessed and protected in many ways throughout my life. Attending Stake Conference has been important to me, where I could hear the words of the leaders and Apostles preach the gospel.

I have worked in agriculture, first farming with horses, then gas tractors and diesel tractors. I started to dry farm on 80 acres with horses. My farm land expanded to 2100 acres of dry farm and 3 irrigated farms and 300 acres of pasture ground at Menan. The ground has now been divided among the 4 boys.

We started with little, grew and expanded when we could. We avoided debt and

paid cash whenever possible. I like the independence of being a farmer. The cows at pasture, the rolling hills of waving grain, the pull of a trout in a stream, and being self-employed. This has been my role in life.

Alva Clark Judy died 18 January 1983 in the Idaho Falls LDS Hospital.

Louie Dean Otteson Autobiography

I am the daughter of Nephi Otteson and Orinda Lenore Allred, born May 17, 1904 at Willow Creek, Idaho; later the name was changed to Ucon, Idaho in the home of Eli Simmons.

I started school at Pleasant View, later called Ammon school district. We were living at Ozone, too far to travel daily to school so I stayed with the Ralph Ladd family then with the Campbell's at Ammon. When school was started in Ozone I went to school there and graduated from the eighth grade at Ozone. One winter I went to school at Lehi, Utah. Upon eighth grade graduation, I attended High School at Ricks Academy in Rexburg, Idaho for 3 years. I have



Clark and Dean Judy

pleasant memories of my high school days, although I had very little money and was limited on some activities, but I participated in Drama, Choir play and Mutual Productions.

I was married to Alva Clark Judy 6 June 1923 at the Salt Lake Temple, my mother and my Grandmother Allred attended our wedding. Our good friends Bryant Stringham and Miranda Campbell were also married the same day. I have been a house wife since my marriage. We have had six sons, the oldest Gary was killed in action in Germany. Another son Lynn died as an infant.

I have worked in all of the auxiliary organizations of the church and my testimony has been strengthened and my life enriched as I have served. I was called, while very young, as game leader in the Primary. I was Chorister and Secretary of the MIA and as President, I traveled to Stake meetings with horses and buggy. I was also President of the Relief Society, while serving as President we made a quilt for the Joseph Smith home and it was on the bed of Joseph Smith. The quilt pattern was called "George Washington stairway."

I have been a visiting teacher for over 30 years and have been assigned to every district in the ward. This gives me the opportunity to get acquainted with the mothers of the ward. I have always tried to give

the lesson outlined by the Relief Society General board. I have been an officer in the county and local chapters of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Organization. My husband Clark and I worked at the Idaho Falls Temple visitors center for three years and then as Ordinance Officiators in the Temple and have many dear friends from that association.

I have sung with the Singing Mothers group for many years and have gained an appreciation for music; my sister Joy and I have sung many duets together. I enjoy writing and had an article published in the "Juvenile

Instructor" in May 1920 addition, and have written articles for Relief Society and many obituaries for funerals.

In 1940 we attended the World's Fair in New York City, while on that trip we also visited the Sacred Grove, Hill Cumorah, the Carthage Jail and Pueblo, Colorado where Clark served his mission. We have taken trips that have taken us from ocean to ocean and also to the Hawaiian Islands where we visited the Temple there. This was a trip that was long, looked forward to and worked hard for and so enjoyed, but will perhaps be the last big trip we will be able to go on for our health is failing and we are getting older. We will enjoy our new home, we built in 1969, and our children and grandchildren.

In 1963 we purchased the Field Farm to have a place for our cattle, Doyle is feeding and caring for them there. We have always had a yard of flowers and a garden of vegetables that grace our table all summer and also preserve much for winter use. I have made many quilts, aprons and crochet around handkerchiefs for many friends and relatives. I always have a handiwork project to work on as I sit in the evenings, embroidery work on dishtowels, pillowcases, table cloths, needle point, or crocheted doilies. I have also made many

Temple aprons for special relatives who are getting married in the Temple.

Clark and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in June 1973. Our sons hosted the party which was successful and enjoyed by all and at the age of 75 and 73 we say as Joshua of Old, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

Louie Dean died 4 May 1984 at her home in Ammon, Idaho.

SECTION 43

LIFE HISTORY OF RULON CLIFFORD & MARJORIE MERRILL JUDY

Compiled by Douglas and Terry Judy September 2010 The first section of this compilation was written by Clifford Judy himself and covers from his childhood to when he got home from his mission. It is called "Life History of Rulon Clifford Judy."

On a very, very cold day, May 27, 1914, I, Rulon Clifford Judy was born. My birth took place in the old Hiatt home, one block east and one block north of the Ammon Church house. Dad has told me many times that on that morning there had just been a new snow storm and the icicles were hanging three feet long on the house. Mother was very ill and Dad never left her bedside for three days. On the fourth day the doctor gave Dad some hope of mother surviving. I was the fourth son and eighth child of my parents, William Aaron and Mary Ann Ward Judy. I enjoyed good health while I was a child. The only accident that ever happened to me was at a Relief Society quilting and I tripped and fell over a lard bucket, cutting my eye. I still carry the scar.

We lived at Ozone, a small farming community in the foothills east of Ammon, where Dad had taken up a homestead. Dad was bishop of the ward and our home was a gathering place for the entire community, where we engaged in the childhood

games of Kick-the-Can, Run My Sheep Run, Anti-I-Over, and Hide and Go Seek.

We made it a practice and a habit of attending church on Sundays as a family. There was always time to have a family game of baseball. When the plowing was done, Dad always took his family on a fishing trip. My first fishing trip was when I was six weeks old. We went to Yellowstone Park in a white-topped buggy. I learned to ride a horse when I was very young. When I was five years old Dad would send me on errands four or five miles from home. When I was six I inherited the job as cow herder. I would have to take the cows every morning two miles from home, remaining with them all day and bringing them back every evening. Then I helped get them milked.

I started my first grade of school at Rexburg, Idaho. I went there until Christmas. I stayed with Dad's sister Lottie Anderson. I wasn't happy to be away from the folks so at Christmas time the folks took me back to Ozone where I attended a one-room school. I went to this school for three years. I had to walk to and from school each day, regardless of the weather. During this time a drought came to this country. Many people didn't raise a crop for three years. Money was scarce; candy was unheard of for us children. We practically lived on bread and milk and honey. Mother would bake from 13 to 16 loaves of bread every other day. People had to sell their farms and so the school was closed. The folks now purchased a home in Ammon where we lived in the wintertime, moving back to the farm at Ozone in the summer. I continued my education in Ammon, graduating from high school in 1933.

On Sunday, June 4, 1922, I went down and helped Dad build a dam across Badger Creek, the small creek that ran past our home; then after Sunday School Dad took me down and baptized me and a neighbor boy, Lester Campbell. That afternoon at fast and testimony meeting, I was confirmed a member of the Church by Scott Wright, a Counselor to my Dad.

While going through high school I participated in the sports of the school. I played on the first football

team that Ammon High School had. I played basketball, being on the traveling squad for three years. The first year I made the main team, I broke my nose the second game and it took two months to heal. The next year during the Christmas holidays, I broke my ankle while on a skiing outing, making it impossible for me to play the remainder of that year.

I advanced through all the Priesthood Quorums. Bishop Leonard G. Ball was Bishop when I was ordained a Deacon and a Teacher. Bishop Lyle Anderson was Bishop when I was ordained a Priest and an Elder. I was called to the mission field Nov. 4, 1934, where I labored in the North Central States Mission. I spent my entire mission in Minnesota, where I labored in Fergus Falls, Alexandria, Albert Lea, and the last eight months in Brainerd, where I was Branch President of the Brainerd Branch. My mission president was Wilford W. Richards. I returned home Oct. 27, 1936. At a Sunday School party I spotted the girl that was later to be my wife and the mother of my children, Marjorie Merrill.

The following or second section was written by Marjorie Merrill Judy about her childhood and then goes right into their married life together. It comes from the "Life History of Marjorie Merrill Judy."

I was born Jan. 22, 1918 at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains in Providence, Cache County, Utah. I was blessed to be born to wonderful parents, Frank Lester Merrill and Nellie May Pickett. They have always had a great influence on my life and I am truly grateful I chose them as my parents. When I made my appearance in the world, I had two older sisters, Lois and Gertrude. Four years later Gennevie came to bless our home. I was never fortunate enough to have a brother, but we girls grew up to love and admire each other.

I had the usual childhood diseases; Measles, Whooping Cough, Mumps, and Chicken Pox—at least I think I had Chicken Pox. I remember very vividly having that disease. I had one pox on my elbow, the first of any of our family, and as the quarantine rule was very strict in those days; they didn't think I had had them quite severe enough, and so I was kept out of school for six weeks longer while the other girls

had them and then two extra weeks to make sure I wasn't going to get them.

In our neighborhood we had an unusual amount of children, and every evening in the summer time, we could be found out in the street playing baseball. We really got pretty good at it. We also played Run My Sheep Run many times, going as far away as the Providence Cemetery and then coming home through River Heights. Kick the Can was enjoyed too. In the winter we always had our weekly bobsleigh rides with the boys we called our boyfriends. We used to really enjoy going to get the school teacher and let her go with us.

We always had religion taught to us in our home. From my earliest recollection I can remember kneeling each night at my Mother's knee to have my prayers. We were always encouraged and gotten ready to go to Primary on Saturday afternoons and to Sunday School on Sunday. I really enjoyed going to Fast and Testimony Meetings on Sunday afternoons. The testimonies of those pioneer people will always linger in my ears. I remember vividly Lillian Hansen sitting at the old pedal organ, and later on John Spuhler who would sing and play so beautifully. He would accompany himself.

Our home was always a place where we were taught to save. Money was never plentiful, but we never went hungry. Dad would go to the mountains in the fall and cut logs and haul them home. We girls used to love to go to the barnyard and help him saw them up and split them for our winter's fuel. I can't imagine how many armfuls of wood I carried to the house through all those years. In the summer time Dad would haul lime rock out of the canyons for use at the sugar factories. He always had a nice team or two of horses and a wagon. He would leave for work about 3 o'clock in the morning and at noon at least two of us girls would walk about two miles to the railroad spur to help him unload his rock into the railroad cars. How proud we were when he would let us sit way up on the seat by him on the way home. I always felt like he was just the most wonderful and handsome Dad in the whole wide world.

Our evenings were spent around the old wood

stove in the dining room. Sometimes we would pop popcorn and play games with Mom. Other evenings Mom would read to us. We would sit up many evenings just to hear another chapter. Oh the tears we all shed over the books "The Shepherd of the Hills" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Television was unheard of and we were all grown girls before we could afford a radio. We made our own entertainment and I sometimes feel like our children don't know how to really enjoy what they have.

My parents were both hard workers. Those beans we picked for the bean factory; I wonder how I can still like them like I do. Mom did an awful lot of canning. Pressure cookers and home freezers were unheard of. We would can beans in two-quart jars, 36 bottles at a time, boiling them for three hours over a hot fire. We picked and canned a lot of raspberries and strawberries and always had ten to twelve bushels of apples in the basement for winter use. We had a jar of yeast behind the basement door. How many times I remember getting it so Mom could mix bread. She was a good cook—those rice puddings, lemon pies, and bread not to mention those jars of dill pickles and Spanish pickles we would go to the basement to get. How I wish I could taste hers now.

I started school in the first grade at Providence and then Dad received employment in Idaho Falls, so before Christmas we moved there and I attended the Emerson and Riverside schools; and then by spring we moved back to Providence and I finished my first grade there. The rest of my elementary education was gained in Providence. My seventh grade teacher, Joseph Campbell, taught Mother when she was going to school in Providence and then taught each one of us girls. I attended South Cache High School at Hyrum, Utah. I was never popular, but did enjoy my school there. I rode a train from Providence to Hyrum all my High School days. We lived six blocks from the station and many mornings we would run the last two blocks so we didn't miss it. The conductor knew us all and used to be good to wait for us when he would see us coming.

Jobs were scarce for young girls but I did pick my share of strawberries. We would leave home about 4

o'clock every morning and pick until noon. When the sun got too hot we would quit until about 5 o'clock that evening. One really worked to pick ten to twelve cases of berries in a day's time. We earned ten cents a case in good years and eight cents the other years. It was enough to always buy me a Fourth of July dress in those years when a new dress was very important. Dewberries were next with all those thorns and stickers, beans in July and August and then apples in October.

I graduated from Primary when I was 14. We really used to hurry to get to Primary early so we could help dry all those glass sacrament cups. It was the duty of the Primary to keep them washed. How lucky now days, paper cups. We really felt like we deserved a graduation certificate. I attended and graduated from the Seminary at Hyrum. Moroni Smith and J. Karl Wood were my instructors. Mr. Wood would always write a religious pageant and the graduating class from Seminary would present it. That was our graduation exercises. It was really a thrill to be in it. I never took too active a part in the M.I.A. I really enjoyed their short story contests. I won a Stake award one year for retelling a story. I was in the ward dance contest for two years.

As we were growing up, we really looked forward from year to year to our three day bazaars. They were held on a ward basis then with each auxiliary having a part in it. They were always held in the old pavilion. Our big chicken suppers the first night were 50 cents a plate. A big dinner the second night was served cafeteria style. It was surprising how much one could get for 35 cents. There was beautiful handwork and quilts to be sold, three-act plays, the auction sale, and then the big dance to climax it all.

In the fall of 1935, Dad decided to move what family he had left at home, which consisted of Mom, Gen, and I, to Idaho Falls. The work at the rock quarry had quit for him as another company had taken over the contract and had put trucks in to haul the rock. There was no employment to be had there and so in September, we arrived in Idaho to make our new home. The folks settled in Ammon, and I secured employment in the F. W. Woolworth Co. in

Idaho Falls. I lived with Aunt Martha and Uncle Roy Pickett, coming home only on Sundays.

I attended a Sunday School party in October of 1936, and a returned missionary was there that night. Before the evening was over he had asked me for a date. I wasn't too much impressed with him at first except he was really nice to go with, was very sociable and always had a smile on his face. Later on I realized I was falling in love with him, and I began to realize what a priceless gem I was associating with. He was to make my life complete. Clifford and I started going together in October 1936 and in February we became engaged. We had a wonderful courtship. We were married on Sept. 29, 1937, in the Logan Temple. We spent our honeymoon at October General Conference.

Our first two winters were spent in part of Grandpa and Grandma Judy's home. We were extremely happy with our second hand furniture, because it was ours. Our summers were spent on the dry farm, where Clifford worked awfully hard. He was in the fields every morning by six o'clock, after having milked six cows, separated the milk, and taken the cows to the pasture. After a full day's work, he would return home at dark and milk the cows again. Money was very scarce; our little milk check had to go a long ways. In the fall after our farm work was through, he would go to the sugar factory and work. This money would be used to pay the taxes on the farm. We really enjoyed each other's company and I have never felt bad because we did not have a lot of money. I have always felt like that made us much closer together.

Our first baby, a beautiful little black-haired daughter, Margene, made her appearance on July 29, 1938. We were so very happy with her. Talk about proud when her daddy could take her someplace. She was sweet and spoiled rotten. At night, her daddy would have to rock her bed back and forth to get her to sleep. He got so good at it that he would wake up many nights and find himself rocking the bed whether she needed it or not. She was loved by everybody, and adored by her parents. Seventeen months later on Jan. 12, 1940, a little brother,

Douglas Merrill, came to live in our home. Now I found that Clifford was really thrilled and proud to have a son. He was bald-headed, but so loveable that one couldn't help really loving him. He was extremely good. Never wanted to be held, always willing to play in his basket. I guess I really neglected him; but we were so very thrilled at having our own little son.

We now felt like we would like a home to call our own, so we purchased a lot on Grandpa Judy's place and started to build our own home. We built just two rooms but they were ours and we were so happy and had so many good times in them. We lived there until the fall of 1943 when we purchased a 40-acre farm with a nice home on it. We moved into it in December, just one week before Christmas. On March 15, 1944, we were again blessed to have our second baby boy, Lyle Clifford, born to our family. He was tiny and dark. The two older children were so thrilled with their new brother. Our family was beginning to be more complete; our children, our own home, church, and a wonderful husband and father.

My church positions up to this time had been in the Primary organization, being Group I teacher in 1942 and a Lark teacher in 1943. In the fall of 1944, I was sustained as Activity Leader, again in the Primary. In 1945, I was asked to be a counselor to Uarda Whiting in the Girl's Organization of the church. In July 1946, much to our surprise, Clifford was asked to be bishop of the Ammon Ward. As he was only 32 years of age, we felt like it was a rare opportunity and we both felt very weak and humble in this calling. I was now asked to be a counselor to May Hutchings in the Primary. In May 1947, I was sustained as President of the ward Primary with Nellie Elkington and Lena Hanson (Leinweber) as my counselors. I really enjoyed this position and learned to really love the ones I worked with. I was released in May 1949.

Up to this time our summers had always been spent on the dry farm, but now with the increased duties of our Bishop father, we spent the rest of the summers at our home in Ammon. In the summer of 1948, we took our three little children and went on a trip through the country where Clifford had filled his

mission. We visited all the church historic points on our way east, Winter Quarters at Omaha, Nebraska, Nauvoo, Carthage Jail, Liberty Jail, Independence Missouri, and all the interesting points around there. We spent two weeks in Minnesota where we met all the people that Clifford had met and worked with during his two years in the mission field. I found out here too, people loved him for just what he was. He has many wonderful friends there.

On Nov. 21, 1949, once again we were blessed, but this time with two bundles of joy: our third boy, Dan Eugene, and second girl, DiAnn; a little dark-haired, brown-eyed baby boy and a big blue-eyed, blond baby girl. We were thrilled that the Lord had loaned us two babies to raise. This was really a time of enjoyment as the other children were old enough to really enjoy helping care for our babies. By now we had really overloaded our little home, so in June of 1950, we started our new home. We all helped in its' construction, the children carrying lumber and the rest of us pounding nails. It finally was complete and we moved in just before Christmas. All through these years, we had a usual week's outing in Yellowstone Park on a fishing trip every summer. Everyone looked forward to, and planned on this event. There were the other little outings, usually a fishing hole being looked for.

In November of 1950, I was sustained as secretary of the Ammon Relief Society, and held this position till March of 1952. I was then asked to be Work Director of the Relief Society, sustained in June of 1952 and released in June 1953. I was then set apart as Visiting Teachers' Topic Leader of the South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society. I was greatly blessed in this work. In August 1953, I was sustained as Attendance Secretary of the ward M. 1. A. and when the ward was divided in 1954, I was sustained as Attendance Secretary of the Ammon Second Ward. I was released in March 1955.

On July 21, 1954, Mother passed away after a three-week's illness of Hepatitis. May the Lord bless me that I may remember her teachings and help me to be a better person. May I always live a life that she will be proud of. She was a wonderful mother,

woman and friend. On April 7, 1955, the Lord blessed us once again with a baby boy, our fourth, Max Allen. He was a little blond boy, much different from our other boys. We were all overjoyed with him and really enjoy him.

On February 19, 1956, I was sustained as President of the Ammon Second Ward Relief Society with Hetta Curtis and Amy Stowell as my counselors. On March 25, 1956, Clifford was sustained as the bishop of the Ammon Second Ward. He has always been blessed with wisdom and knowledge as to the functions of a Ward, and I am sure President Hart was inspired when he chose him to be the new bishop. The Lord has always been good to him and given him a knowledge of the gospel and this work. I am so thankful and happy that he has kept himself worthy of this position.

This ends the short history written by Marjorie Merrill Judy.

This section of the compilation comes from a history handwritten by Marjorie Merrill Judy. This part of that history gives more detail on Rulon Clifford's early life, his farming career, etc. and was probably dictated to her by him as it is in his words.

A very special spirit left the presence of his Father in Heaven on May 27, 1914, at 7:50 a.m. He was to be known on the records of the church, by his family, and by his friends as Rulon Clifford Judy, always called Clifford. His parents were William Aaron Judy and Mary Ann Nielsen Ward Judy and he was born in Ammon, Bonneville, Idaho. It was on a very cold morning and my Dad told me many times, that on the morning of my birth, there had just been a new snow storm and the icicles were hanging three feet long on the house.

Whether Dad had a premonition that things were not just right or not I do not know, but when it was time for Mother to have her baby, she was brought to Ammon to the home of Annie Hiatt, who was a midwife and had fixed her home up as a maternity hospital. This home still stands on the corner of Owen Street and Ammon-Lincoln road on the north side of Owen.

After my birth Mother hemorrhaged severely, and became very weak and ill. Dad remained at her bedside for three days and nights. On the fourth day, Mrs. Hiatt gave Dad some hope of Mother's survival. From then on she improved very rapidly and it wasn't long until Dad was taking us both back home to Ozone to be reunited with the family. I am sure Dad gave many prayers for Mother as he was a very spiritual man. My heart has always been full of gratitude to my Father in Heaven for preserving Mother's life so she could raise me. She was a spiritual giant and an inspirational Mother and I owe a great deal of my life's opportunities to her.

I was raised in a religious home. We were taught very early in our lives the value of prayer as we knelt each morning around the breakfast table to thank God for our bounteous blessings. We were taken to church each Sunday, not sent, and developed the habit very early in our lives also, that Sunday was the Lord's day. We were taught the truths of the gospel, not only by word, but by example. The law of tithing was observed by our parents, as well as the law of fasting. Our parents were never rich, but were eager to share their material goods with their family, neighbors, and friends, very often given anonymously.

Dad served faithfully as a branch president in the Ozone branch and was the first Bishop of that ward, thus teaching me that our callings in the church were to be put first in our lives and to do our very best at whatever we were called to do in the church. Mother was reserved and quiet and her work in the church organizations was to be a teacher, no greater calling can come to one than to be a great teacher, a quality which she fulfilled to the utmost. She was like Jesus himself, a great teacher and a perfect example of what she taught. She served many years as a Relief Society visiting teacher, never missing a single month of visiting her assigned women and caring for their needs.

I was taken to church and blessed on July 5, 1914 at the Ozone ward. The name of Rulon Clifford was given to me by the power of the Priesthood and was performed by Christian Anderson. I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day

Saints on June 4, 1922 by my father, William Aaron Judy. I was confirmed and given the power of the Holy Ghost the same day by Scott Wright of Ozone, Idaho. This was a great day in my life and is one I will always hold dear and remember forever. Early on Sunday morning, June 4, 1922, I went with Dad to put a dam across Badger Creek, the small creek running past our home in Ozone. A hole had been dug deep enough to put one in and when it was filled sufficiently, I was dressed in white clothes, and with Dad, also dressed in white, we walked hand in hand together to the creek and taking me in the water, he baptized me. I will never forget how cold the water was, but what a good feeling I had. We then got our wet clothes changed and put on our Sunday best and all of the family went to church where I was confirmed. I am sure this great power of the Holy Ghost has been a guiding light to me and kept me away from much evil because I listened to the still small voice. I know Satan is real and were it not for this great power to guide me, he would surely have drug me into many evil ways. I have a very strong testimony of the gift of the Holy Ghost. I know it does guide our lives if we live the teachings of Jesus Christ and listen to his prophets who are a mouth piece on earth. I earnestly pray that my posterity will have the same connection that I have.

The highest office of the Melchizedek Priesthood was given to me by Spencer W. Kimball, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, on the 22nd of Sept. 1944 when he ordained me a High Priest and set me apart as Bishop of the Ammon First Ward. (I was set apart as Bishop of the Ammon Second Ward on the 19th of February, 1956, by Hugh B. Brown.) Another great event happened in my life when once again I was privileged to have our dearly beloved Prophet and President of our Church Spencer W. Kimball lay his hands on my head and set me apart as a sealer in the Idaho Falls Temple. This great day was Oct. 10, 1977. What a rich, spiritual blessing this was, and to think I was worthy of all the promises he gave me if I continued to live my life in accordance to the teachings of our Father in Heaven. Now to be worthy to seal for time and all eternity

many worthy members of the church and also those who had waited so many, many years for the sealing power for them.

May my children and grandchildren feel the strength of this great and powerful man of God. I know and testify to my posterity that each president of our church is truly a Prophet of God, called and set apart to function under our Father in Heaven's direction in leading the Kingdom of God on the earth in these latter days.

Our meals were common and nourishing. Meat, potatoes, gravy, homemade bread and fruit with milk to drink was the menu. Mother made dried apple pies that would melt in your mouth; they were oh-so-delicious. No one has ever equaled those pies in my estimation. She would make plain apple pies as well as raisin pies. We made gallons of homemade ice cream, always having someone run in to help eat it up. It was almost like they could smell it being made. Mother and Dad were very hospitable. No one ever came to our door without a meal being fixed. Often times it would only be fried potatoes, fried eggs, bacon, and a dish of fruit, but anybody and everybody were welcome and made to feel at home. Mother always had bottled meat, as well as chicken, so it was fairly easy to fix a fast meal. Home made bread was made almost every day when we were all home. It was baked in a big black dripper, usually twelve loaves at a time. It seemed like it was always just taken from the oven as I came home from school. How I loved to peel the crust off of a warm loaf of bread. With butter and honey, it was a treat fit for a king.

Our home was at Ozone, a small fanning community five miles southeast of Ammon where Dad and Mother had taken up a homestead about 1910. Here is where I grew up with my brothers and sisters.

Annie Melvina	born	27 August 1898
Alva Clark	born	27 March 1901
William Lavern	born	24 January 1903
Lillie	born	5 September 1905
John Melvin	born	27 January 1908
Cora Dorothy	born	28 February 1910

Nellie	born	28 February 1912
Floral	born	16 November 1916
Ira	born	22 July 1919

Our home was the gathering place of the entire community of Ozone, where we engaged in childhood games of Hide and Seek, Kick the Can, Run My Sheep Run, Old Sow, and Annie-I-Over. Some of my earliest recollections of the community were every Saturday afternoon was a holiday, and all the people would gather from Ozone and the nearby communities of Rock Creek, Bone, Dehlin, and Tipperary for a friendly game of baseball, with each area sponsoring a team and competing against each other.

Boweries were built out of Quaking Aspens. Four posts were set in the ground with poles around them, and Quaking Aspen boughs laid on top to provide shade. From these, the women would serve food to the hungry throng. The ball diamond was the area where the Y in the road is now; that is where the Ammon Road and the Iona Road come together to make the Bone Road.

July 4th and 24th celebrations were held each year, alternating between the areas. It was here the ballgames were also played as well as kids' races: three-legged races, sack races, wheelbarrow races, horse races, and adult races of all kinds. I remember winning my share of all of them. I was always very athletic and no one could beat me at running.

A community dance was held at night with everyone from the newest baby to the oldest adult enjoying the Virginia Reel, Varsouvienne, Waltz, and the Schottische dances. As soon as one was able to walk, they were welcome on the dance floor and so my love for dancing was acquired in my very early years.

Our church house was in the same building as the school and library. Church was on one side of the hall and the school and library on the other side. The church and school was heated with big pot-bellied stoves. A large piece of tin was placed around it so no one would be burned. The lights for the church were called carbide lights. This consisted of a main container full of carbide (gunpowder) and it fed the lights which were lit with a match.

Care had to be taken so as not to blow everything up. A stage was built in one end of the chapel part of the building. Many plays were presented, with local talent being the performing stars. It was quite an event in one's life when they were asked to take part and be one of the cast members of the play. Now they were grown up. Many of us took our turn. We made it a practice of attending church as a family each Sunday as well as going all together to all other events.

I started riding horses when I was very young. When I was only five or six years old I was sent to herd the milk cows. I would sit or lay on the horse's back all day, because if I ever got off I couldn't get back on and would have to walk home. Because I was always barefoot in the summer, this was a walk I did not want to do. When I was seven years old, I drove three horses on an old sulky plow to work the ground at the dry farm. I gradually graduated to six and seven horses.

In 1927 or 28, a gas tractor was purchased. Now we were really up in the world. I felt like I was really farming. I can see it yet, a 1530 International with steel wheels in the front and spike wheels in the back. From then on, we drove tractors to do the farming. I seemed to always be Dad's right hand man and he often left me to do the farming.

I am going to relate here one of my most memorable horse rides. We had all attended the funeral of a Mr. Barzee that was held in the Ozone Ward. As soon as it was over I ran home and on up to the old granary on top of the hill west of the house and into the cow pasture to catch me a horse. I hurried home and got it saddled and was on it ready to ride up the hill to the cemetery when along came my brother John. He took the horse away from me so he could ride it up to the cemetery leaving me to walk up. I always seemed to be in the right place at the wrong time as John always was pulling these things on me. I guess I was the only brother he could boss around.

I drove the water wagon for the old steam threshing machine during harvest. My how I would make those horses run from the top of the old granary hill (known as the Ridge Road) to Badger

Creek down by the house and fill the tank and back to the top of the hill I would go-always on the run. Gradually things changed and we had tractor-pulled combines and later on self propelled combines. I have seen many changes in the farm machinery, and I have looked forward to and accepted each change. Yes, from the team of horses on the old sulky plow to air-conditioned tractors and combines with stereo and the works. I have driven and loved them all. They have been a big part of my life.

When I was a Junior in High School, I was working for Lavern doing the plowing on the Campbell ground. It started to rain and as I was driving an open tractor, I stopped the tractor, leaving it running, and went into a grove of trees to get out of the rain. It looked as if it would keep on raining quite awhile, and I was inspired to go and turn the tractor off. After I had left the grove of trees and gotten to the tractor, a bolt of lightning hit the tree I had been standing under. I am sure the spirit of the Holy Ghost prompted me. How grateful I am for this guiding influence in my life, and I can testify that he does help us in times of need, if we but listen and obey.

Dad loved to fish, and each summer when the plowing was finished he would bundle his family up in the white top buggy and head for Yellowstone Park. My first trip there was when I was only six weeks old. Those trips lasted almost a month. Fishing was good and we had all we could eat. Dad would take each one of we boys and he would teach us the art of fishing. After the family was grown, Mother started to fish and she got so she could out fish us all. How proud she was when she could catch the most as well as the biggest fish. We had many experiences with bears getting into our food and fish. We all looked forward to these trips with the folks.

As money was very scarce during my growing up years, I went barefoot all summer. I didn't mind it as long as I could stay in the road, but it was a little rough when I had to go into the trees to find the cows and drive them out, or in the fall of the year when the stickers on the weeds were dry. At one time Dad went to town to an auction sale and came

home with a bushel basket full of women's high-heeled, buttoned shoes. These we all had to wear. It was really better than going barefoot, I think. I would watch so closely as I approached our home to make sure no one was there visiting. If they were, I would take those shoes off and hide them and walk on home barefoot. Those were the days.

When I started school in the first grade the folks sent me to Rexburg to stay with Dad's sister, Charlotte Anderson. Oh, how I hated it, and how homesick I got. When Christmas vacation came, I went home and no way would I go back. I was not leaving home and my family again and so I finished my year at Ozone. My first recollection of school in Ozone was with the following families: four Judy children, three Ottesons, four Wrights, three Pugmires, four Holmquists, one Carlson, three Campbells and three Olsen children. The school was held in one room with one teacher and she taught grades one through eight. The older students were always required to help the younger ones. Here reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught along with singing and penmanship.

Everyone played together from the smallest to the very oldest. Baseball was the main game for recess and noon hour. This was played inside an old abandoned building that was close by. Bats were unheard of and so we used our hand or a board, usually full of slivers. The balls were made by our mothers, and were of yarn, tightly wound around a marble or a round rock. When it was big enough it was stitched all around with the buttonhole stitch to hold it all together.

When the older kids tired of school they would delight in taking us younger ones and playing hooky. I can still see our teacher running up and down the road, frantically ringing the bell, while we all remained hiding and watching, trying very hard to smother the laughter. Such were the good old school days at Ozone. When I was in the third grade, all that remained in the area for school was our family, the Otteson family, Wrights, and Campbells.

We had to walk to and from school each day regardless of the weather; no buses to come and get

us or take us home; and no cars for our parents to drive to pick us up either. In the winter the weather would be cold and snowy. Often times my overall legs would be frozen stiff, clear to my hips and we would have to stand around the big potbellied stove to thaw them out and dry them only to have the same thing happen on our return home at night. During this time a drought had hit the area. No crops were raised, money became very scarce and candy was unheard of for the children. We survived on bread, milk and honey. We always had milk cows supplying our family with milk and butter. Mother baked more bread than ever to supplement our diet. Many of the families in the area lost their farms and left the area. The school had to be closed.

The folks were forced to make a big decision. What to do! They finally purchased a home in Ammon where we now lived during the school year, moving back to the dry farm each summer. The dry farm was always "home" to me and I have dearly loved the area. May my children share this same love for that land that I have. Now I had to start a whole new adventure in life. My fourth grade was in Ammon grade school, how frightened and frustrated I was, me a hillbilly in the big school. For a few months I didn't care whether I ever went to school again but time takes care of everything and I finally adjusted to the area. School was never easy for me as I always started late every fall, and was always behind the rest of the class. Then quite early in the spring we would move back to the dry farm to start our spring farming.

Rhoda Harris taught me in the fifth grade. She was a good teacher but very strict. If she ever caught anyone talking, she made them stay in at recess and write "I will not talk in school" five hundred times. When I was accused of talking once really I was only listening, but I had to write those words anyway. Now recess was my best subject and how I hated to miss it and so I devised a way to hold two pencils in my hand at one time thus hurrying up the process.

When I finally got in the eighth grade, my teacher proved to be one of my dearest friends. His name was Floyd Anderson. He seemed to take a liking to me and another student, Richard Curtis. After school he

would take us, and along with another teacher, we would go into the gym and play basketball. Each of these two adults would take one of us boys and we would play by the hour. They taught us how to play--such happy memories. Floyd was a wonderful example to be around. This friendship went on for three years, but forever in my memory. At this time, Floyd met with a terrible accident which resulted in his death. May I relate this incident now to let you know how my testimony grew through this experience.

I learned how much the gospel meant to me when losing a very dear friend. How grateful I was for this background and teachings I had had to help me through these days of sorrow. May I assure you that my testimony became very strong for I now knew that God does hear and answer our prayers.

After our basketball session this particular day, we had decided to go to the Taylor Mountain area to go rabbit hunting. As Dad always had a team of horses and a sleigh available for my use, I went home to get them. I went around to pick up Richard and then we drove to the Anderson home in Ammon. Their lot was lined with cottonwood trees and Floyd had gone out to cut one down while he waited for us. As he felled the tree, a branch hit him knocking him on a harrow that was lying nearby. A piece of the frame was run through his neck. We arrived just in time to help lift his lifeless body off the harrow. What a traumatic experience for me. I suddenly realized I had lost a choice friend and teacher, one of God's very special children.

His body was left right at home and as the snow was deep, I was asked to go to town with the sleigh to get his casket. A team and sleigh were the only means of transportation. A funeral was held in the Ammon church house and then his body was placed in my sleigh and I took his remains to the cemetery, to be laid to rest until the resurrection. This was certainly a spiritual and a growing experience for me.

High School days were just mediocre. I played football until hunting season came and then turned in my uniform so I could go hunting. I was on the basketball team, but this too ended very suddenly my Junior year. I went skiing behind a car and ran

my ski under the railroad track resulting in a broken ankle. This ended my basketball career that year. My Senior year I broke my nose early in the season, and so didn't get a chance to play too much that year.

I am not sure whether I had a desire to go on a mission, but I knew my folks had that desire for me. I had always tried to honor my father and my mother and so it wasn't hard for me to accept the call when Bishop Lyle Anderson called me to his office to talk to me about serving my Father in Heaven as a missionary. I have been grateful for this privilege. The growth and spiritual wisdom I gained cannot be measured. The wonderful people I met, both member and non-member, have made a lasting impression on my life and their friendship has lasted all through the years.

I received a call to the North Central States mission with headquarters in Minneapolis, Minnesota. At that time, the mission consisted of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, and also Saskatchewan and Manitoba Canada. Before I left for my mission, I had to have my tonsils out. I went in to Dr. J. W. West's office in Idaho Falls and he removed my tonsils and adenoids. I drove myself in and drove myself home. I wanted another hunting trip to the Salmon River Country and so left the next day. It's a wonder I survived. I couldn't talk, but I could hunt and this I did.

I entered the mission home in Salt Lake City on Nov. 2, 1934. I felt just like a little frog in a great big puddle. Here I was--a farm boy from Idaho, who had never traveled around the country, hardly outside of Idaho Falls except to Yellowstone Park and Salmon. The Lord watched over me and blessed me. We were in the missionary training program for one week, where we were crammed with what we were to do. We attended a session in the Salt Lake Temple where I took out my endowments. This was on Nov. 9, 1934. We boarded the train in Salt Lake and traveled three days to Minneapolis. My experience at the mission home in Minnesota was that of frustration as I felt so small and insignificant around everyone else. Elder Bill (William) Hul took me under his wing and made me feel wanted and needed.

I know this was the place the Lord needed me to serve. My first assignment was in Fergus Falls, Minnesota. Here the missionary work unfolded to me and the gospel plan was made sure and plain. This is where I met a very choice couple, Walter W. Welton and his wife Carol and son Walter W. Welton II, called Bill. My companion, Elder Hall, and I met them while we were tracting. They were most receptive and as I was a greeny, Elder Hall would teach them the discussions, but they both say it was me who converted them. I am sure it was not what I said but through the Spirit of our Heavenly Father being with me, I touched their hearts and they accepted the gospel plan. I had the privilege and opportunity to baptize both Walter and Carol and to confirm Bill to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. What a tremendous family had been brought into the church. They say if you only convert one soul how great your reward will be. Walter and Carol had another son, Bob. Bill married and had seven sons. Six of his sons have gone on missions, also their son Bob. Carol and Walter served many years as Stake Missionaries-so the list goes on and on as to the good they have done for the church. My love for them is very deep and we have been the dearest of friends down through the years. Their lives have touched ours and our childrens' and may this friendship continue throughout all eternity.

I had some good and some bad companions but we always found success. I was sent to areas where missionaries had not been for years. President Richards told me "you go and open the area, make friends of the people, then I will send in preaching missionaries." I labored most of my mission miles from any other missionaries except my companion, always away from the mission home. We never did have contact with an organized branch or ward or even members, until the last few months of my mission. No matter where I went I made friends. A number of years later I took my family-which consisted at that time of my wife and three oldest children; Margene, Douglas, and Lyle-and toured my mission. The people we went to see all remembered me and treated us very special. Now my family also

knows these dear children of our Father in Heaven. I am sure that some day the seeds I planted will ripen and grow.

I looked forward to my mission release, not so much to be leaving the people and my missionary labors and the life of a missionary, but glad to be going home. Home to the family I love so much and who are so very near and dear to me. I received an honorable release on October 26, 1936.

In November 1936, not long after returning from my mission, I met a young lady, who I knew at first glance was to be my wife, my eternal companion and mother of my children. I had seen her someplace before, more than likely in our pre-mortal estate, and my mind was very sure. Her name was Marjorie Merrill, a newcomer to the area from Providence, Utah. I courted her for a few weeks and in February 1937, on a beautiful moonlit night I asked her to be my wife. She accepted and now I had to start making my life's plans.

I had purchased Dad's homestead from him, and, with his help, had acquired an adjoining dry farm. This was my start in life. A few years later I bought another farm that joined the homestead land on the west. In 1943, I bought a forty acre irrigated farm in the southwest corner of Ammon. It had a nice home on it as well as a few outbuildings. In about 1950, I bought a farm on Willow Creek five miles above or southeast of Bone. This is the farming operation that I have made my living on for the family. We have not acquired a lot of riches, but have never wanted for anything. We have been content and happy. Our family has made us rich, is what we can take with us to the eternal life, and will be our possessions forever. May we never falter.

In 1954, I went into a farm-ranch adventure at Ennis, Montana with my younger brother, Ira. It was a lot of hard work but for fifteen years I enjoyed it. In a few years, I bought the ranch from Ira and farmed it myself, with the help of the family. It seemed like I was always going to or coming from the ranch, usually alone, especially in the winter time. We ran both cattle and sheep on the ranch for a few years. We finally sold the sheep and just operated the cattle

business. We were the first farmers in the Madison Valley to raise grain commercially and everyone was interested in our adventure. It worked out and paid well. We put the first sprinkler system in the area; and now they are dotted all over the valley.

When Douglas and Terry were married they moved to the ranch to help operate it. When Lyle and Donean married they went up for one summer, but they did not enjoy the isolation of ranch life. We realized in time, after many prayers and much thought, that we had better sell the ranch in Montana and just concentrate on the dry farm. Douglas moved back to Ammon to help on the dry farm. Lyle had gone back to school, graduated from Ricks College, and secured a job at the Atomic Energy Site west of Idaho Falls, working for Westinghouse Company.

Now we purchased a small acreage of irrigated farmland, south of Ammon consisting of about 56 acres and divided it between Douglas and Lyle. Douglas, Max and I worked hard on the farm, as well as running a few head of cattle; so our winters were busy feeding the stock and calving the cows. Our winters turned out to be as busy as our summers.

After selling the ranch in Ennis, Montana, in 1976, we purchased the Todd Andrus dry farm consisting of 500 plus acres. It was nestled right in the center of our dry farm. Now we could farm much larger pieces and not have to work around this farm. This had always been a secret desire of mine and now it had come to pass.

In 1973, my older brother Lavern decided he could no longer run his dry farm and asked me to rent it. After consulting with the boys, it was decided to take his offer. Lyle now quit his job at the Atomic Energy Site and came back to be a farmer. He had always hoped that some day this would be his lot. It was exciting watching the boys work together, especially in repairing the machinery. As Douglas would say, "Lyle has the brains and I have the brawn." Max was always there to be of assistance, but of course he was just the baby brother.

Farming now was on the down slide. We managed to pay our bills and have a fair living. My how close we grew as a family. I have always felt bad because Dan

would have liked to have come in on the operation, but he had good employment as a designer for E.G. & GI" and as prices for farm produce were dropping so rapidly, he kept his white collar job. It makes a father feel so good to have his sons want to work with him. The Lord has blessed me with such wonderful children. May our lives be touched and our love for each other continue to grow, and may we always stay true to the Gospel of Jesus Christ and continue to endure to the end.

This concludes the section of the compilation in Marjorie Judy's handwriting and Rulon Clifford Judy's words. The following conclusion of this compilation was found at the end of a longer and additional history of Marjorie Merrill Judy.

I would get up each morning at 6:00 a.m. and go downstairs and do exercises with the teacher on T. V. Then one morning, I came up and found Clifford lying on the davenport. I rushed over to find out what was the matter. He said, "I think I'm having a heart attack. You'd better call the doctor." I did and I was told to take him to the hospital and he would give orders for him. He had just finished building a new office area and was moving to it that day.

I got him to the hospital and an examination was done. The doctor came and said it was a slight heart attack and suggested we leave him in the hospital for several weeks to be closely watched. He had put him with Doctor Armour-a heart doctor. He was put in a room with the nicest man who was there for almost the same problem and they had so much fun. Near the end of two weeks, they put him on the treadmill. He got along fine for awhile, then they turned it up and that was it. He had another heart attack and was rushed back to another room. Through exams, it was determined he needed to have heart surgery. Another doctor took over and called Salt Lake for a date for him to have his surgery. It was to be the first part of the week after Christmas. They wanted him to go down immediately, but he said, "no way, I'm spending Christmas with my family." So they finally let him come home, if he would stay down, and go to Salt Lake on Monday. We did that. Our son, Dan, took his Dad and me to Salt Lake City. At the

hospital they had rooms I would rent and stay right there. Clifford had a triple bypass on Wednesday. He seemed to be getting along well. We were there for two or three weeks than came back home.

He could not do the work he wanted to do but got along really well. He was given good care by Doctor Armour, and they became such good friends, but it was hard for him not to be able to do the work he loved to do. He was told to get out of Idaho weather in the winter so we got a fifth wheel and spent winters in Yuma, Arizona and summers back in Idaho for several years. After returning to Idaho for the summer in 1990, Clifford had another heart attack on May 3 and passed away May 9, 1990.

Upon this writing, Marjorie Merrill Judy is 93 years old. She has been a force for good and a wonderful support in the lives of her children, their mates, and her many grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great, great grandchildren.

SECTION 44

IRA JUDY

I, Ira Judy was born 22 July 1919 in the town of Idaho Falls, Bonneville County, Idaho the tenth and last child, fifth son of William Aaron Judy and Mary Ann Ward. My parents lived on a dry farm about twelve miles east of Idaho Falls, in the Ozone area. We lived in a big two story house with a big red barn which my father was very proud of and many people would admire from miles around. My father was the bishop of the Ozone ward or branch at that time. We had many a good time together. The teachers of the school would stay at our home a lot of the time. I can remember staying in the barn until twelve at night playing and we had a mean bull which would keep us there sometimes until we could find a way to get to the house.

The year I came into the world was a very dry year on the dry farm. We started harvesting a week after I was born. We did all the work with horses and wagons which took many days of hard work with several teams and wagons in the field at one time. A



The home in Ozone I was raised in.

big steam engine was the way we harvested the wheat after cutting with a header and wagons in the field.

I was operated on for a mastoid condition of the ear when I was 9 months old.

When I was very young I had to drive one of the teams of horses and load the wagons. I wasn't hardly big enough to see out of the wagon at the time. My older brother Clifford would operate the water wagon which took several loads a day, each load about five hundred gallons of water. We would pump all the water in and out of the tank by hand. It was my job to get a bucket of rocks each time he came in after water and help pump the water. He would use the rocks to throw at the lead horses. Having a four horse team he couldn't whip the lead horses very well.

We lived about one mile from school and church, which were all held in the same building. When I was about four years old, I got lonesome one day, so decided to go to school, which I did. The schoolteacher lived at our home so I was taken in and treated in royal fashion. I remember my sister giving me some of her lunch and right after lunch my mother came after me. My mother was very unhappy with me. She had looked all over for me, not ever thinking I would go that far to school. We had a big mean bull at the time, she was afraid I had gone where they were feeding stock and the bull had got me.

Every Sunday morning my father got the team of horses and wagon which we all got into and off to church we went. We all went because he was the bishop of the Ozone Ward at the time. It was quite a large community, several families living in the area then until after the drought hit.

We grew or raised most of the food which was eaten by the family, having to milk five to seven cows

every day. We would sell cream for enough money to keep salt and such things as was needed. I remember my father inviting guests home for dinner and we didn't have any meat. He went out and killed a small pig and it was roasted at once in a roasting pan. On Sunday our home was always filled with friends and guests so I had plenty of boys and girls to play with.

When I was six years old my father purchased a home in Ammon district right west of the schoolhouse so all I had to do was to run across the ball field to go to school. This is where I learned to read and write in school. My first teacher being Miss Pratt, a nice teacher which I liked and appreciate as a schoolteacher.

I was on the front step of the schoolhouse when Warren Denning came up behind me, giving me a push, falling about four feet landing on a waste paper basket. The fall broke my left arm so I was kept home from school six to eight weeks. I suffered more with that arm than anything I have in my life. Losing so much of the first two or three years of school, I never learned the sounds of letters. We had scarlet fever in our home three or four times while I was in the first three grades of school. While in the third grade I climbed a tree, falling and breaking my right arm, but I still went to school this time. I learned to write with my left hand. I'll never forget my teacher, Miss Bell, who taught me many things, being very nice to me but not to every one. She meant what she said and everyone either jumped or else she moved them if it took a board.

My task was to feed and milk the cows after I was about ten years old. Before that I had a pony of my own which I got the cows to the corral at night for milking time. Sometimes I had a hard time finding the cows because they had several hundred acres to graze on during the day time. We still lived in Ammon in the winters and Ozone on the dry farm in the summer. Several of my friends did the same thing.

My early and school day playmate was Wendell Day, who lived on a dry

farm in the summer and went to school in Ammon the same as I. He also lived on the same block as we did, his father owning half the block and mine the other half. When I went to high school I had many friends, Dale McDonald, Ferron Empey, Wendell Day, and Edward Denning being the ones I chose to go with most. We would play basketball by the hours; I enjoyed playing it very much. It fell my lot to be captain of the F.F.A. team while in high school. The school burnt down so I didn't have a chance to play football. We had no suits to play in and times were very hard and poor, so we had no money to buy new ones in the school district.

Ammon school that burned down in 1936.

After graduation from high school the following winter my folks and I spent three months in Arizona and California (January, February and March). We went to the temple in Arizona while there and enjoyed the nice mild winter very much. While in California we saw the "Worlds Fair", that's what they called it that year. It was quite a different land than I had ever been to in my life. I came home and worked for my father the following summer on the dry farm.

My Mission

Bishop Whiting came to our home and asked me to go on a mission. In about two weeks I received my mission call to go to the East Central States Mission. The mission had five states, Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, West Virginia, and part of North Carolina.

I went in the mission home on November 6, 1939 going to Salt Lake City, Utah. The missionaries were housed in the Lion House, the building with the seventeen gables. We were there for two weeks and then went to our mission field.

The East Central States Mission headquarters was in Louisville, Kentucky. We went on the train for two nights and two days, at least forty-eight hours on the train. Arriving in



Louisville, Kentucky at the train depot I got a cab to the mission home. After going in the mission home I found out that two Elders had gone to the depot to get me. They were going to get my suitcases and then say my suitcases hadn't come in.

I was then given my field of labor going to Charlottesville, Virginia. This was a beautiful city with the college on the hill. I met my first companion, Elder Keith H. Brimhall. He had just come back in the mission field after being in Salt Lake for ulcers. He could only eat steak and baby food. I didn't go for the baby food so I had to fix something else for me. He was a very good missionary and taught me a lot. We were very busy all the time. He met a lady missionary at conference and when he went home after his mission he married her.

We went to Richmond, Virginia for our conferences. One time a lady in the ward fixed some ham and beans for conference. She put it in a two-quart jar hot and by noon it was working pretty good and after eating some of it for dinner I was really sick. I thought I would stay in the bathroom all night.

We had two Sunday Schools in the Blue Ridge Mountains, about fifty miles from Charlottesville. We would try and visit them about every month. We were having dinner one time and I knew squirrel season was on at this time of the year. They had noodles and a big bowl of meat. I put a big spoon in and pulled out a head. It was a squirrel's head and I thought I was going to be sick. I put the head back in the bowl as fast as I could but the lady saw me and said: "Don't you like the head?" The eyes were looking up at me and I thought I was going to be sick for sure.

Marriage

Dorothy had gone to college and I had filled a mission. We went together until March when we were married in the Salt Lake temple March 31, 1942.

My Father had purchased a lot of homesteads of land for me. I am very grateful for him securing them for me. I took the big tractor Dad had and



Salt Lake Temple

broke the Water's place out of sagebrush not going on the Senior Sneak Day when I was a senior in high school. In the spring after returning from my mission I started farming the land my father had saved for me. I paid him for the land and machinery in the next few years.

The first winter we lived in one room of my father's home. My father gave Nellie, Cora and me a lot on the south end of the property he owned. He owned half of one city block in Ammon right by the ball diamond west of the school. Clifford had a home on one corner of the lot, a two-room home.

Home Again

I was discharged from the army January 6, 1946, not able to be home for Christmas in 1945. It was sure great to be back home and see the family and friends. We were living in the two-room home we bought from Clifford. It seemed so good to be out of the army. The government had surplus sales and I went to Montana to try to buy a tractor and I did buy one, a great big Allis Chambers No. 10 with a great big seat on it. One could lay down with plenty of room to sleep. The cost for the tractor was \$4000. In the spring of 1946 we started to build a home on the corner lot Dad had given us. Since we had purchased Clifford, Nellie and Cora's lots, we had about half of Dad's lot then. The house was finished by wintertime. It had two bedrooms, kitchen,

dining room, and bath. We sure enjoyed the new home and the bathroom, which we didn't have in our other home.

Clifford and I had bought the machinery from Dad and we used the equipment together for the first few years until I bought the tractor in the army surplus sale. We also got a combine, which was a pull, and machinery to farm with. We rented the foothills from Preston Deck, the Walker place, and the White place. It was about 500 acres. The tractor would pull a 21-foot disk plow and three 12-foot weeders. We could work the land before going on to the higher land, and could always cut the wheat before the higher land was ready to cut. We never got a very big yield here. The one time we thought we would really make some money, a frost froze it just before time to cut. We only got about 10 bushels per acre.

In the years between 1946 and 1953 we had purchased a pull John Deer combine. I went back to the factory to get a four-wheel drive jeep. We traded the pull combine for a push (the header in front). Clifford and I purchased the first front-end combine in our area. We also traded the Studebaker car and went back to the factory to get a new 88 Oldsmobile. Dale and Colleen McDonald went with us. We picked up the car in Kansas City and went to New York, Virginia, Washington D.C. and all along the old Mormon Trail on the way home. It was this car we had going to Montana. We also purchased a push combine and took with us.

John, my brother, had purchased the Levi Barzee homestead and decided to sell it, so we purchased it from him. He was going to get rich raising steers on Levi's. We paid \$4,500 for it and made about that much money on the first crop we took off.

Montana

We wanted a little bigger operation so Clifford and I purchased the ranch in Montana. It was a big operation, all the work you wanted. We took the jeep, combine, and truck to Montana with us. We went to Ennis, Montana in the spring of 1953 to take charge of the ranch. We hired a man to work

our farm in Ozone and Clifford would see that the work was done.

The family also went with me to Ennis on the ranch. We were there for two summers and one winter. The children went to school there one winter. They really had to work hard to keep up with the class. We purchased seventy-five Hereford cows for \$75 each (all one man's cows). Clifford took his Black Angus cows, about the same number. We bought a tractor, hay baler and swather, and went to work. It was the first time I had put up hay or had so many cows to feed. We had some help to put up the hay. We had about two hundred fifty acres of wheat and five or six hundred acres of hay to harvest. The yield wasn't very good the first year.

We moved back to Ammon for the second winter and Clifford was to take over the third summer. He hired two men to work on the Ranch. The first harvest I cut all the wheat we had and then went and cut my brother-in-laws wheat, Wayne Robinson's. It was here we had the antelope that we named Bimbo and took to Ammon. The Ranch was quite a large operation for me. It had two homes on Jack Creek; yes the creek had some fish in it.

Clifford took charge of the Ranch the third year and I did the fourth year. Then it was his turn the fifth year. I decided that his boys and my boys couldn't operate the ranch and make any money for all of them. So I sold the ranch to Clifford (he had more money than I did). I figured I made \$1,000 a year for each year I was there. I made \$5,000 in the five years. I took my cows and machinery back to Ammon and farmed the land I had there. I had to find a place to winter the cows and summer pasture. This was about 1959 and it was hard to find a place to winter the cows.

Nance Farm

The Nance farm came up for sale. We purchased it in 1964. We needed a place to winter the cows. Summers we would send them in the hills. Sometimes it was hard to find summer pasture. We sold our home in Ammon for \$17,000 and paid \$37,000 for

the Nance place. It was an old home and about sixty acres. This was enough land to raise enough hay to feed the cows.

We remodeled the home and didn't move on the place until September. That summer we went to Island Park and cut down trees for 500 poles so we could build a corral which we built that fall with a lot of help. We put a loading shoot, three or four corrals and were always working trying to make it a better place to live.

We made a little more money with the cows and all. I figure I made about \$1,000 a year with the cows. That's about all the money I got for all the work feeding and caring for the cows. I sold my combine to Clifford in Montana when we came back to Ammon. We purchased a new Case and it was quite a good machine for our work. I would cut Keith Hanson's wheat and he would cut and bale my hay. It worked out good for a few years.

We got a new hay baler and still paid someone to cut the hay. We bought a tractor to pull the baler which we needed to work the Nance farm. We would send the cows to the hills for summer pasture, one or two years at Zee McDaniels, then we sent them to Allen Thompson's until I sold them.

Machinery

Between the years of 1962 and 1978 we purchased a lot of cars and machinery. I don't remember the year we got them, but several cars and pickups. We bought a one ton pickup to pull the boat and camper. We bought a new Case after I sold the one to Clifford when we sold the Montana ranch. We got a Gleaner combine which we sold to Richard and Kent when I quit farming.

In the fall of 1977 I had been in the hospital for ulcers and we went to Mesa, Arizona for a month or so. Vern said that was the place to go and get well.

Shelter

While in Montana the two room house and basement in the hills burned down. We didn't do anything to it until I came home from Arizona one



Dorothy and I.

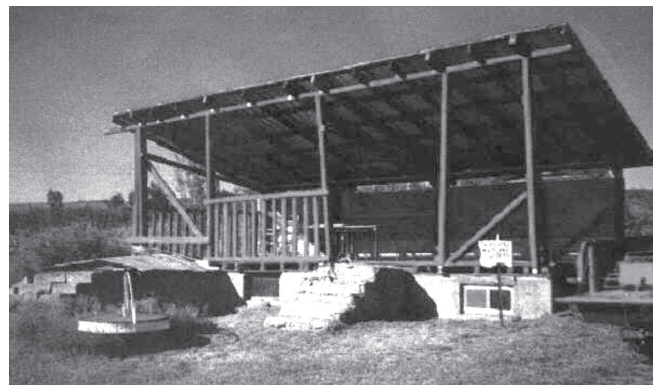
spring. I decided to clean out the basement and put a mobile home on it. I purchased some railroad track from Dean Robertson and cleaned out the basement and bought two piles of lumber. We decided to build a shelter, not a place for a mobile home.

I put up a frame out of the lumber I had purchased and decided to call on the family to put up the roof. They all came and we put up the roof and had a good time all together.

We planted some small trees and took a pump I had here and started sprinkling the trees and land around the shelter.

I started mowing the grass and adding a little more each year. We started having the family reunions there and enjoyed having all the family's together.

Coming home from Arizona in 2000 someone told me I could get two trees moved to the shelter for one of the trees we had here on the Nance place. So, we traded seven trees and got fourteen trees put



The shelter at Ozone.

up at the shelter. We continue to have the family reunion there each year.

Coming home in 2000 we went to a new chapel in the 12th Ward. We are in the 12th ward at this time 2001.

SECTION 45

JOHN M. & JANICE M. JUDY

John Melvin Judy was born in Salem, Idaho on January 27, 1908. He was the fifth child of Aaron and Mary Ann Judy. He was always a happy, fun child and a willing helper. He loved to stay with his Grandma Judy, who taught him several songs and funny verses. Once when he was about eight years old, he decided he was going to fly off the roof of their house by making his own wings but crashed and broke his nose.

His Dad was an expert fisherman and hunter and taught him well as he enjoyed going fishing and later teaching Janice and his children how to fish. He would always get his wife's and children's poles ready for them before he would go fishing. He was a patient teacher.

He was a very thoughtful man—he always brought his mother a present or took her out to dinner on his birthday. He later did this for his mother-in-law on Janice's birthday. John cut his father's hair and trimmed his mustache for years. John was Student Body President of Ammon High School in 1925. In 1927 he went on a mission to the Central States.

Janice Marie Christensen was born in Joseph, Utah on September 6, 1911. She was the third child of Arnfred and Elizabeth Hyatt Christensen. Janice was a good helper for her parents. She took piano lessons and had a beautiful singing voice. On one occasion in her teens, she had the opportunity

to go to the Logan Temple to do baptisms. In those days, it took two days to go to Logan from Goshen, Idaho and so they camped overnight in the Downey, Idaho area. While there at the temple she was asked to sing and was thrilled. Janice was a beautiful young woman and had several boyfriends during her school days.

John and Janice met for the first time when she went to Ammon to visit her sister Laura, who was running a small malt shop across from the school. (It was called the Cat Shop) They dated and Janice only had eyes for one. They loved to dance at the Wandemere, a big dance hall south of Idaho Falls, and go to the movies. Soon the love bug bit and they were married. They moved into a small apartment in John's parent's home. John was working for 28 cents an hour and sometimes a dollar a day.

Their daughter Jeannine Marie was born on April 7, 1933. They purchased a small farm next to his brother LaVern's farm approximately one half mile south of the Ammon store on the east side of the road and built their first home. John farmed with a team of horses named Pedro and Maude. During this time, while walking the ditch bank, he found a wild duck egg. He took it home and hatched it under a setting hen. Jeannine named her pet mallard duck, Donald. It was a fun pet for a while.

The depression was getting steadily worse for everyone. The WPA was put in effect. They created jobs such as building roads in Ammon and supplied work for many. The winters were cold, hard ones with deep snow and travel was by sleigh and through fields. Lyle Anderson became manager of the Midland Elevators during 1934-1935. When he quit to become County Commissioner, John applied and got the job. They were so grateful and happy for this work.

Joann Maureen was born on January 10, 1936 while living in this home. Enroute to the hospital, a black cat crossed the road in front of them. Janice made John stop,



Janice and John Judy

back up, and go a different way. John took Janice, Jeannine and the new baby to Goshen to Janice's parents. It snowed real hard while they were there and all the roads were closed. John had to get a sleigh and team of horses to bring them all home. Grandma Elizabeth heated large rocks in the oven and wrapped them in towels and put them around everyone on the sleigh to keep them warm on the way back.

In 1938 the Pullmans wanted to buy their farm for a brick plant and the opportunity came up to purchase the Ammon store from Leonard Ball. Now they found themselves in the grocery business and renamed the store, Judy's Cash Store. Their new home was in back of the store. It was a two bedroom one bath home. John Maurice (Johnny) was born September 29 1939. What a fun place this was to live! Great neighbors, the Picketts, Wadsworths, LaVern Judy's close by with their children to play with. Some of the games they liked to play were Dodge Ball, Red-Rover, Annie-I-Over, Pop the Whip, Marbles, Jacks and Checkers. Card games they enjoyed were Old Maid, Go Fish and Slap Jack. They loved to catch minnows near the head gate at the small canal that ran by the side of the store. They also liked to play in the wheat at the elevators. They had a black Lab named Tip and John made a leather harness for the dog to pull the kids around the town site on a sleigh. He was a faithful dog and never left their side, they all loved this family pet.

John shot a trophy elk and had it mounted and hung in the store. Later it hung in the elevator and later was re-styled and re-draped and today is on display in the Museum of Idaho in Idaho Falls. World War II started while living at the store. It was hard times for all. The town of Ammon had a scrap iron pile right across from the store. People would bring their old iron machinery — anything iron for the war. The pile grew higher and higher and got very large. It was collected and made into airplanes and guns and etc.

John and Janice enjoyed the store. They had a barrel of peanuts and a barrel of candy kisses around the counter. Also, in those days, there were punch boards for 5 and 10 cents a chance. Prizes for winners

41212 AE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION
WAR RATION BOOK TWO
IDENTIFICATION

Judy Jean Maurer
(Name of person to whom book is issued)

R-3 (Street number or rural route)
Idaho Falls (City or post office) *Idaho* (State) *June 7* (Mo) *41212* (Sec)

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Any attempt to violate the rules is an effort to deny someone his share and will create hardship and discontent.

Such action, like treason, helps the enemy.

Give your whole support to rationing and thereby conserve our vital goods. Be guided by the rule:

"If you don't need it, DON'T BUY IT."

★ U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1942 16-30539-1

World War II Ration Book

were boxes of candy and stuffed toys. Their children played and enjoyed the candy and liked to share penny candy with their neighborhood friends. On Saturdays after their chores were done they would go to Idaho Falls to a movie. They had continued serials in those days so it was important to get to the movie to see what happened each week.

During the war they also handled the Government's Ration Stamps. Every citizen (even children) was issued ration books. Gas, clothing, food—everything was rationed at this time. Everything that could went to the war effort. We hired several good people in those years, Paul Curtiss, Wallace Wadsworth, Al Brown, Harvey Beins, Cleo Stout, Blanche Minson June Campbell Joy Otteson, Jesse Bunnell and several more.

Janice was an excellent cook. She was famous for her fried chicken and fish, Bing cherry pies and a

white cake from scratch with chocolate/carmel icing. She made homemade noodles for chicken noodle soup and excellent dumplings. She loved to play the piano and organ to wake her children up. The tune was "Lazy Mary, will you get up, will you get up, Lazy Mary, will you get up this morning." She would sing each of her children's names until they were all awake and up for the day. She loved flowers and always had a pretty flower garden. The radio was some of the family's best entertainment as they could all be together and listen to their favorite programs, like Amos and Andy, Sky King, Intersanctum and The Shadow knows.

The children were also buying Savings Bond's stamps with some of their allowance. They would buy them at school and during the summer from the mailman. John enjoyed working at the elevator and Janice really helped out at the store. The elevator was very hard work (even in the winter) shipping wheat all over. It was also a meeting place for lots of friends, farmers and some fun pinochle games.

The family always spent their vacation in Yellowstone Park. John and Janice rented a cabin and were always there for opening day of Fishing Bridge. The whole Judy family and other families loved to go to the park. Grandpa Aaron had helped build the roads and knew the park extra well. He took his young family up and taught them where to fish and where it was safe to swim. The limit in those days was 15 fish. They loved to fish at Mary's Bay.

On one trip to Mary's Bay they left Johnny (age 2) in the car sound asleep. (In those days there was a small window in the back of the car they could leave open for the fishing poles to go through) A bear came and tried to get a loaf of bread that was in the back window. The bear reached in over the top of Johnny, scratching the seat and left big tears in the upholstery, just above where he was sleeping. The bear took the loaf of bread, but didn't touch Johnny. Thank heavens! In those days there were lots of bears. We would go and watch the Park Rangers feed them in the evenings sometimes. They would come right up to the cars for food. As children, we remember feeding them cookies, marshmallows and crackers.

Both sides of John and Janice's family's had family reunions and many holiday and other get-togethers. They always enjoyed getting together. The family also enjoyed an annual Christmas tradition. Every year, they all went on a shopping trip together to buy presents for each other before Christmas. They would go see Santa Clause, shop and then get to eat dinner at a restaurant.

Years went by and the store was sold to Dick and Ethel Kelly. John and Janice moved three blocks north and one half block west in the Ammon town site. They called this place their "little white house." Some of their neighbors were the Roy Southwick's Sr., Ern and Olive Empey and Fannie Curtis. At this home we had a pet cat named Anna. She was white with a gray spot on her head. We dressed her up in our doll clothes and she would ride around in our doll buggy.

We had some bum lambs and taught our cat to drink milk from a lamb's bottle. She would lie on her back and hold the bottle up with her four legs and lick the milk from the nipple. While living there we also had our Uncle Wayne and aunt Floral's Shetland pony named "Chief", who loved to buck everyone off who tried to ride him.

John was hoping to buy another farm in the near future for his family. After a few years they found their farm (approximately 120 acres) 2 miles east and 1 mile north of the Ammon store. There they built their dream home, a large brick home on the hill. This home was built by Leo Romer. The hole for the basement was dug the same day their son Jeffrey Melvin was born May 31, 1948. The new home for the JMJ's was finished in 1949 and the family loved it!

There was more work to do with the farm and a herd of sheep to lamb and feed in the winter. The snow had to be shoveled off a long, large lambing shed to keep the roof from caving in, and John and the older children helped out with this. John planted potatoes, beets, grain and peas on the farm. The children spent their summers weeding potatoes and beets. Grain harvest at the elevators was a busy time, lots of late hours for the farmers and for John and his help. Janice would always help him in the office.



Jeannine, Johnny and Joann Judy

Our neighbors, Nielsen Brothers would bring in Navajo Indians from Arizona to help harvest their crops. The Indians built a steam hut at the top of the field by the canal on John's property. They would heat rocks in a bonfire and then go to the canal, carry buckets of water, pour on the rocks and have their ceremonial ritual and steam baths. One morning while harvesting potatoes, some of the family witnessed this. Luckily, they were some distance away!

Jeffrey was a fun kid who liked to ride on the tractor with his Dad. At nap time Janice used to hand Jeffrey to John on the tractor and he would drive to the end of the driveway and Jeffrey would be asleep. Janice would take him back into the house to finish his nap. He loved to play on the farm and to dress up like a cowboy and an Indian. He liked to ride the pet dog "Duke." Duke was a great sheep and cattle dog. One time Jeff dressed in his cowboy outfit and rode Duke in the Primary parade. He was a typical Judy! He loved fishing and family trips to Yellowstone Park. The children had a horse named "Ginger" at the farm, they loved to ride.

Life moved on for all of us at the farm. Jeannine played the clarinet, was in the band, pep club and had a nice singing voice. She enjoyed drama and choir also. She had lots of fun dating. Years went by and she met Bruce Lee and they were married November 15, 1951. Joann played the clarinet too. She enjoyed high school choir, was in a triple trio

and did some solo singing. She loved going to the stake dances, basketball games and dating. She attended Rick's College and went to work at a bank. She met Joe Anderson in 1955 and they were married April 4, 1956.

Johnny loved football and basketball, and raised Suffolk Sheep for F.H.A. He had about eight head of sheep and their lambs were born black, but they would turn white with black faces as adults. Johnny got his first car when he was 16 years old. It was a small, almost oval, dark blue Nash Rambler convertible. It looked like a large bathtub, but it was a

real fun car! His next car was a 1954 turquoise blue Chevrolet convertible. Johnny went on a mission to Frankfurt Germany. He came home and married Karla Westergard November 21 1962 and graduated from B.Y.U.

John served on the school board and the Board of Education for 18-20 years. There were lots of joys, some sorrows, during those years but was always surrounded and encouraged by friends. John suffered a severe blow to the side of his head, when a grain car he was loading was struck by a potato car. As the cars collided, it caused the grain spout to release and in turn hit John. As months went by he suffered pains as the discs in his neck were deteriorating. In 1960 John and Janice decided it best to sell the farm and they moved to Idaho Falls. A doctor in Salt Lake discovered John's neck problem and put his neck in a brace for ten months. His spine rejuvenated but he had lost his neck and arm muscles.

In 1963 John and Janice purchased the Ammon and Iona Elevators from the Midland Elevators and named them the J M J Elevators. Many busy years followed for them and their sons. Johnny managed the Iona Elevator and Jeff worked at Ammon. John also served as a director of the grain board. He had become quite a grain operator and was known and respected in the state, the Northwest and in California for his abilities. He kept a daily record of sales and all transactions and had a good bookkeeping system.

He took much pride in his customers and business associates, always trying to be fair. They also gave free soda pop to all their dry farmers and valley farmers, their hired men and their children who came to the elevators during harvest time. This was a treat for

them to be able to do this!

In January of 1966, John was loading a grain car. As he pushed the car to move it down the track, he jumped on the car ladder to apply the brakes and the car hit an icy spot and shuddered. As it did so John reached to grab the wheel for a hand hold. The



Janice Judy

wheel was icy also and John was thrown to the tracks below. He suffered broken ankles and feet on both legs. In 1973 they sold the elevators to Sheldon Stoker of the Roberts Elevators. After the sale they retired.

They enjoyed their home off 17th street. John loved to barbeque and they would have lots of get-togethers in their back yard. They truly loved having their family, grandchildren and friends around them. While in this home Jeff went on his mission to North Carolina-Virginia in 1969. Jeff married June Beatrice Fell on December 15, 1978.

There are many choice memories of living in the town site of Ammon. We had great teachers at church and school. Also great neighbors, always so helpful, playing games with neighbor kids and cousins. Going to Wadsworth's store for treats during school recess and after school. Also swimming in the canals and ditches and then ice skating on them in the winter. There are many other precious memories and we have lived and loved them all!

—Joann Judy Anderson

SECTION 46

A SHORT AMMON HISTORY OF **WILLIAM LAVERN & BESSIE RACHEL JAMESON JUDY**

This is a very short history of longtime Ammon residents William Lavern Judy and his wife Bessie Jameson Judy. Some of these stories are experiences Lavern had before he moved to Ammon, but they are part of him and therefore helped to form the kind of man he became. Bessie entered the scene about 1930 with her marriage to W.L., as many people called him.

Lavern's parents are William Aaron Judy and Mary Ann Ward. Their children, in order, are Clark, Melvina, Lavern, Lillie, John, Cora, Nellie, Clifford, Floral, and Ira Judy.

Lavern was born January 24, 1903 and spent his early growing-up years in Salem, Idaho where his father farmed. His schooling was started in Salem, but when they moved to the dry farm in Ozone, Idaho (about 10 miles east of Ammon), he finished his elementary schooling. He then attended high school for three years at Ricks Academy in Rexburg, Idaho. He also finished a 4th year, taking a missionary course. The farming families always pulled their children from school just before the end of the school year to go home for the spring farm work. Lavern stated, "I didn't mind being pulled out of school. It was just the thing that you were supposed to do."

A log school was built in Ozone. You needed a school about every three miles, as the kids would have to walk to it. In the winter time, the school was often closed because of influenza. Lavern would walk or ski about a mile during this time of closure and climb in the window to read books in the cold room. He read the encyclopedia and any other books of interest. He was smart and, in one year, he went through the beginners, first, and second grades in a

one-room schoolhouse. His old teacher promoted him to the third grade but the new teacher looked at him and said, "You are too little to be in here," and she sent him back. He had already been through most of the material and soon became bored, so he got to playing around and causing a lot of commotion. When he got to the next grade, his teacher kept him there for two years. The teacher that saved him finally had had enough of his antics. She picked him up ("a real pretty teacher, too," Lavern said) and sat him on her lap and said, "If you are going to act like a baby, I'm going to treat you like one." That cured him and he was a good student after that.

Aaron, Lavern's dad, once purchased land in Canada, "unsight and unseen." When he finally traveled there to see what he had purchased, he saw the poor soil condition and changed his mind. He came back to the foothills of Ammon and homesteaded 320 acres. Ammon was the place for him and his family. He produced generations of Judys on that fertile soil.

One of Lavern's jobs as a boy was to gather in the horses early in the morning, long before daylight. They would then harness them, work all day, and stay out late at night working. "The entire farm plowing and planting had to be done with horses," Lavern said. "There were six horses on each plow, with about 35 horses doing all the farm work. Some of the fun times we had were when Clark and I were each riding on the back of a team of horses, racing them for home."

Lavern was given a railroad watch by his dad, and it was so heavy that when he hung it on his overalls, they sagged very low. He could always tell it was in place. One day he hopped on a horse bareback and the horse took off. When he finally stopped him, the watch was gone. He hired his sister Lillie and his brother Cliff for \$1 each to ride the plow and look for his watch. Every time they plowed the field by the pond, they would look for the watch, but it was never seen again.

Another watch story of interest is the time Lavern was plowing up at the dry farm and he dropped his watch. He got off the tractor and looked and looked

for that watch. After quite some time, he decided he had better get back to work. He put a stick in the dirt where he thought it was and finished plowing for the day. In the spring, he looked for that stick and the watch again and finally found it. If we remember correctly, it still worked, too.

Fishing was very important to the Judy family. Lavern's mother was as good as the boys at casting and catching her share, but she was best at cooking them. (Filleting the fish was the way to go.) Lavern always had his favorite places to fish. Sometimes he would go with his brothers and sometimes some of his friends from Ammon, but mostly he liked to be alone. There are many stories to tell about fish, including salmon.

This fish story Lavern recounted has always been a favorite. "The people in charge would spawn the salmon in the Lemhi River where there was a dam and a trap. They would give the trapped fish to people. Those caught in the trap were a lot nicer as they were not all skinned and scraped from fighting and traveling the river. Dad [Aaron] stopped and asked if there would be any fish given away today, and the man said, 'Nope, not today.' The man in charge of the camp had a wife and a lot of children. We had brought some really good apples with us and Dad said, 'Lavern, we have a lot of apples, more than we can eat,' and he went and filled a bucket full of apples and gave them to the family. The apples were gone in no time, so Dad went and filled another bucket of apples and gave it to them. About this time, the man turned to Dad and said, 'I believe I will spawn a few fish.' He went right ahead and spawned 28 salmon and gave them to us. We took out the back seat of the old Ford car and filled it with the fish. We drove off a ways and cleaned and dressed the salmon. There was so much weight on the back wheels that we were dragging on the fenders. Dad got some posts and put them between the springs, and we were able to bring them home in good shape. We smoked and salted them and had all the salmon we could eat for a year, all because of a few good apples."

Early in Lavern's life, the family took their first trip to Yellowstone in a covered wagon, which was

pulled with four head of horses, and a white top buggy pulled by two head of horses. "The wagon carried the supplies and we were able to travel twenty or thirty miles a day before camping for the night," Lavern said. "It would take us one week to get there, one week to fish, and one week to go back home. Grandpa [Aaron] would tell the children what work needed to be done on the farm and they would get it done and then leave for Yellowstone. He never said, 'Get this done' and then tell us we couldn't go... We always went ... you could depend on that."

Going to Yellowstone Park (Fishing Bridge) was a family tradition that was continued into the 1940s and 50s. Not only did Lavern's brothers and sisters go, but many of the Ammon townspeople would all go at the same time. It was fun to have all of our

cousins there plus many of our Ammon friends. Those were the days when we could safely be gone all day and our parents didn't worry too much. We would only go back when we were hungry. After so many years of returning each year to the same place, we knew all the fun places to play and it felt like home.

When Lavern was 23 years old, he was called to the Ontario, Canada mission. He left in April of 1926 and returned in 1928. This area included the entire New Brunswick province and from Detroit up to Maine.

Coming home in May of 1928, he got seriously involved in farming. He often said he never wanted to be a farmer but he could see that he could make a successful living out of it, so he decided he would learn to enjoy it. He began by farming rented land until he made enough to buy more horses. Then he purchased more land. (His daughter Dorothy asked him once what he thought he would be doing if he hadn't been a farmer. He had worked at the service station in Idaho Falls earlier in his life. She suggested that maybe he would still be working at the service station. He replied, saying that if that were the case, he would have owned the company by now—and that was probably right.) Another topic his daughters asked him about at one time was the secret of his success. His reply to that was that he always put the pencil to the paper. This way he would be able to see on paper if the business was going the way he wanted it to. He spent many hours in his office putting the pencil to the paper.

Bessie Jameson came into his life some time after his mission. John Judy had met Bessie earlier and mentioned he had a brother on a



Bessie & Lavern Judy

mission and would be home soon. John was a bit younger than Bessie and thought Lavern and Bessie would make a good match. Sometime later Bessie made the trip up to Ammon from Salt Lake City to visit her sister, Clara Porter. Lavern and Bessie met at the Cat Shoppe (a confectionary shop), which was across from the Ammon school. Bill Molen asked Bessie to ride to town with him and Vern. Later when they returned, Bill was walking around the car to let Bessie out and, in that short time; Vern had asked her out on a date. Bill was surprised that Vern had not wasted a minute. After a courtship mostly through letters, they were married April 2, 1930 in the Salt Lake City Temple. They celebrated 59 years of marriage.



First lumber home in Ammon

As newlyweds, they came home to a two-bedroom house located on the corner of Sunnyside and Ammon Lincoln road. It was directly west of the small market on the opposite corner. The home was the first lumber house built in Ammon. It had adobe walls and, Lavern said, "It was an old house when we moved in." Bessie has a special memory of that house. Before Lavern and Bessie were married, her sister Clara had taken her over to see some friends that lived in the house. The walls were painted in dark colors and had ten-inch baseboards painted green and purple. It seemed like every color that didn't match, she said. One of the Blatter boys had fallen through the ceiling down to the kitchen, and the separator was tipped over. As she went out, she said, "This is one place I would hate to have to live

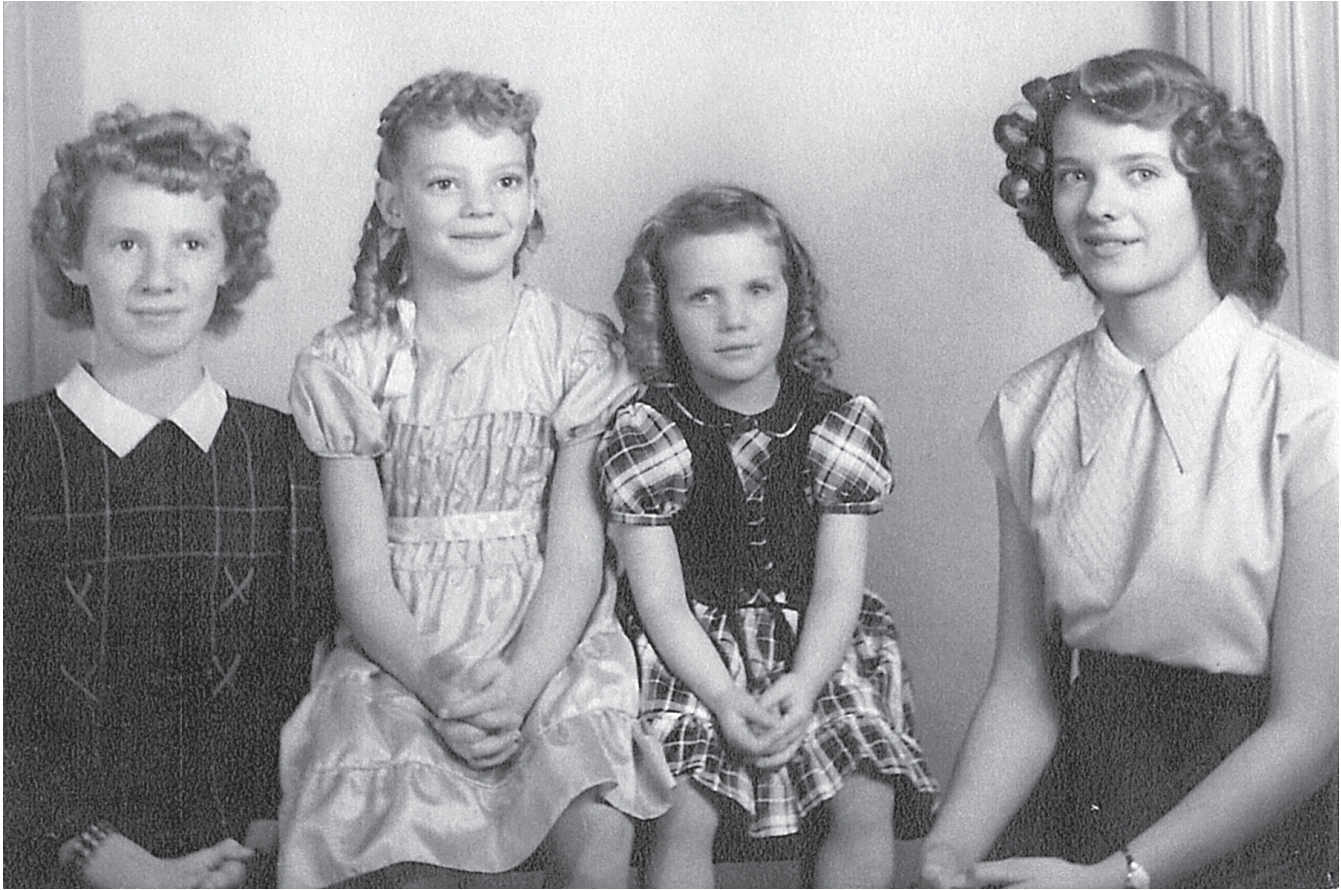
in." When they moved in as newlyweds, though, the place had been painted and made into a "very lovely dream house," Bessie called it.

In the winter, they shared the two-bedroom house with Lavern's brother Clark and his wife Dean. They were quite cozy. His brother had the front bedroom and Lavern and Bessie had the back bedroom. It had an old coal stove and no sink. "We used a dish pan to do our dishes in," Lavern said. They later filled this house with their own four daughters and Bessie's mother. Their first baby, LaJean, died shortly after birth. Dahl was next, then BethAlene, Dorothy, and Lois. They spent many happy years in that home. In about 1947 or 48, Dad had a new brick home built very close to the old house. (The old home was later moved up the street near Wadsworths'.) The girls decided they wanted to stay in the house for one last Christmas, so they didn't move into the new home until the first of the New Year.

That red brick home and the people who lived in it saw many changes in Ammon over the years. From horses to the first tractor, Lavern witnessed the revolution of machinery. The first tractors took until noon just to get them started. He remembers the fun of a Model T car flying along the road with such speed. To be successful at farming, Lavern learned to run the tractor day and night. He took the longer day shift, but if during the night the tractor stopped with the hired man, he was wide awake to see what the problem was. Those parts of the combine and tractor that broke often were always carried in an extra supply box kept right there with the machinery.



Red brick home built in 1947



Lavern and Bessie's daughters: Beth Alene, Dorothy, Lois, and Dahl Judy, circa 1949

He always said, "If you were broke down, that would cost money." One evening he went to get a machine fixed. He told the mechanic that he would pay him double if he would fix it before morning. The mechanic worked all night on it as Lavern fell asleep in the corner. In the morning, it was done. Lavern was so pleased that he went to give the man his extra money, but the mechanic would not accept it. His kindness was always remembered.

Lavern's career began with farming, but he worked at various jobs to keep up a supply of money during the early years of their marriage. He worked at the sugar factory in Lincoln, and he was a service station attendant at a station located across from the Woods funeral home. Many times he was called on to help the Woods family do their job. He later got into the sheep business, where he would get the spring lambs, fatten them, and sell them for a profit. The purchase of the cattle ranch on Pine Mountain was a delight to his family. His daughters loved going to the ranch.

Lavern always fed cows in the winter to keep busy and produce an income.

Lavern and Bessie only had daughters, so Lavern had to be smart to devise ways for his corals to be handled usually by one man. Somehow he could open and close one gate before he needed to get to the next one. He didn't want his daughters to do manual labor, but he taught them to do many of the easier farm chores. They would drive tractor for the hay crew, work the derrick, and sometimes drive truck from the hills to the valley. Dorothy drove tractor to cultivate beets. The straight rows were easy enough to do, but making the turn at the end of the row was very tricky. She said Lavern was always patient and very seldom upset by some of their mistakes.

One fond memory the girls have is the times they slaughtered the chickens. "We probably didn't think it was great then, but as we look back on it, we call it one of our good times. Knowing it would be a big mess that day; we would get up, comb our hair, and put

on lipstick and a clean apron. We at least started the day pretty. By the end of the day, we were a mess, but we would have a hundred chickens put in the freezer. Bessie would cook chicken that night for dinner and most of us couldn't even look at them. After a day or two, we got over our queasiness because Bessie really knew how to fry up a chicken. I think it was because they were raised right there on the farm and Vern knew exactly what to feed them. Chickens now from the store don't taste like they did back then."

The store across the street was a place of gathering for many of the Ammon folk. Many hours would be spent by the older generation visiting with each other, leaning on the back of someone's pickup parked by the store. This would be whoever happened to be at the store at the same time, sometimes Wiley Lee, Cliff Judy, John, Vern, and many others.

When Dick Kelley bought the store, he started a legacy of endearment that lasted for years. Many hours were spent visiting and playing in that store. Many of the Judy girls have such fond memories. Dahl's early memories are mostly of when Uncle John owned the store. I think he owned it before Dick Kelly.

Marilyn Picket, Dahl, and her cousin Jeanine Judy were good friends and spent many hours there. Dahl has an especially fun story about the day of the chocolate kisses. The three friends were walking home from school together and their homes were located right in a row, with the store being in the middle. This day they dropped Marilyn off, and Jeanine and Dahl walked right to the store and went inside. "We came to the end of the counter and in plain sight, there sat a 25-pound box of chocolate kisses that had just been delivered. We both looked at this big box of Hershey's chocolate kisses and sighed with longing. Each day after school, we would go in and look at this box of kisses, and we hatched the notion of taking it up to our special room at the end of the store, which was a small room up a wooden ladder following the wall. Knowing we shouldn't but not being able to resist the temptation, we took the candy up to this room," Dahl said.

"We devised a plan to get the box up this upright

ladder, and since we were only little kids, it was quite a feat to get the 25-pound box up this ladder into this five-by-five-foot room. We would then sit around this box and eat candy, which we all really liked. Our group by this time resulted in more cousins and friends and we all trooped through the store each time and went directly to our special candy room.

"Several years later, I mentioned this incident to Aunt Janice, John's wife, to get her perspective on the situation. She told us that she had mentioned to the supplier that he had not brought her box of chocolate kisses. He said that he did. She said, 'You did not because it is not here at the end of the counter. See for yourself.' He still said that he had brought her order to her. When Aunt Janice later found out what had really happened, Jeanine said that all her mother said was 'Oh, those kids.' I asked her how she found out about the candy, and she said that the little thin wrappers kept falling down from this little room. To this day, each and every one of us still like candy kisses, even though we had eaten nearly all 25 pounds of that box."

Another memory from Dorothy was about the time she was playing with Skippy Kelly down in the basement of the store. Skip was asked by his dad Dick to fill the furnace while we were there. Something came up and Skip needed to leave and he asked her to fill it. She hates to admit it, but she didn't know the difference between coal and clinkers, so she filled the furnace up with clinkers. She may have known but Skip probably was in a hurry and didn't explain what was exactly needed. That was probably a cold burn if it burned at all.

When the Judy girls went back to Ammon in later years, they always paid Dick and Ethyl a visit. If we had a new baby, Dick would put it on the scale and weigh him or her. They were always interested in us and we loved to visit with them.

Here are a few fond memories of Ammon. Walking to school in the cold but wearing the old brown stockings which we all hated. We would stop at the other store in Ammon (Furniss) to get warm and then proceed on to school. It was only 3 blocks but they were long country blocks, and it was so

cold. Bessie was a fun mother and many a time she and her friend Dora Butler would float down Sand Creek with their girls. Dora and mother would also go visiting teaching on their horses, mostly just for fun. We all spent time ice skating up and down the canals all winter. We spent a lot of time outdoors in the winter. We loved it because that is just what you did. We would bundle up, wrap a strip of cloth around our wrists to keep the snow out and off we would go. Many times in the fall we would be busy earning money picking potatoes. Uncle John grew spuds along with the Whitings and many other families. We all had a job somewhere. Picking was tough and we thought working on a combine was so much better. Many a Jantzen sweater was purchased with the money earned every fall.

Every year sometime between Christmas and New Years the Judy aunts, uncles, and cousins would meet at a great hill in the foothills of Ammon for the annual sleigh ride. It had to be located near a road because Lavern and other uncles would fill up the back of their pickups and take the kids up the hill to come down again. Trudging up that hill would have been pretty hard pulling those long toboggans and we were a bit spoiled. We spent the day playing, eating good chili, Aunt Dean's buns (homemade hamburger like buns) that are still famous today. Lois and her family still carry on the tradition.

When we went to church we would have at least eight aunts and uncles, our grandparents and at least 40 cousins there. We not only went to church together but we played together when our families got together. We all had one or more cousins our age and we were very loyal to each other. If one ran for an office at school, they could count on our vote even if we were dating the opponent.

Ammon had its share of tragedies. Dorothy recalls the horrible car crash that killed her best friend in third grade. Christina Curtis was her name. Also, that same accident took the lives of Christina's dad, little brother, and her grandmother. Another was the accident on Halloween that took the life of Kathy Gardner. These accidents were so hard to understand when we were so young.

Ammon was a wonderful place to grow up. Many fond memories come to mind when we think of home. Living on the corner of town kept us involved with the townspeople but we had all that acreage behind us in which to play. Our parents, neighbors, and friends helped to shape the kind of people we are today. Bessie passed away in April 1989 and Vern passed in June of 1991. The red brick home on the corner was sold in 2000, and after watching the corner property, including the home, go downhill and after the city used the home to practice their fire drills, the home was later burned to the ground and a new Maverick service station is now located on that corner. It is very hard to think about the change that has come to that corner. Memories cannot be erased easily, so in our minds we still remember the corner home as a beautiful place with a well-kept yard and filled with all kinds of lovely memories.

These stories were compiled by Dorothy Judy Scoresby, a combination of written histories and stories from all four Judy sisters.

SECTION 47

DICK & ETHEL KELLY HISTORY

by Danny C. Kelly, March 22, 2011

As the name suggests, Dick Kelly's early ancestors came from Ireland, but his immediate ancestors came from Scotland. Ethel Kelly's ancestors came from England. Their families left the Old County for different reasons and came by different routes, but one day Dick and Ethel would meet and marry in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. It was from Jackson Hole that they came and settled in Ammon.

Richard Henry Kelly was born in Mystic, Iowa on January 8, 1920, the fifth of nine children of John and Jennie E. Johnson Kelly. To his family and friends, he was known as Henry.

Dick's grandfather, James Kelly, left Scotland for America in approximately 1880. James had worked

in the fields and coal mines of Scotland and came to find work and opportunity. He worked in the coal mines (and at one time owned a small mine) near Mystic, Iowa, where Dick's father, John Kelly, was born. John also worked in the nearby coal mines. But John stood out from most of the rougher miners of the day. He did not drink, smoke or curse, and was known as a hard-working, dedicated family man. He had the "elite" job of being a track-layer and train operator. John was a member of the United Mine Workers of America, and stayed loyal to the union even during the strikes and tumultuous labor relations of the day.

When mine work was slow John would do whatever he could to provide for his family, including farm work, carpentry, and dog-training. Dick's parents put all their children through high school, which was no small feat at the time since they had to buy all of their own books and other things now taken for granted. Many times, the Kelly family had to make from a pound of hamburger enough food for the entire family.

John never missed an election, which may have been a factor in Dick's strong interest in politics. My brother, Brady, and I would remember the energy and work ethic of our Grandpa Kelly when he would visit us in Ammon. He couldn't rest until he had us out raking crab apples under the apple trees in our backyard, which was particularly frustrating since it interfered with one of our favorite pastimes, throwing the apples at passing cars.

As a child, Dick was known for his small size, freckles, and having no teeth until he was nine years old. His appearance attracted the attention of movie producer Hal Roach, who considered him for a part in the then popular "Little Rascals" and "Our Gang," but his Dad would have none of it since he thought that people may be laughing at him, not with him.

Dick's family always had a large garden that provided a significant part of the family's food in the difficult economic climate known as the Great Depression. The garden led to one of his family's favorite stories about Dick. When his dad gave him his own spot in the garden, he was so protective of

his sprouting vegetables that, when it started to rain one day, he pulled them up and took them in the house to keep them dry.

On a more serious note, as mentioned above, the country was experiencing difficult economic times at the time, and serious they were. Dick was just 10 years old when his grandfather, James Kelly, who had come to America from Scotland for the promise of a better life, lost his life's fortune when the local bank failed, and soon died

After high school, Dick attended college in nearby Centerville, Iowa and worked as a bellhop in a hotel, which led to the adventure that started his westward journey. One day a pilot heading west in a small plane stayed at the hotel. The man was down on his luck and out of money, and when he learned that Dick had a little savings tucked away, he invited Dick to go along for the ride. The offer was more than Dick could resist, and off he went without even taking the time to tell his family what he was doing or where he was going. Dick and the pilot hopped from town to town until Dick's money was gone, then sold rides to earn a little money to get to the next stop. Six weeks later, in the middle of South Dakota, the pilot decided he had had enough and left Dick to hitchhike. Some of Dick's older brothers lived in Montana, so he took off in that direction.

When Dick went to a post office to send his sister a birthday card along the way, the postmaster recognized him from posters seeking help in finding the boy who was by then presumed to have been kidnapped. He called home to let his family know he was OK, then continued on to Montana. After staying with his brothers in Anaconda and Townsend, he left to visit his oldest brother who worked for the newspaper in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where Dick also found work. As fate would have it, a girl by the name of Ethel Ward was the high school reporter for the newspaper. A mutual attraction soon developed, and the rest is history.

Ethel Vesta Kelly was born on August 23, 1922 in Laramie, Wyoming, where her father was attending the University of Wyoming. Her ancestors left the Old Country for different reasons and arrived

in Wyoming through entirely different modes of transportation.

Ethel's great-grandfather, John Ward, was born in the province of Wales where he too was a coal miner. John and his family converted to the Mormon faith and left Wales for America in 1865. Not long after they arrived, the family joined a brigade and walked across the plains, pushing their hand carts and provisions all the way to Utah.

Even before John Ward left Wales, however, another of Ethel's great-grandfathers, Elijah Nicholas Wilson, was born in Nauvoo, Illinois. "Nick" Wilson's parents had immigrated to America and traveled to Nauvoo with some of the earliest Mormon converts from abroad. In Nauvoo, Nick's older brother James was a bodyguard of Joseph Smith until shortly before Smith was shot and killed at Carthage, Illinois.

Nick crossed the plains to Utah with his parents in 1849, just two years after Brigham Young arrived in Utah. One day, Nick decided to run away with a group of Indians. Nick's story is chronicled in the well-known book the "Little White Indian Boy." (I say well-known because it was one of the books that teachers in Ammon read to their students after lunch.) The story began when Nick befriended a young Indian boy while tending his family's sheep and learned how to speak "Indian." This impressed some Shoshone Indians he met at a water hole a little later. The Indians tempted him with a pony and coaxed him to go with them to become the adopted son of a woman who had lost her own son and was overcome with grief. The woman turned out to be the mother of the great Shoshone leader, Chief Washakie, and Nick thereby became Washakie's "little brother." During his years among the Shoshones, Nick was fascinated with the vast herds of buffalo, and was carried into Indian battles where on several occasions he was lucky just to escape with his life. Nick's book has been republished several times under various names. Its most recent iteration was published by the University of Utah Press in 2005 under its original name. Nick's story has also been retold recently in the major motion picture "Wind River."

After returning to Utah, Nick signed on as one of the first Pony Express riders, where he rode with other daring young men such as James Butler ("Wild Bill") Hickok and William F. ("Buffalo Bill") Cody. His most harrowing experience as a Pony Express rider is recounted in the *National Geographic Magazine*:

Nick Wilson knew the peril and the fighting [of Indians attacking the riders]. He helped a station withstand a three-day siege and fought off night forays on station corrals. . . . He was having dinner at Spring Valley Station when [Paiute] Indian raiders tried to drive off the horses. Nick and his friends gave chase. . . . "I was ahead of the other two boys, and as I ran around a large cedar, one of the Indians, who had hidden behind a tree, shot me in the head. . . . The arrow stuck. . . . The two other boys . . . tried to pull the arrow out, but the shaft came away and left the flint spike in my head. Thinking that I would surely die, they rolled me under a tree and started for the next station as fast as they could go. There they got a few men and came back the next morning to bury me . . . but I was still alive." He lay in a coma for 18 days, and was left with recurring severe headaches, an unsightly deep scar, and a habit of hiding it under his hat.

Rowe Findley, *The Pony Express*, National Geographic, July 1980, at p. 64.

Nick would later drive for the famous Overland Stage, and become an interpreter for the United States government (he spoke five Indian languages fluently) as Indians were placed on reservations at Fort Washakie in the Wind River mountains of Wyoming, and Fort Hall in Idaho. In approximately 1889, "Uncle Nick" moved to Wyoming where he helped settle Jackson Hole, and homesteaded near a town that later was named after him, Wilson, Wyoming.

Returning to the Ward side of Ethel's family, her great-grandfather, John Ward, settled in Bountiful, Utah, where Ethel's grandfather, Abraham Elijah Ward, was born in 1866. Abraham would move to Bear Lake, Idaho, and go on to become a deputy

sheriff, farmer, rancher, and a Mormon bishop. On January 22, 1885, Abraham married Edna Jane Wilson, Nick Wilson's daughter. In the spring of 1890, Abraham and his young family moved to the Big Hole area of Montana where he went to work on a road project. It was there that Ethel's father, Ercel John Ward, was born in a road camp near Beaverhead, Montana on September 21, 1890. After living in Montana for three years, the family returned to Idaho.

In the fall of 1892, Abraham and his family loaded their covered wagon and left for Jackson Hole, some riding ponies and driving five or six cows. As Ethel's father would later write:

There was no road over Teton Pass at that time, only the tracks of the wagons of a few settlers who had preceded them. It was necessary to follow the bottom of the canyon all the way over the mountain. Many times they had to cut trees out of their way and to make bridges across mud holes before they could go any farther. It required several days to get over the Pass.

When they finally arrived in Jackson Hole, the family homesteaded near Edna Jane's father in Wilson.

Ercel Ward attended school in Wilson, Wyoming and worked on the family farm until May 24, 1918, when he enlisted in the United States Army. Several years later, the book *Wyoming, From the Territorial Days to the Present*, published by the American Historical Society in 1933, would say:

While many civilian efforts have characterized the usefulness of Ercel J. Ward, it is perhaps as a soldier of his country that those nearest and dearest to him hold him in the greatest respect. Certain it is that the traits of courage and faithfulness with which he is so richly endowed found no greater avenue of expression than the World War, in which he served at great sacrifice.

Id. at p. 167.

After undergoing basic training at Camp Lewis,

Washington, Ercel sailed overseas with the Fortieth Division of the American Expeditionary Forces. After landing at Liverpool, England, he was sent to Cherbourg, France, where his unit was made part of the Seventy-Seventh Division in time to take part in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, one of the bloodiest and most decisive actions of World War I.

But before he was plunged into battle, Ercel took time to write melancholy letters to his family back home. On September 1st and 11th, 1918, he wrote letters from "somewhere in France" telling about the "long, hard trip" getting there and how "in England the girls are taking the place of men everywhere." He took special interest in the crops, farms, and harvest he saw there, and asked: "How is the grain and how many loads did it cut? How are the cattle looking this Fall? Are you going to break up Coburn creek this Fall? Have you lost any more cattle by the wolves or poison?" He said he hadn't heard much "war news" but thought he would be going to going to the front soon.

He was right. Less than a month later:

Mr. Ward's outfit was assigned to an extremely dangerous position, and while cleaning out a machinegun nest, October 2, 1918, he was so severely wounded that it was necessary to amputate his left arm. He was hurried to a hospital in France, where he remained until New Year's Day, 1919, when he sailed for the United States and was confined in hospitals at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, and Camp Dodge, Iowa, until receiving his honorable discharge [on] April 30, 1919.

Id. at p. 168.

After recuperating, Ercel married Ethel's Mother, Margaret J. Sewell, at Driggs, Idaho. He then attended the University Preparatory School in Laramie, as well as the Colorado Agricultural College in Ft. Collins. On February 6, 1922, he entered the University of Wyoming, where he received a B.S. degree on June 11, 1924. He taught vocational agriculture at Burns High School, and was superintendant of schools until 1929.

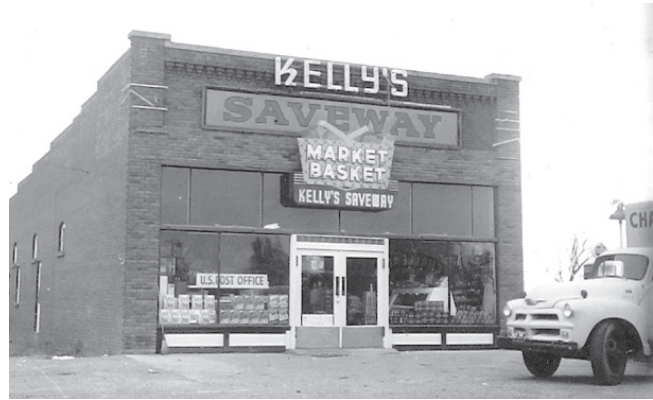
It may seem funny now, but the standard “Teacher’s Contract” that Ercel signed for the annual salary of \$2,500 provided that if a woman teacher got married the contract would terminate immediately, and “that no teacher shall attend any dance outside of Torrington, nor in Torrington on any school day except Friday.” Ercel would go on to “. . . make a name for himself in educational circles,” Id., p. 168, and serve first as the Wyoming Commissioner of Civil Rehabilitation, and then the Secretary of Agriculture of Wyoming. Following his government service, Ercel and family returned to the Jackson Hole area and became dairy farmers.

Now back to the mutual attraction between Dick and Ethel. Following their courtship, Dick and Ethel were married on November 29, 1940, at the home of a minister in Jackson Hole. On their wedding day, it was raining terribly, so a friend gave them a ride to the minister’s home. After the ceremony, they went to a basketball game then stayed at a motel for their honeymoon.

At the time of their marriage, Dick did not own a bike, let alone a car, and had three jobs. He worked at a bakery, a Coca-Cola distributorship, and a service station. His days began at 3:00 a.m., and every day Ethel fixed breakfast before he left for work. Later, Dick went to work for Ethel’s father on the dairy farm, where they lived with her parents for two years.

World War II resulted in a shortage of manpower, and Pacific Fruit & Produce Company in Idaho Falls was looking for a hard worker. One day an acquaintance of Dick told Pacific Fruit that Dick was the man they were looking for. When Dick was offered the job, Dick and Ethel moved to Idaho Falls and found a place to live near the downtown area of the city.

Not much later, the manager of Pacific Fruit became interested in buying a store in Ammon known as Judy’s Cash Store. On April 19, 1945, John and Janice Judy leased the store to the manager, O.E. Cook. About two months later, the Cooks subleased the store to Dick. The grocery business agreed with Dick and, on December 19, 1946, Dick bought Judy’s Cash Store for \$7,500.



Kelly's store in Ammon

For the next 33 years, Dick and Ethel owned and operated Kelly’s Cash Store, which later became Kelly’s Market. The store and its talkative owner became somewhat of an institution and a part of life of living and growing up in Ammon. Dick did not keep track of how many babies were brought in to be weighed on the store’s scales, but there were many. As children grew, they could often be found buying penny candy at the store and, as they grew older, candy bars, Twinkies, and “pop.”

Dick sometimes joked that an interview with him must have been a requirement for going on a mission. He always found it amusing – and surprising – how many young people came in to confess that at one time or another they had taken candy or something else from the store without paying. Most of the store’s regular customers were probably teased (“your shoe laces don’t fit because you have them on the wrong feet”) or had their ears talked off at least one time.

Kelly’s Market also housed the local U.S. Post Office in the back of the store. Whoever was watching the store had to run back and forth to sell stamps and mail packages. And who could forget the mail route to Bone? Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Dick (or, if lucky, one of the kids when they were old enough to drive) would go to the Idaho Falls Post Office, sort the mail, and head up the dusty roads to deliver mail – and sometimes groceries – to fewer than 10 customers. Dick would often take a break at the Bone Store, where once he was elected as the Mayor of Bone after the tissue paper ballots were counted.

For a long time, Dick felt that he must have been

the only non-Mormon Democrat in Ammon. He was raised as a Methodist, but joined the Mormon Church in 1964. And as most people frequenting the store knew or soon found out, Dick was a member of the Democratic Party and proud of it. Ethel was more reserved on these subjects. She was not as interested in politics. She was also more low key about religion. Even though her father was a descendent of Mormon Pioneers and the son of a Bishop, he became an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and Ethel was officially a Presbyterian until she joined the Mormon Church in 1961.

Dick ran for State Representative twice, and was active in most local and statewide campaigns. At times, he even found himself meeting presidential candidates and Presidents. He drove Ted Kennedy around when he was in Idaho campaigning for his brother "Jack" Kennedy, who later wrote Dick a thank you note for taking care of his brother. Once, when Dick was serving punch with Lady Bird, Lyndon Johnson called him a "dehydrated Texan." Perhaps his most memorable experience, however, was when Congressman Ralph Harding took Dick to meet Harry Truman in his room at the Rogers Hotel when he was in Idaho Falls as part of a campaign trip. After barking at Ralph through the door for interrupting his afternoon, Truman opened the door wearing nothing but his underwear. But the visitors were still invited in, and soon Dick was sitting at a table chatting up the former President (and *vice versa*). One thing that I remember vividly from Dad's report of his visit is something Truman said about gambling. One of the candidates he was there to support was Vernon K. Smith ("go all the way with Vernon K"), who favored bringing gambling to Idaho. But Truman told Dick and Ralph that despite the support he was throwing Smith's way, "the thing that Idaho should be known for is the beauty of its green forests, rather than the green of its gambling tables."

I was with Dad in late May 1968 when he and others were invited to meet with Bobby Kennedy after he finished his own campaign speech at Idaho State University only two weeks before he was assassinated. Still, perhaps Dick's favorite "political"

job was serving on the Ammon Zoning and Planning Commission, where many of the town's business and issues were addressed.

As a stark reminder of the times, when Dick was a leader of the local 20/30 Club, he and some other club members went to the train station to greet the great Olympian, Jesse Owens, who had come to town to speak. I don't think Dick ever got over the shock and embarrassment he experienced when he took Owens to a local restaurant and watched as Owens was refused service. Dick explained that their guest was Jesse Owens, the American who had won several Gold Medals at the Berlin Olympics, and thereby embarrassed and infuriated Hitler by debunking his "Aryan Race" theory. But the restaurant owner stuck by his guns and said that he knew who Mr. Owens was, and that it was an honor to meet him, but that he would still not be served at the restaurant.

Dick and Ethel had seven children. The Kellys lived in the apartment in the back of the store. It is hard to imagine it when we look at the space today, but we seemed to get by just fine. Running the store was a full family effort. We took turns "watching the counter" and performing chores around the store such as stocking shelves, filling the "pop cases," and "taking the bottles to the basement."

All of the Kelly children grew up and went to school in Ammon, for which they will always be grateful. Andrew Rex ("Skip") was born in 1941.



The Kelly family in front of the store



Dick Kelly

Skip chose a career in the Air Force, which took him to homes in South Dakota, Alaska, Germany, and the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. Skip had two children. In 1980, he died unexpectedly in Denver, Colorado, while undergoing what was thought to be relatively safe surgery. Rita was born in 1943. She moved to Salt Lake City where she had two children

and became a successful real estate agent. She is now easing into retirement and travels whenever she can. Renae was born in 1945. She attended what was then known as the Church College of Hawaii for two years. Renae had two children and lived in several states, including Washington, Ohio, and New York, before settling in Salt Lake City, where she also worked as a real estate agent and worked and trained others for many years at Dan's Foods and Albertson's before retiring recently. Renae has borne enough loss and heartache for a lifetime. She lost one of her daughters to cancer at the age of 4, and a granddaughter who was the physical and spiritual reincarnation of her darling Anna, when she was run over and killed by a Utah Transit Authority van.

Danny was born in 1950, and left Ammon to attend Brigham Young University in Provo, then the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, where he graduated from law school in 1977. After serving as a law clerk to Utah's chief federal judge, he entered private practice in Salt Lake City, and spent 20 years at what was then the largest law firm in Utah, before moving to the Utah office of a national law firm where he still practices business bankruptcy law. He has two children by his first marriage, and two stepsons from his second marriage. Brady was born

in 1952 and attended automotive school in Denver, Colorado, before returning to the Idaho Falls area and becoming a carpenter and contractor. Brady had two children from his first marriage and one from his second. He moved to Seattle, Washington then settled in the Tampa, Florida area, where he owned his own contracting company until his untimely death in 2010. Kerry was born in 1957. She eventually moved to Salt Lake City where she worked at various companies, including Qwest, where many times she handled long-distance calls for "Ammonites." Kurt was born in 1961. He moved to Salt Lake City where he became a meticulous cartographer making maps for the State of Utah and the United States military. Both Kerry and Kurt developed and struggled for years with diabetes and associated diseases until they died way too young in 2002 and 2007, respectively.

Of course, Dick and Ethel's grandkids are now adults, and many of them now have children of their own. But all of them remember or still hear about life in Ammon, its wonderful people and, most of all, their home, Kelly's Market.

There seems to be no particular reason why none of the Kelly children ended up back in Idaho, but on occasion they look back at the bitter cold winters, the snowdrifts that nearly covered the store's gas pumps (which is ironic since most of them ended up living in the state with the "Greatest Snow on Earth"), and the wind – always the wind! It certainly had nothing to do with their lifelong Ammon friends and their experiences growing up there.

As much as they enjoyed running Kelly's Market where they were able to see many of their friends on a regular basis, Dick and Ethel eventually decided that it was time to move on. So, on June 1, 1979, the Kellys sold the store to Brad, Zane, and Kim Hall. After getting the store back briefly, on April 9, 1984, Ethel sold the store to Lennis and Margene Tirrell, the current owners of the store now known as the Speedi-Mart.

Dick died on September 14, 1983. It was a struggle for Ethel to go on but, in 1984, she moved to Salt Lake City to be closer to many of her children. One of Ethel's most fun and cherished experiences during

this time was the opportunity she had to travel to New Zealand, Fiji, and other parts of the South Pacific, with many of her dear Ammon friends. Ethel died on June 16, 1989.

SECTION 48

HISTORY OF WILEY & VERA RUSSELL LEE FAMILY

Wiley married Vera Bird Russell on the 24 December 1934, the marriage was performed by Bishop Lyle Anderson in Ammon, Idaho. Wiley's first wife, Deloraus Anderson, who had been sick for a while, died following an operation for ulcers on 23 May 1932. Wiley and Deloraus had three children, Francis (1923), Bruce (1927) and Audrey (1930). Vera's first husband, Authus Jackson Russell, died on the 29 March 1931 of ruptured appendix leaving her with four children, DeLoss (1919), LaDean (1922), Don (1925) and Gene (1930). The combined families lived on Wiley's farm, one half mile east of the Ammon Store, in a three-roomed frame house. Wiley and Vera's marriage was blest with one child, Glenda Kay, born 4 May 1942. Needless to say, the house was bulging at the seams with ten people. The four boys would sleep outside in a tent in the summer. There was always plenty to do with the never-ending cleaning of the potato cellar, chicken coop, and barns, along with the daily chores of farm life. This helped me to develop a strong work ethic of always doing my best and finish the task at hand.

I remember when Pearl Harbor was attacked Gene and I were spending the Sunday afternoon with my Aunt and Uncle, Irene and Dermont Ricks. The news came over the radio. When the United States declared war, the three boys enlisted in the service: DeLoss joined the Marines and Don and Francis joined the Navy. They all saw action but came home safely.

LaDean had married Norman Marshall on 11 August 1943 who was in the army. He was a paratrooper with the 101 Airborne, Screaming Eagles unit. He was shipped to England in 1943 for the invasion of France on "0 Day", then to Holland, then to Reims, France and then on to Bastogne, Belgium where he was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge. Shrapnel caused a leg wound that never healed properly and his leg bothered him most of his adult life.

The war had a great impact on our town of Ammon. Many of the young men were drafted or enlisted in the service. I remember the anxiety of families about the safety of their sons as troops were deployed overseas. We were blest to have our sons come home safely. I remember some of the things rationed during the war: gas, sugar, leather, green dye and butter (the birth of oleo).

After the war, DeLoss (Mary Donahue) stayed in



Wiley, Glenda and Vera Lee, 1947

the Marines and lived in San Diego, Cal. LaDean (Norman Marshall) moved to Osgood to farm by his family, LeRoy and Mamie Marshall. Francis (LaDean Landon) moved to the new sub-division west of Ammon called Hillview and worked for a division of the Atomic Energy Commission, "the Site", at Arco, Idaho. Don (Beatrice Stewart). lived in Logan, Utah working for the Dailey Herald. Bruce was preparing to serve a mission in Louisiana. Audrey and Gene had graduated from Ammon High School and were going to Brigham Young University. Basically, Glenda began her life as an only child in the family.

Around 1943, the family moved from the farm to the townsite. They bought the old Relief Society lot that was owned by Grandpa Joseph Lee. We lived in a basement house for three years then built a home on top. Most of our recreation and entertainment was centered around church and school activities. We had Budget dinners, Bazaars, Wedding dances, and Gold and Green Balls. The highlight of the town, in winter, was High School basketball games, especially when the Ammon Hornets played their rivals Iona.

Vera was released from the Relief Society, as the President, in 1941, serving since 1934. She was a charter member of the Daughter of the Utah Pioneers, E-DAH-HO Camp, Bonneville Company. She was interested in Genealogy and worked in the Genealogy Library from 1962 to 1973. She was active in the LDS church and was involved in many community activities such as making mattresses during the war. Vera worked hard to serve in any responsibility whether in the home, church or community.

Wiley served as the Ammon Ward Work Director and helped with the Church (Welfare) farm and building the Idaho Falls Temple. He was a non-professional barber, many of my older sibling friends came to our house for a haircut. To my knowledge he never charged anyone for a haircut. He loved to go fishing, especially the north Fork of the Snake River and Fishing Bridge in Yellowstone Park. The fish tasted so good before the Fish and Game decided to transplant fish in streams and the river. He had a strong testimony of Tithing and Missionary work. To

my knowledge, I never remember my Dad planting or harvesting crops on Sunday. He was a good farmer, raising wheat, hay and potatoes. Most of time, he had a good stand of wheat and his potatoes were pretty close to No. 1.

— Audrey Lee Rogers

Sources: Histories written by Francis Lee, Vera Lee and LaDean Marshall

SECTION 49

GLENN CHRISTENSEN LONG

I was born at Rexburg, Idaho, February 3, 1909. My early childhood is very hazy in my mind. Practically the first thing I can remember is the death of my mother. On April 12, 1913 she died, leaving me a child-of-four. It didn't take me long to realize I had lost the best friend I had. So I turned to my Dad. Whenever it was possible to do so, he took me with him. I was constantly with him following wherever he went. After my mother died, father married again, Eugenie Virgin. Up to this time my sister had taken care of me. When my stepmother came into our home, I was more or less under her care. She was good to me, but even then she couldn't take the place of my mother.

Across the street from us lived Roy Stoddard. He used to come over and play with me and I would go to his place and play. We became the best of friends and chums. I started school at the Washington Building in Rexburg. I went to school here until the Adams Building was built and then I was transferred there. At this time we moved to our ranch, three miles north of Rexburg. I was getting large enough to help on the farm. My sister Ellen and I worked together on the farm. While I was in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, I drove the school wagon to and from school every day.

Dad always sent us to church regularly, so I learned to take part in church activities. I was ordained a



Glenn & Hazel Long

Deacon March 6, 1921 by Joseph S. Parkinson, at the first ward in Rexburg. When I was in the Seventh Grade I lost a lot of school work and so I had to take the seventh twice. During my seventh and eighth grades at school I took special interest in wood work and carpentry. I liked arithmetic especially well. My favorite teacher was D. W. Kelson. Our graduation exercises were held in the tabernacle in Rexburg under the supervision of our principal, George Hoops. At this time I first became interested in scouting and joined the Bobcat Patrol, Troop No. 2, of Rexburg. That same year I advanced to a second class scout. The following year I became a first class scout.

During the summer of 1925 I went to Teton Basin and worked for two months, the first time away from home. In the spring of 1926 my brother Royal came up from Cache Valley and wanted me to go work for him on the farm. While I was down there, Dad took sick and I had to go help him. Later in the summer I went back to Cache Valley. I started school at Clifton. My brother moved so I continued school until Christmas, working for my board. Funds were low so I quit school and worked on the farm until I had enough money to return home... Dad was sick in bed so I stayed and helped him for a while. I got a job working for a Jap, doing farm work. I worked there for nearly two years. During

this time Dad died of cancer of the stomach, March 31, 1927. I continued working for the Jap. On the first of May I bought me a car and commenced having my fun. There were places to go and things to do and I was young and full of life.

This summer my first romance began. I commenced going with Edna Hansen. The following fall I started my second year of High School at Ricks College in Rexburg. I took two quarters of high school and had to quit and go to work. That spring I went to Teton Basin and started working for Elijah Tonks.

That fall, 1928, I started school in Victor. I became deeply interested in school and discovered how much fun it held for me. I got acquainted with Alvin McDonald and he was my pal through school days. That year I joined the scouts there and was appointed Senior Patrol Leader. That fall I started playing basketball. I played on the team for Victor High. In the spring of 1929 I took part in my first operetta, "The Belle of Barcelona."

The following summer I worked all summer on the farm for Lige. That fall I went back to school a senior. I was elected Student Body President without an opponent. I also taught the Deacons quorum that year and was appointed assistant scoutmaster. I was unable to play basketball that year as I had torn a ligament in my leg and had to go on crutches. That spring I took part in another operetta, "The Lea House of Single." During this year I was stepping out and having fun. I started going with Veese Hatch.

I spent the summer working for Lige and stayed there that winter. I went out to Albion and spent two or three days with Veese, as she was going to school out there. The following summer I worked for Lige until July 24th, and then went over to Holmes Weaver, my brother-in-law, and started picking peas with him. While working there I met Hazel. Before



Spring ditch cleaning 1940s

I had become well acquainted with her, I went to Idaho Falls to work in the Sugar Factory at Lincoln. While there I got to thinking about her and decided to write. Our correspondence began and we became better acquainted and better friends.

After the campaign I went to Pocatello. While there I went to church and became scoutmaster of the Vanguards. I played basketball for the M-Men and was chosen all conference forward. Early that spring I left and went looking for work. I ended up in Rexburg thinning beets, again. All winter I had been writing to Hazel and that June I saw her off to Montana. After I got through thinning beets, I went on to Teton Basin. I helped Lige and Sam Boyle in the hay; then worked for George Stone. As soon as harvest began, I went back to Lincoln to work another campaign at the Sugar Factory. Hazel came back from Montana and went to Mud Lake to live. I made several trips out to see her and at the end of the campaign we were married, December 15, 1932.

We lived at my sister Crissie's for about three weeks and then went to Teton Basin. I helped Lige feed sheep and we stayed there for a couple of months. Hazel's father wanted me to come and help him so we went back to Mud Lake and helped him move to Rigby. We lived in one room of their house and I helped him on the farm. I again worked at

the Sugar Factory, only this time I traveled back and forth from home. I worked until the last of December. On January 7, 1934 our first baby was born. Sickness beset her from the first and her stay with us was very short, for on March 22, 1934 she died, leaving us alone but much closer together.

Doctor bills and death had soon demolished our small income and it was necessary for me to find work. I tried and tried but not to avail--remember

these were depression days. Finally in desperation I signed for the C.C.C. Camp and was chosen. I left April 21st. I hated to leave Hazel and home but it seemed that was the only way. I was sent to St. Maries, Idaho, not far from Cour d'Alene. It was in the spring of the year and the whole country was covered with flowers and beautiful shrubbery. I saw a great many things that were new to me but in spite of everything I got dreadfully homesick. Our food was poor and we didn't have enough to do to keep us busy so time dragged for us. I knew Hazel wasn't happy so after 40 days I returned home.

I had only been home a few days when we moved into our own home. How good it seemed to have a place of our own to do with as we pleased. In the house we rented there was only one room that was really livable, but that didn't discourage us. We fixed us a nice little home, there and were very happy. That summer I worked here and there wherever I could find work. We were careful and gradually added to our home. When fall came, I got work again in the Sugar Factory. That year I had the Lime Kiln Foreman job. The campaign was very short but we were careful and managed to save a little money.

Ever since we had been married we had been saving and planning on going to the temple, but we

had had so little money and so much sickness we had been unable to. That fall after the campaign was over we made preparations to go to the temple and be married for time and eternity. We were married December 6, 1934 at the Logan temple. We spent a week visiting our relatives and then returned home, feeling happy and contented and greatly humbled.

Ten years passed and many things happened and were forgotten, things that should have been recorded. My oldest son, Lester, was born on October 17, 1935. When he was two months old, we made our first move one and one-half miles east of from where we were. Then in the spring we moved to Lincoln to live. It was near the Sugar Factory and we rented my brother-in-law's farm. March 31, 1939, my second son, Darrell, was born. The spring before 1938, we'd found a small piece of land in Ammon and bought it, so now we intended to build a house on it. Our funds were small and didn't go far but by doing all the work myself I managed to build a two room house. I hadn't much experience at carpentry work but enjoyed it and by working here and there gradually learned more and more about it. We moved into our own home October 5, 1939, every bit built by our own hands.

The years marched along and we gradually added to our home. The barn was built, the garage, the outside finish put on the house and painted, the cupboards built inside, the fences built and trees and shrubs planted. Then on November 18, 1941, my second daughter was born. On December 1 of that year Pearl Harbor was bombed and our Country declared at war. Things didn't change much. We moved along about the same taking life as it came. I was doing carpentry work and making good money so we built onto our house, adding two bedrooms, a porch, bath and hall. Life seemed full of complications but they always passed. Many times we could have made more and better uses of our opportunities but it's easier to see those things after the chances have passed.

In the early spring of 1943 I started working steady at the Bonneville Lumber Company. Gradually the war was creeping up on us all. Rumors

flew around that Pre-Pearl Harbor fathers would be drafted. As fall approached it became inevitable. On January 7, 1944 my induction papers came, saying I was to report January 18 at Pocatello for a physical examination. I was sworn into the Army, to leave for Fort Douglas February 10, 1944. Now came the mad scramble to get ready to leave. So many things to do and so little time. Friends never seemed so dear, nor loved ones so precious, until separation threatened. My birthday was February 3. Everyone made a special point to give me a present or do something extra nice for me. On the morning of the 10th I left home at five o'clock for I knew not what.

I stayed at Fort Douglas for about ten days and then was sent to take my basic training as an infantryman. Early in May, I was transferred to a combat engineer battalion and sent on down the coast of California for amphibious training. I was stationed at Camp Callan and worked along the coast, making beachhead landings. Then for ten days I was sent out to sea, after which we moved camp up to San Louis Obispo. My furlough was granted me on June 26 and I headed for home. On June 28th. At five o'clock in the morning I arrived home. Home again to my family, to see my new daughter, Ann, born June 13, 1944, home to all the things I had spent my life building and working for.

Those ten days furlough slipped through my hands like water and were gone. Then back to war again real war this time not the practice kind anymore. On July 13th, I reported back to Camp Beale, California and learned we were to sail immediately. We left. San Francisco July 22 to 25 as a convoy and sailed to Hawaii arriving July 31. Extensive Jungle training was received at Oahu, with practice landings made at nearby Maui Islands. September 15 our division, the 96th, sailed, headed for Yap (Japanese held Island) but this operation was cancelled and we headed for Leyte, Philippine Island. And on October 20th we landed on the Island of Leyte. I was among the first to go ashore in the beachhead landings. We fought until December 25th when the Island was declared secure. We remained on Leyte until on the 14th of February. I was sent by airplane to Biak (by way of

Palau) to a hospital, which I had a bad foot infection.

On March 10th I was dismissed from the hospital, and after a month of waiting was sent back to Leyte, then on to Okinawa on June 2, where my division had been fighting since April 1. June 24th was declared victory on Okinawa, although mopping up operations still continued. August 3, the Division moved to Mindoro Island in the Philippines for rest and rehabilitation. Victory came soon after and the war ended. Now came the big wait, to get home. In October over-age men and men with 70 or more points were sent to the 31st Division on Mindanao. There we waited for the ships to take us home. After many disappointments we finally sailed for home November 31 arriving in San Francisco December 17.

But it wasn't home for us yet. There were no trains to take us out of San Francisco and up to Fort Lewis, our separation center. So back out to sea again to travel by ship. But a storm came up and we had boiler trouble and drifted one hundred miles out to sea, before help was able to come to us. Again we were taken back to San Francisco and on Christmas day I called home from there. Next day we were given a special train to Fort Lewis. On December 31, 1945 I received my discharge papers and arrived home January 1, 1946. What a happy reunion that was.

For two weeks I rested and enjoyed just being home. Then I went back to work for the Bonneville Lumber Company. We decided to remodel our home and put in a basement, furnace and bath. A well in Ammon was dug and now only pipe remained to be obtained. So all winter we got what material we could locate and stored ready to go to work, if and when spring came. In April we started digging the basement. All summer we worked, evenings and

all time away from my job. It was lots of work, but we enjoyed it and were so pleased and proud of our labors.

In February I was operated on for a hernia and for some time was unable to work. In March we took a little trip to Utah. When summer came I did some carpentry work-after hours. The high cost of living made for double working hours. By watching I was able to get enough power tools so that I could work-for myself and started doing carpentry, work on my own. During these years I spent much time working with the boy scouts in our ward and watched my boys grow and advance in scouting. I even tried to



Ditch digging

advance, with my boys. Their progress was faster than mine but I did get to be a star scout and received a twenty year service pin.

So with all personal histories someone else has to write the closing chapters, and so Joan Jorgenson and I try to catch a few highlights from the last years of Glenn's life.

Glenn finally acquired enough power tools to work alone. More than half the houses in Ammon have at sometime or other been made lovelier by his hands. This seemed to be his preference. He liked to build over houses to suit the changing needs of those who dwelled there-in, maybe new cupboards, or a doorway changed or windows made larger, a bathroom added,

new bedrooms, cement walks and driveways and etc. Whatever it was, it was to make better and improve. Shortly after he got home from war, he was again elected to the Village Board. He was Village Clerk for many years and to this job he gave his heart. Anything that would make our Village better or its people happier was his chief concern. He would work day and night, and often did, to make it so.

In the spring of 1952 Glenn became very sick and spent some time in the hospital. It was then that his family learned that he had nephritis and that he must make changes in his life. Heavy labor had to be entirely eliminated. So in the fall of 1952 he went to work for District 93 driving school bus and working as custodian at the Ammon School House. Here he was with the boys and girls that he loved and they loved and appreciated him. Each passing year put more restrictions on him and he was less, and less able to work and do the things he liked to do.

Glenn was ordained a High Priest April 15, 1956 by Reed Blatter. In the spring of 1956 he became very ill and again had to go back to the hospital. The following months he faded fast. He accepted the fact that his life was over and very carefully finished what details he could before leaving. The last week of his life was spent in the hospital where he suffered severe pain. But to the end he was considerate of the nurses, kind and obedient, never complaining.

On October 23, 1956, at 8:40 p.m. he returned home to the God who gave him life. Always he will be remembered for the quiet sweet influence he had on all those he met and came in contact with. Glenn leaves many many friends and a great respect for the wonderful wife and family and family happiness he shared. His patience was unlimited even when it came to sweeping floors with children running all through the room, or on a noisy, capacity loaded bus. We who know and have worked with him honor his memory and give our humblest respect to Glenn and Hazel and the lovely family they have raised.

— *Joan Jorgenson*

Hazel Almeda Hymas

Through the years I have kept a history of my life, recording events and incidents that have shaped my life and molded me into the person I now am.

My early childhood was spent at Treasureton, Idaho. When only six years old I moved with my parents to Mud Lake, near Terreton, Idaho. There I lived until I was fifteen years old. Growing up in that barren windswept country where we earned our bread by the sweat of our brow taught me that life is something to be earned and paid for day by day. I look back now at my childhood and realize how blessed I was. Many things I didn't have and many opportunities were never mine, but I had a chance to go to school, to study and learn the good things of the world and miss the contact of wicked sinful people. I was raised on a farm and with the cows and sheep and chickens and turkeys the facts of life came simply and surely to my understanding. To this day the sexy vulgar people I encounter leave me cold and I wonder what could have shaped their thinking to say and do things they do.

I went to school my freshman year in high school at Preston, Idaho. There I stayed with my Dad's sister and her husband--Sadie and George Stanger. That year was very impressive to me and must have made some very deep marks on my brain, because 40 years later I still go back in my dreams to those times and places. Then I went to Teton Basin and finished my schooling there, graduating in May 1932 valedictorian of my class. It was during this time I met Glenn Long and fell in love. I was married December 15, 1932 at the Court House in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

My first child, a little girl, Mary Elda Long was born January 7, 1934. She had spina bifida (open-spine) and though we fought desperately for her life she died March 22, only 2-1/2 months old. Lester Bert was born October 17, 1935 and Darrell Glenn March 31, 1939. About this time we bought a little piece of land in Ammon and started to build our home there. We didn't have much money and so our progress was slow, but we worked at it and each year made progress. To this day the things we made

with those struggling efforts are far the most precious things I have. Then in 1941 my Maxine was born. I had wanted a little girl ever since I'd lost my first one almost eight years before and it was one of the happiest times of my life when I heard Dr. West say "It's a girl, a perfect baby girl." She was a cute little plump brown-eyed girl with blonde curls and a sunny disposition and I adored sewing for her.

Shortly after this my Dad died with cancer of the stomach and thus began the trial by fire that was to prepare me for the years that were ahead. Watching and caring for my Dad and seeing him slip away from this life was hard indeed but in the months that followed his courage and faith came often to my mind as I faced my own trials and tribulations. My mother came to live with us and went to work in the Laundry. We were engaged in a bitter war both in Europe and in the Pacific Islands. And then I discovered I was pregnant and my teeth were so bad they must all be pulled. Lester got rheumatic fever and had to go to the hospital and in January Glenn got his induction papers and left for the Army in February and there was I.

Glenn's going to war and leaving me with my small family to care for was one of the hardest things I've had to do. Years after he died I would dream of going to the mail box for the mail and clutching those air mail letters edged in blue and red and still hoping he would somehow come home again. Ardith Ann was born June 13th of 1944 and on June 28th Glenn came home on furlough before going over seas. Ann was such a pretty baby with big blue eyes and dark brown hair. Having her brightened what would have been very lonely days.

God was good to us, the war ended and Glenn came home and how happy we all were. We remodeled our house and put in a furnace and the water. Many times I wondered just which I enjoyed the most--nice clean hot water or the nice warm heat. Those comforts people take for granted unless they've never had them or have them taken away. On October 29, 1948 Gaylen Clifford was born. I went down into the valley of the shadow of death for him and for a while despaired of either of us coming back. When I

found we were both alive, I cried and cried--tears of joy and gratitude to a kind Heavenly Father.

When Gaylen was between four and five I had a miscarriage and was very ill. He stayed with me constantly and waited on me, taking such good care of me. It made me so happy at his childish concern and I commented on it to Glenn. He answered, "I hope he will always be that good to you." How many times have I recalled that phrase through all these years. The years rolled along and we had many happy times. Our children were growing up and we all worked hard at the things we undertook to do. We weren't rich but we had our share of the good things of life. We had our share of problems and trials also, the joys and heartaches it takes to make a good life. Then Glenn got sick and we found he had nephritis. Fifteen years later that word still makes my heart beat fast with fear. I watched him day by day slip slowly from this life, seeing it and unable to do anything about it. The last words he said to me were "Mom, I can't take it any longer." I came home from the hospital and knelt and asked God to please let him go and stop his suffering. Within the hour Glenn was dead, and I was alone--October 23, 1956.

Glenn's illness and death had cost so much. I still had four children to support. Lester was married and living in Provo and going to school. I had been working at the school lunch program this past year so kept on there.

Darrell was married on June 18, 1958 and I started working at KID TV Station in the Film Department, editing film. I liked my job and made enough money to take care of my family. We had our good times and our bad ones, but life was still good and I still had to finish raising this family of Glenn's and mine.

Grandma was still living with us and working at the Laundry. But she was 72 years old and getting very weary. Besides she hadn't been well of late so we took her to the hospital for a check-up, and they decided to operate and remove her gall bladder but found she was full of cancer. The doctor tried to remove what he could but her body was too weak and tired and she never regained consciousness, and died August 5, 1959.

Maxine graduated from high school and was married to Richard Black December 1, 1960. Ann graduated from high school and was married to Fenton Tyler October 9, 1964. My nest was fast becoming empty now. Gaylen graduated from high school and started school up to Ricks College. And then Bishop Hansen came with a mission call for Gaylen. He was called to serve in the Netherlands Mission. I had been ill for several months and was hemorrhaging, so went to see the Doctor. He told me I had a tumor that must be removed. Tests showed it to be malignant and in such a location special radium treatments must be given first. I truly think the greatest decision of my whole life came then. My patriarchal blessing promised me I could "live upon the earth as long as life was desirable, unto me and be a strength and a comfort unto my children." When Glenn died, I promised him I would raise these kids of ours and then I could go to him. They were all raised now and unless something was done soon my life would be over. But Gaylen had this mission call and I did so want him to go. For him to do so meant I must live a little longer and support him while there. And so I asked God for time to do that.

Gaylen left home January 8, 1968 for the mission home. The same day I entered the hospital and was operated on January 9, 1968. I had been in the hospital twice in December and had had those terrible radium treatments. Faith and prayer and obedience to God's commandments brought me through that operation. And a strong determination to get well and send Gaylen the money to stay on his mission got me back on my feet and back to work. No, it wasn't easy. I had to fight every step of the way, but once I had made up my mind I had one more job to do I never wavered.

Gaylen's mission was the greatest thing that could have happened to him. He came home a much finer person than when he left and with a testimony of the Gospel he may never have found had he never gone. Gaylen went back to school at Rexburg and on July 30, 1971 he was married to Nancy Hill. I have stood in the Idaho Falls temple and watched each of my five children be married for time and eternity and

felt it a privilege not many mothers have. They have all been taught and fully know what they should or shouldn't do. I am proud of each of them and love them each for their own specialness to me. They have chosen the best of companions that are as dear to me as my own children.

I have 20 grandchildren from the ages of 16 down to 1 year old, and up in the cemetery two little twin girls, a few feet from Glenn, remind me they too are waiting. These boys and girls are my treasures and my greatest concern is for them to grow up to be good men and women, I want then always to remember their grandma and in so doing remember what she expects from them and to never let me down.

Hazel Almeda Hymas died 6 Aug 1979 in Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho of cancer. She was buried in the Ammon, Idaho Cemetery next to her husband, Glenn Christensen Long, 9 Aug 1979.

SECTION 50

REED & LEAH EMPEY MOLEN



Leah & Reed Molen

At 3385 Owen Street was the home of Reed Randolph and Leah Empey Molen from about the year 1938. The original house was constructed of logs. Later additions resulted in a home with five outside doors and five chimneys but no well water on the property by the time Reed and Leah moved



Snow plow, winter of 1949

in. Their three daughters, LeaRae, Sherri Lynn, and Barbara Ann grew up in this home.

The Ammon High School graduating class of 1928 included Reed along with Reed Gerald Anderson, Ruby Empey, Myrtle Empey, Etta Vera Field, C. Elden Kingston, Annaley Naegle, Kepple C. Naegle, Beatrice Nelson, Alta C. Phillips, Lawrence Ricks, Fred E. Singley, Ida Soelberg, and Velma Tyler. Fourteen seems a small number of graduates by today's class sizes.

Reed was drafted into the Army during World War II on March 22, 1944 at the age of 34. Eight months later on November 2, 1944 he was honorably discharged after undergoing back surgery in the Veterans Hospital in Salt Lake City. This was a difficult time for Leah as LeaRae and Sherri had scarlet fever when the only drug available was sulfa which was ineffective on strep throats. The family was quarantined for twelve weeks and because of the war it was not possible to have a telephone installed. A county nurse visited homes with diseases and hung a sign on the door preventing anyone from leaving or entering the home.

Reed was employed for 21 years by Bonneville County. He is remembered most for grading the gravel roads in the summer and plowing snow on the same roads in the winter. He worked many hours into the night time to open roads to the cemetery for funerals. More than one expectant mother rode to Idaho Falls to the hospital in the

snow plow, especially during the winter of 1948-49. This winter, the equipment available could no longer open the Ammon highway, leaving the only way to the hospital over the fields in the snow plow. It was not unusual for the school bus to follow the snow plow to return children to their homes during the winter months. Later he worked at Robison's Parts and Service for eight years. Leah worked in the school lunch program at Ammon and Bonneville Schools for several years.

In the election on April 25, 1961 Reed was elected the first mayor of Ammon which that spring achieved full city status. Reed served on the City Council of Ammon for 12 years and as mayor of the city for two terms. Ammon residents received loyal service from him during the flood of 1962. He was active in many civic projects, was a charter member of the Ammon Lions Club and a past president of that group.

Written by Ann Wise and LeaRae Hansen

SECTION 51

DEAN & VELMA OLSEN

Dean and Velma Olsen with their children VelDean and Heber moved to Ammon in November 1945. Both Dean and Velma were born and raised in Logan, UT. They moved to Garfield, UT. where Dean worked at the Kennecott Copper smelter through World War II. As soon as dad was released from Kennecott after the war ended they decided they wanted to find somewhere else to live. They went to Idaho Falls fishing with their brother in law and fell in love with the area. Dean called Kennecott to tell them he was not coming back and

started looking for a job and home.

They purchased their home at 2895 E 2400 S now 3195 Rawson St. from Dan Harris. The land purchased was originally 3 acres with a little 4 room house, an outhouse and barn. Dean soon converted the pantry to a bathroom for his young family. They sold half of the land to Walter (Dutch) and Carol Windmiller who built a house and garage to the East side of us.

I remember Carol (Denning) Windmiller telling me she was raised in this house and it had originally been two separate 2 room houses that had been connected together. She also told me they were two of the oldest houses in Ammon. I do not know that this is fact; it is just my memory of a story told to me many years ago.

In March 1946 Dean and Velma added to their family when Bob was born, then a daughter Janet in December 1949.

Dean was a carpenter for as long as I can remember. Velma sold Avon when I was young and then Tupperware through my teen age years.

Dean loved to fish and hunt so the family spent most of Dad's time off roaming around the hills and streams in the Snake River Valley. Many times after he came home from work we would load up in the car and head out to try a new fishing hole he had heard about. Mom was always a very good sport about it; she would sit in the car with a crossword puzzle book to while away the hours till dad came back. The family still laughs about dad's love of finding out where a road went. We would be driving just about anywhere and Dad

would see a road and he just had to go down it to see where it went. There were many a time we would end up in the middle of someone's yard or the middle of nowhere.

I remember for years we would raise a couple of bum lambs each spring. One lamb in particular is still well remembered. This lamb was blind and was babied by the family and was adopted by Old Red (the dog next door) Red would come over to our house each day to get our lamb then the two would roam the village to check out all of Red's favorite places. The lamb stayed next to Red so his tail was bumping him in the side to guide her. He was my first experience with a Seeing Eye dog.

One thing we never knew was what a Saturday morning would bring at our house. Quite often when the children would wake up our kitchen would be full of people. It was a small kitchen and it was usually standing room only. It would start with one person stopping by to see if dad was going fishing and by 8:30 or 9 am we would have 5-10 people crowded into that room, laughing and talking and planning what they wanted to go do.

I keep hearing young children complaining about they are bored, there is nothing to do. I have to chuckle. I never remembered being bored but we



L to R: Bob, Heber, Velma, Dean, Janet and VelDean

stayed busy all summer long. Our swimming pool was the ditch next to the house until we were old enough to go to the canal. We went to the school house to roller skate on the tennis court or play on the playground. We spent hours playing Anny I over across our tin roof house or just exploring the fields around the neighborhood using our imagination of make believe Indian and cowboy fights. But I was never bored; we were too busy having too much fun growing up.

Velma Olsen still lives in the home. She will be 93 years young this summer. Her memory is still very sharp and still has her good health. It is a wonderful to listen to her and her 91 year old sister talk about their childhood and all the wonderful times they have had together.

I never really appreciated what a wonderful place Ammon was to grow up, until I was an adult and have lived in some very large cities. Which is like working for a very large corporation; you are a number on some statistical report not an individual. Ammon was a very pleasant small community with a lot of wonderful people.

— *Janet Olsen Cox*

SECTION 52

JAMES ALBERT (AL) OWEN FAMILY

Derlin L Campbell (2/22/2011)

Al was bom the first child of James Colgrove Owen and Sariah Rawson Owen in 1851 in Ogden, Utah. James A. (Al) brought his four younger brothers, William Franklin, Joseph Henry, Daniel Warren and Horace Nathaniel Owen, to the Eagle Rock area in 1885 to homestead. In 1893 their father and mother, James Colegrove and Sariah Owen, came up from Ogden, Utah and purchased

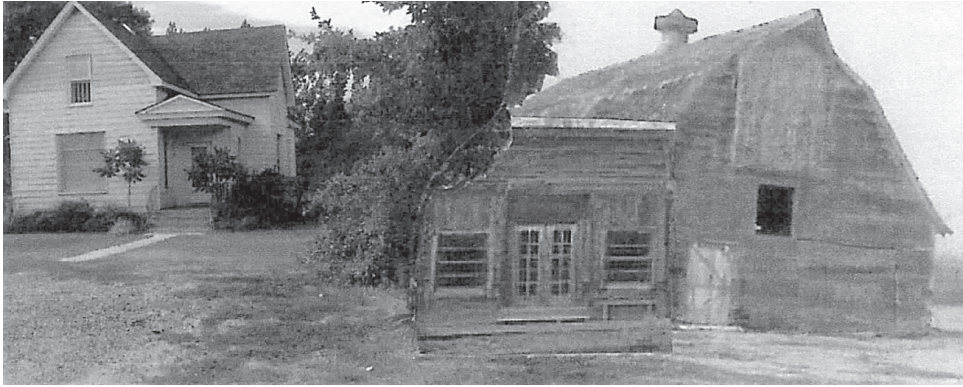


Owen Home and Family, 1908. L to R: Olive, Katie, Ada, Viney, Flora, Leona Lottie, Rosa (mother), Leslie, Albert (father), Albert, Jr. (on horse)

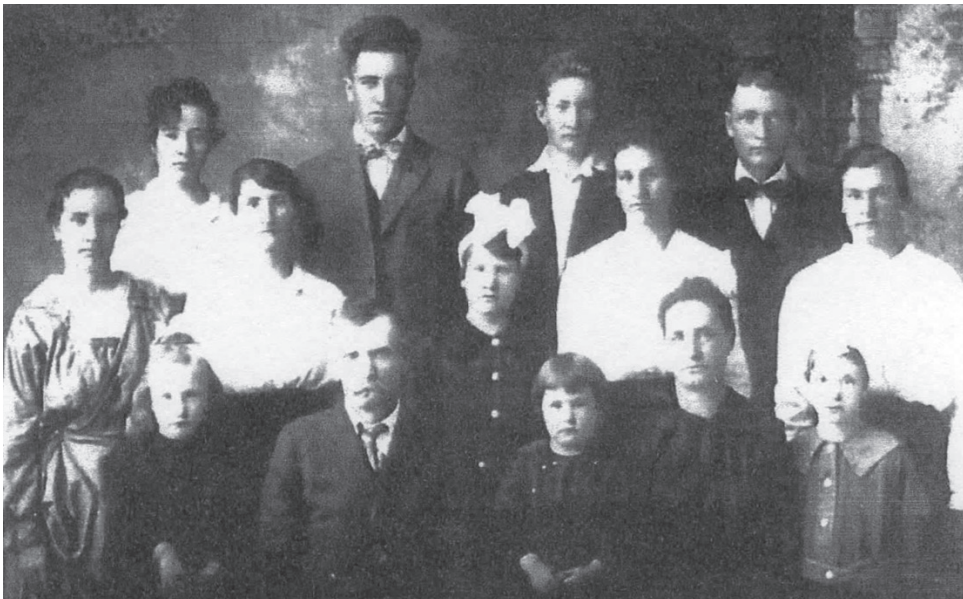
the south 80 acres and his son, William purchased the north 80 acres of the SE 1/4 of section 27.

In April of 1898 James C., William F., with the help of James Albert organized the township that became Ammon. James C. then returned to Ogden. James Albert had homesteaded at the end of now East 17th and 45th East. He built his house about 1/2 mile south of 17th street. The one room house was made of logs from the north slopes of Taylor Mountain and had a sod roof.

On December 12, 1889 he married Rosa Ellingford. A year later their first child, daughter Rosa Olive was born . On May 15, 1892 Lovina May was born. On March 4, 1894 when Katie was born it snowed and the wind blew for three days. The cabin had been built on low land where it was easier to dig post holes for the corrals, etc. The rain melted the snow and filled the house with 18 inches of water and the sod roof leaked adding more problems. When my mother, Ada was born on March 11, 1896 the wind had blown the dirt off the roof and once again they had to deal with water inside the house. Albert decided to build a rock house upon the hill with 4 rooms. They moved in for Christmas in 1897 even tho the house was not yet completed. The winter of 1897-98 brought lots of cold and snow and they nearly froze.



*Left: Owen home on Central as it currently looks.
Right: Ammon Merc building and barn to the north of Owen home*



*James Albert Owen family in 1917. Front row: Nita, J. Albert, Echo, Rosa, Afton;
middle: Olive, Katie, Flora, Viney, Ada; back: Lottie, Leonard, Leslie, Albert W.*



*The Owen family in 1936 at death of James Albert Owen Front row; Katie, Olive,
Mother Rosa, Viney A, Middle row: Ada, Lottie, Flora, Afton, Nita, Echo.
Back row: Leslie, Albert W., Leonard*

The rest of their children were born in this home... Albert Wilford in 1898, Leonard Douglas 1900, Charlottie Belle (Lotte) 1902, Joseph Leslie 1904, Flora Eliza 1907, Afton Pearl 1909, Juanita Grace 1912 and Echo Rachell 1914.

By 1917 Al's health was beginning to fail so he purchased the brick home at, now, 3170 Central where he moved with the eight youngest children. Olive had married in 1916, Lovina in 1911, Katie in 1912 and Ada in 1916.

This house was built with the same red bricks as were most of the houses in Ammon at that time. They were made in a brickyard about 1/4 mile south of Beaches Corner (Ammon Rd and owned by Charles Hayes and his sons, William, Clifford, and Jessey. They built most of the houses in Ammon's early days.

Leo Nielsen built Ammon Merc in 1915. The old, original Ammon store was now abandoned. The old store and a big red barn sat just to the north of the house and was part of the property that Al Owen bought in 1917. I remember visiting my Grandfather, Al, and his

son, Albert in this old store building when I was a child. During the school months this building was rented out to school teachers.

The three boys ran the farm until WW1 when Leonard and Albert W. left for service in 1918. Leslie, then 14 years old, ran the farm with the help of his father, Al, until Albert W. and Leonard returned after the war.

By 1935 all the children had married and moved out, except Albert W. and Leslie. Albert W.'s back had been broken in 1932 while loading logs on a wagon. He never married and worked with Les on the farm until Les sold it to Nielsen's in 1950. On the 21st of September, 1936, James A. Owen died. On February 8, 1954, Rosa Ellingford Owen died. Rosa was midwife at about 120 births and was caregiver for numerous families in need. She was dearly loved by the people of Ammon.

SECTION 53

SAMUEL LEON & GENEVA NUTTALL PETERSON

Leon wrote of his early years: "I was born January 30, 1892 at 364 East 7th South in Salt Lake City. My parents were John Jensen Peterson and my mother was Francis Smith Peterson. I was blessed: 13 May 1892 by my grandfather, Samuel Peterson, in Salt Lake." Samuel Leon was called Leon as his Grandfather, Samuel Peterson and his cousin Samuel were both called Samuel. His father's brother was called Samuel Jr.

"My parents were good Latter-day Saints for which I am grateful. My mother's parents Francis McKay and John Young Smith joined the Church for the sake of the Gospel, in Scotland and immigrated with a company of Saints to America and then by hand-cart from Council Bluffs to Utah in 1858. My father's father, Samuel Peterson, joined the Church and came to Utah in 1852. My grandmother Peterson, Karen Jensen, came to this country with

her parents and settled at Manti, Utah. This is where grandfather met her and married her.

I can remember my great grandparents on my Grandmother Peterson's side. Their name being Jensen. I was the favorite great-grand son with them on account of my red hair; the red hair coming from the Jensen side. My great-grandmother Jensen always gave me a full sugar cake (made of sugar about the size of a three inch cookie and about one half inch thick. The other kids only got a half of a one Leon had red curly hair (ringlets until he was 10 years old). He was a favorite of his grandmother Karen because she had red hair like Leon. Then one day his uncle said "he is a boy and needs his hair cut" and he cut the curls off. Leon had a temper and screamed whenever he wanted anything until he got it. One day this uncle said he'd break Leon of this habit and he took Leon outside and put his head under the hydrant with running water. Every time he screamed, under the faucet it would go. Leon learned his lesson.

"My father went on a mission to Denmark in 1898 when I was 6 years old. He was gone 31 months. John J. (Leon's father) returned after his mission to work for the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company in Salt Lake City Utah. Leon attended the Salt Lake schools until his father was promoted to open up a store in Heber City, Utah, in Wasatch County for the CW & M as manager. Leon was an extra fast learner and his teachers wanted to have him pass a grade, even though he'd started two years late. However, his Aunt Jennie who was a school teacher would not let them advance him.

Then I started high school in the fall of 1907. In the spring of 1908 I went to San Francisco with the high



Cadet Leon in high school

school Cadets. That is when the fleet went around the world and Admiral Evins resigned and Admiral Sperry was "put in his place."

While living at 1608, I used to drive the horse and buggy up to Grandfather Smiths. I would take him to the Tithing Meat Market which was located back of the Utah Hotel. There he would buy his meat for the two families. Grandfather was the night watchman at President Joseph F. Smith's office. I remember meeting the President many times.

My folks moved to Heber City in the fall of 1908. I graduated from high school in 1910 at Heber. My older brother went on a mission and I worked with my father in the store so he could keep Wayne on a mission. I saw that my ambitions were being smothered so I decided to see if I could get a farm to run.

He received high grades in all of his school work, being an excellent mathematician. During his high school years Leon was an excellent ball player, a pitcher, until he threw his arm out of place because of his fast ball. His team would go to other communities to play them. At one of his ball games the Heber ball team played the Wallsburg High School team. "In playing baseball I happened to go over to the town of Wallsburg on a Holiday, there I met some of the girls, but girls had never bothered me. Oh, I would take one out now and then, but I had no desire to go steady because I had never met one who appealed to me. We played ball several times over there and on the 20th of August 1911- that is when they held the Wall reunion, we played ball in the afternoon and went to the dance that night. There I met Geneva Nuttall who was one of the "Belles" of Wallsburg. We started going together. I was 19 ½ years old and she was 17 ½ years old."

He courted Geneva Nuttall and often it was late at night before he left after dances or games. Traveling was by horse and buggy. Often Leon would attend dances in Wallsburg and go home late. While going home Leon became sleepy and would go to sleep. The horse knew the way and would go home. Leon would wake up at home. (Think what would happen today if you went to sleep while going home driving a car.) Many horseback rides and horse and buggy

rides were among their Courting days. Geneva attended some school in Heber City while living with her brother Leonard and his wife Winifred Wilkins Nuttall.

I remained in the age group and graduated with my age group. I went to the Wasatch High School in Heber and was in the first graduating class of the High School.

After graduating, Leon went to work at the CW&M Co. His brother Wayne went on a Mission to the North Central States. Leon continued working at the CW&M Co. He continued to court Geneva and two years later on 12 June 1913 they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. He had been ordained to an Elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in May 1913. Leon and Geneva had to travel in a buggy to and from the Temple. The trip to and from Salt Lake by buggy took a long time. It was a very rainy day as they returned home after being married. Juliet, Geneva's mother had spent days cooking for this special event, She had prepared a lovely chicken dinner for 40 people preparing the chickens, pies, cakes, and all the trimmings. The evening they returned for their Wedding dinner it had rained hard all day so heavily that only part of the people came. It was quite a disappointment.



Geneva Nuttall Early Life

Geneva Nuttall was born January 7, 1896 in Wallsburg. She was the 10th child of William George and Juliet Wall Nuttall. She was born in Wallsburg, Utah; a little town named after her grandfather, William Madison Wall.

Geneva was born breach which left her mother quite ill. Geneva's oldest sister Nellie had married Jim Wright. Nellie had heart trouble and lost three babies. Geneva was born about the same time as



Nellie's third baby which died at birth. Juliet Wall Nuttall decided that she already had a family and Nellie needed a baby, so Juliet told her daughter to take Geneva and nurse her and raise her as her own. Geneva lived with them for over 5 years, calling Jim, "Papa Jim," and

Nellie, "Mama Nellie." When Nellie died, Jim had no way of raising Geneva so he returned her to her parents. Geneva had been an only child and had had her own way. Coming back to nine older siblings and two little brothers, Jim and Elis, she had to learn to share. Geneva found it very difficult to adjust. After this incident in her early life, Geneva found it difficult to openly express affection to those she loved and appreciated. Often she said "I want to go home to Papa Jim." It made it rough for her parents. (I've often thought how it was for Juliet to have given her little baby girl away. Juliet had lost two little boys from an accident and measles before Geneva was born, then to give up her new baby girl, what great love she had for her oldest daughter and her family.) Following are some incidents in Geneva's life.

During a Diphtheria epidemic in Wallsburg, Geneva sat double seated with a friend in school. The next day her friend died from Diphtheria. Geneva's mother Juliet Wall Nuttall went to help out the family. Four of them died of the disease. She stayed with them until the rest were well, and then returned home where she went into the woodshed, took off all her cloths and burned them. Then she took a bath using carbolic (a disinfectant). Her husband then handed her her clothes on a stick. As she entered her

home she was thankful that none of her family ever caught the disease, especially Geneva who had sat next to the girl who had died.

Incidents like these were common and the pioneers relied on their faith in the Lord to protect them. Geneva was taught the purpose and need of daily prayer for survival. Indians were plentiful in Wasatch County and often would steal white children when possible. Children were restricted as to their traveling. Disobedience brought quick punishment.

As the pioneers clothing was all handmade, all had to help in making them. Children had to help gather, wash, card and spin the wool and make their own clothing. Stockings, sweaters, mittens, etc., were made by all, young and old. Children had to knit their own. So much had to be done every day.

Often, children carried their knitting materials in pockets, knitting as they walked to places of play. Idleness meant sorry wants. Cooking had to be done from scratch, wood chopped, fires made, vegetables dug and cleaned and water hauled. Those special chicken dinners, (chickens caught, killed, cleaned and cooked, feathers plucked and saved for pillows and quilts or ticks) but oh so good! Bread, cakes and pies had to be cooked daily. Cows had to be milked and butter and cheese had to be made also. The men slaughtered beef, pork, lamb or wild game. The meat was stored in smoke houses to cure and save. The fat was rendered and saved for soap. Some was cooked for special crackles (the rendered pieces of fat when cooked made good eating). Women made their own soap and scrubbed their clothes clean. They made their own quilts, pillows, clothes, hats, bonnets, etc. Quilting Bees were often held. Quilts were always made and were a part of all Trousseaus. Many of these handmade block and pattern quilts are treasures today. Girls were taught to crotchet and make lace, do tatting, embroidering, weaving and other skills to beautify and provide for their homes.

Family values were: *Waste not want not. Make the best of what you have. Don't let your wants exceed your means. Keep the commandments of God. Early to bed and early to rise makes a person healthy, wealthy and wise. Work with a willing heart. Honest work does have*

good pay. Greet the day with a song. Help others with a gracious heart, without ridicule. These were some of the early and lasting values the pioneers lived by. Geneva grew up under these teachings. Her faith in God was strengthened and nurtured by her pioneer ancestors devotion, faith and examples.

Cars were not known in 1890 or 1900. Transportation was by walking, horseback or in buggies and wagons or sleighs in the winter. Geneva became an excellent horsewoman and was also known as the Belle of Wallsburg. She was given many special opportunities and privileges so as to earn her special place in her own family.

Baseball was the sport of the time. At a baseball game between Wallsburg and Heber, Geneva was especially attracted to the pitcher. He was an excellent pitcher, red headed too. After the game a dance was held. Geneva was a very popular young lady and had many dates. However, she was soon singled out by one Samuel Leon Peterson and she chose Leon.

Leon & Geneva Peterson Married Life

Geneva and Leon lived with his folks, John and Frances Peterson, in Heber City. Leon worked at the Consolidated Wagon Machine Company (C.W.M. Company) where his father was manager. Leon's oldest brother was on a mission and the two younger brothers were at home. Geneva's parents had moved to Provo, having retired from ranching and farming as well as the saw mill. Leon and Geneva's first child was born while they were still living with his parents.

March 6, 1914 Leon and Geneva's first child, a girl, was born. She was named Virginia Juliet Peterson. She was the first girl and granddaughter of the Peterson family (Leon only had 3 brothers).



Geneva and friend

My Dad, Leon Peterson, was a shepherd, loved fishing and was a dairyman. When he was a young man, he wanted to be a Magician. He performed on stage and for his friends and relatives. He was really good. He could levitate a person above a table. As they had a large front room, Dad would gather a large group together and he would perform magic tricks for them. After he was married, Grandma Geneva Peterson didn't think that was a good profession for a married man with children, so he gave it up. He loved doing magic and we children really had a good time with him and his tricks. Leon acquired a small farm that had a large rock house, some pasture and apple trees. He decided to go into dairying. Geneva loved the house.

The house had a large room upstairs that was once a ballroom. The children played there often during the winter. Leon decided to raise chickens, so until he had a coop for them, he put the baby chicks in the large room. The chicks were delightful for awhile, but their constant chirping soon became unendurable. Leon had built a coop outside for the 500 baby chicks. He also built a large dairy barn. There was much milk from the cows so Geneva separated the milk from the cream and churned butter. She sold the butter in one pound paper wrapped packages. The boys liked the butter milk but Virginia couldn't tolerate it. Much of it was feed to the pigs. Geneva made good bread. The hot bread with gobs of thick cream and sugar with a dash of cinnamon was especially delicious."

Leon and Geneva always had Prayers. One morning after family prayer, Leon told his children "Don't go into that corral for any reason. I'm going to get a new out-house at grandpa's. If you have to go, then go-over to Todds until I get back. Don't go into that corral under any needs.





That bull is a mean one and could trample you to death. Remember, don't go into that corral." Leon left and the two boys, Gerald and Vaughn and Virginia went out to play. Virginia decided that she had to go. There

were no facilities in the house, only the outdoor out-house which was located in that new bull pen. On reaching the pole fence, Virginia noticed that the bull was asleep in the far corner. She quickly climbed the fence and went in. No sooner was she in than the bull was bunting the door. Virginia said, "I pushed on the door and prayed, but I knew that the bull would soon squash me. I prayed and pushed. I asked the Heavenly Father to make that bull go and lay down where he had been so I could get out." The noise stopped and I looked out a knot-hole on the north side of the building to see the bull lying down. I quickly, quietly opened the door and ran and climbed that tall fence. As soon as I was on top, the bull came charging, pawing the ground and snorting. I dropped to the ground and backed away. I looked at that mean mad bull and marveled. Heavenly Father had answered by prayers. Then I remembered what my father had said and I learned to obey my father. I never told my parents, but I learned the need to obey my parents and that God hears and answers prayers. Prayers and obedience are life savers.

Geneva was an excellent seamstress and did much sewing for other people. She taught Virginia to sew on the sewing machine when she was only five years old. We had electricity in our home in Heber. We were often told not to play with it. Our neighbor was standing in water in his basement when he reached up and touched the light switch and was electrocuted. We were very respective of lights and electricity.

In the fall as the weather grew colder, the

butchering took place. The hogs were killed and strung up on trees to skin. The fat was rendered and used for making soap for cleaning hands and clothes, etc. The pork rinds were fun to eat. Head cheese was especially rich. Waste not, want not. Geneva was a good and economical cook and there was always good healthy food.

Leon and Geneva had sold their farm and home on the Springville Road and moved to Vineyard March 1, 1930 on the Geneva Road that divides Provo from Pleasant Grove. With a larger farm and dairy and pasture, Leon maintained his grade A dairy and delivered milk to Provo and Orem. (Today the farm is part of the Geneva Steel Mills.) Leon and Geneva and children worked hard milking, delivering milk, planting, growing, weeding, watering and harvesting potatoes, tomatoes, hay and grain. The animals also took much time, milk cows, horses, pigs, etc. The boys worked with the animals, Virginia washed the milking equipment and the milk bottles (48 cases of 24 one quart bottles). Water had to be heated for washing the equipment. Leon and sometimes Geneva bottled the milk. Leon delivered the milk late at night, often coming home around 2 a.m. and getting up at 6 a.m. Geneva often went with him.

One late October day after the harvest was over, one of the milk cows got loose and was up on the Linden Highway. Leon got his pony and went after it. Rain had made the highway slippery. The pony slipped and fell on Leon's leg, breaking it in two places, above the ankle and below the knee. He hailed a car to take him to Provo hospital. They set his leg without using any anesthetic. Then he called Geneva to come and get him.

Troubles! Troubles! Leon had to stay in bed for six weeks to heal the double break. His sons, Gerald, Vaughn and Ross were well acquainted with the chores, but help was needed. He hired a neighbor, Mr. Williams, to work for him. Geneva took over the milk route, bottling and driving the truck to make deliveries. Gerald stayed out of school to help. Virginia did the cleaning, washing all the milkers, cans and bottles. Artisan well water had to be heated over a wood-coal stove for cleaning.

The Vineyard Priesthood did all the fall plowing for Leon as he was in bed. Vaughn and Ross went to Vineyard School, Virginia to Lincoln High School. Ted, too young to go to school, was Leon's companion while Geneva and Gerald delivered the milk. Assisting with the house work and washing the milk equipment was Virginia's job after school. Still she kept up her school grades. Geneva worked with the milk, bottling, delivering and collecting, and all the business, besides taking care of Leon.

Geneva's brother and sisters and their families had moved to Ammon Idaho where there were several farms for sale, plenty of water for the farm products

and also a great need for dairy products. After Leon's recovery and Geneva, well from her strenuous workout and having her tonsils out, Leon decided to move. He went to Ammon where he made a deal to buy an 89 acre farm with a large modern rock house, an orchard, sheds and a barn. Geneva loved the three story well built house.

A windmill and pump provided the water. The place was rented until March 1932. This was during the Great Depression. Arrangements were made to move the family to Ammon the 1st of March 1932. Idaho was heavy with snow. The roads to Ammon were closed. Household furniture and farm equipment were shipped by railroad or moved on sleighs. The cattle were shipped by railroads but had to be driven out home.

Farming and dairying were hard and took many hours. Snow remained heavy on the ground. Some ground couldn't be cultivated because of the remaining snowdrifts. Leon sold the hand milked milk to Yellowstone Dairy. Lee Wollschelegle, known as Swalley, owned the plant. Leon first delivered bottled milk to Walgreens and then all to Swalley's. Butter and cheese were purchased from them.

Geneva loved that rock house and Leon had inlaid linoleum put in the kitchen. Geneva said that she never wanted to move. She was happy; she had her sisters, Jose and Rose and her brother there in Ammon. The boys, Gerald, Vaughn, Ross and Ted went to the Ammon School. The depression was on and money was hard to come by. People had to do with what they had, and make the best of it.

The spring work began with the potatoes (spuds) to be cut and all the children worked at it. Beets were to be thinned; cows had to be cared for. Geneva had her hands full, but she loved the house and gladly helped with the farm work when needed. Virginia, after cutting potatoes, went to work in the beet fields. The boys worked in the hay. Leon



Old Rock House on Samuel Street in Ammon, Idaho built during 1890 by William Owen. Peterson home from 1932 to 1980.

The deep windmill well was the second deep well built in Ammon. The horse and buggy were the transportation method in 1890 through the 1920's.

Water was stored in the pump house. Windmill pumped water up to the bathrooms on the second floor. Hot water was heated by the coal stove in the kitchen and pumped upstairs.

Sheep and cattle were the means of livelihood in early Ammon. Virginia Peterson Smith lived in this home in the late 1920's until her marriage to Clyde A. Smith November 24, 1932.

purchased a tractor to work with the horses. Virginia thinned beets alone in the fields while the boys and Leon worked with the cows and put up hay. Working alone thinning beets was not very dignified and Aunt Jose suggested that Virginia get a job in town. Leon took her with him to her job when he delivered milk and took her home after work. On the farm there was a deep well run by a windmill, the first well in Ammon. Several homes had pipe lines from this well in Ammon. Later a city well was dug and the people around the area received water from the new well. Leon grew hay, sugar beets, and potatoes, besides the dairy cows, chickens, pigs, and sheep. Of course there were the horses and machinery. Leon turned the old pump house into a milk house. He planted more apple trees, as there were some on the pasture along with plums, gooseberries, some raspberries, a garden with horse radish, rhubarb, and many vegetables.

Virginia met Clyde Smith who brought her home from work one winter night during a blizzard, the first one of the year. They spent a lot of time together after that and a romance blossomed although Virginia had a boy friend in Utah.

The family all had many friends which made Ammon a happy place to live. After the beets were harvested in September, Virginia had to have her tonsils out. Dr. H. Ray Hatch, the families old Heber City doctor who had moved to Idaho to help set up a hospital, was contacted and Virginia had her tonsils out. Leon had had ulcers on his eyes since

he lived in Salt Lake. Dr. Hatch told him to get his teeth out. Leon objected as he had good teeth but the doctor insisted, so he had them taken out. His eyes improved and his limpy leg also improved. Leon didn't have to wear dark glasses to protect his eyes any more.

Leon rented some farms in Ucon and Gerald and Vaughn took over running them. Geneva had had it moving around and insisted on staying in the rock house.

Virginia decided to get married the 24th of November 1933 to Clyde Anthon Smith, an Ammon boy. Plans were made for a temple wedding in Salt Lake, but Leon couldn't leave. Geneva's sister Juliet from Shelley went with her and Virginia and Clyde to Salt Lake to be married in the temple there. They left November 23rd and drove to Logan to get their license to be married, then went on to Salt Lake where they stayed at the new Chief Hotel. Geneva, Juliet and Virginia slept in one bed. Clyde had his own room. They got up at 5:30 a.m. to go to the Temple. The Temple was full with 21 couples getting married that day and many missionaries also. People were standing around the walls. The Hardings met them there and went through with the company. Geneva and Juliet went home with the Hardings after the ceremony. Clyde and Virginia stayed in Salt Lake.



On January 1, 1934, Leon hitched the team and plowed the ground. He had to say that he plowed ground on New Years Day in 1934.

John Dal Peterson was born February 6, 1934 in the L.D.S. Hospital with Dr. H. Ray Hatch attending. Leon was out plowing when the news came. Now with four boys, Leon decided to keep on farming.

Geneva was a good seamstress. She and her friend, Vera Lee, made temple clothes and burial clothes for members until the Church decided to have the clothes made by the Church Distribution Center so that the clothing would be uniform. Geneva had made all of



Peterson family. Front row: Leon, Geneva, Dahl; middle row: Virginia, Vaughn, Ross; back row: Gerald; Ted

the Temple clothing for her grandchildren who were married in the Temple up to that time.



Dal went to B.Y.U. and worked at the Atomic Energy Site. He married Melba Elaine Hull in the Idaho Falls Temple June 6, 1956 and lived at the rock house for awhile. They were later divorced.

Leon and Geneva served as Stake Missionaries in the Idaho Falls, area, filling a successful mission. Leon had served in the High Priests Group as Secretary. Geneva served as Homemaking Leader and as a Visiting Teacher.

Geneva enjoyed associating with her sisters, Rose and Jose, until they died. Geneva had many friends. One particular friend was with Ruby Jeppeson, a widow. They took trips to the Temple in Canada, went on a tour to Washington, D.C. and spent many hours together.



She enjoyed her neighbors, the Miltons, Carmickles, Perrys. She especially enjoyed her associations with Vera Lee and other members of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. She was a charter member of the Ed-a-ho Camp in Ammon.

In 1949, Leon became ill with Hodgkin's disease and had an operation. He recovered and was feeling well, too well. He was lifting some wheat sacks and ruptured himself, complicating his problems. He

was hospitalized for a while and then returned home and refused to go back to the hospital so Geneva took care of him in the fall of 1951. He had her buy a TV, one of the first in the area, but soon tired of it and sent it back.

In 1951, the Church decided to divide the Ammon Ward.

The Hillview addition was growing and gaining more members. In November, 1951, the division was made and Artell Suitter became the Bishop of the new Ammon 2nd Ward. H. Dean Elkington was made the Bishop of the 1st Ward with Keith Hansen and Logan Bee as his councilors and Clyde Smith as the Ward Clerk. Clyde had been Ward Clerk for two former Bishops, Bishop Clifford Judy in 1946 and Bishop Artell Suitter in 1950. The division took effect the 1st of January, 1952.

Leon died January 20, 1954 and Geneva had Bishop Artell Suitter conduct the services. Leon had been ill for some time and Dr. Maurice Henegar had been in many times to check on him while Geneva took care of him at home. Leon had refused to eat saying, "I got to get this over with." Early in the morning, about 2:30 a.m., I, Virginia, awoke and thought, "If I had faith enough, Dad would be healed." Then I thought that I heard my father say, "Virginia, you wouldn't have me go through all this again?"

"Dad just passed away. Clyde and I went down. Dad looked peaceful and handsome as he had in his pictures as a young man. He had overcome the



Samuel Leon Peterson

tired haggard look of long suffering. I knew he had received an answer to his prayers and wishes. Geneva made arrangements with Woods Funeral Home and Bishop Suttter. Clyde and I went with Geneva to check on things. Dad looked peaceful and happy.”

Dr. Heniger and Dr. H. Ray Hatch, long time friends, spoke at the funeral. His former Bishopric from Provo also attended the service. It was a nice funeral for a worthy man. Leon was buried in the Ammon Cemetery on a cold day, but Virginia said, “I felt the happiness he must have felt greeting his parents.

Geneva tried to run the farm for awhile, and then later rented it out with unsatisfactory results. Harold Loveland, a builder, contacted Geneva and made formal arrangements to purchase the rest of the farm. Harold sold lots and developed the area into what is now known as Peterson Park. The streets were named after Leon and Geneva’s children.

Geneva continued to live in the house she loved (and the linoleum was still down). She was called to officiate in the Temple where she worked for many years, often riding with Brother and Sister B.H. Barrus. She did her own business, managing the farm and paying her own bills, taxes, etc. She hired a brother of Sister Perry to work in the yards. Later, she bought a new lawn mower so Ted or his boy David could cut the lawns.

Gerald, Vaughn and Ross had sold their farms in Ammon and all three and their families moved to Othello near Moses Lake, Washington so Geneva contacted Virginia and Ted to do her business. She had the oil furnace, lights and phone bills to pay and it worried her, but things were going to be OK.

Geneva drove her Cadillac which Leon had purchased years before. She was not accustomed to the new laws and rules of the road such as right and left lanes.

She drove down the center of the road. When she was 80 years old, she was unable to pass the tests and asked Virginia to help her. The officials would not allow this so she couldn’t get her license. After that she only drove around Ammon to her friends’ places, using the center of the road. She said if she couldn’t drive the car, she didn’t want to live. Her Patriarchal Blessing stated that she could live as long as she wanted too, but her desires were fading.

Geneva still insisted on living in her house alone, even though Ted and Dawn were living next to her. One day in the spring of 1976, Vera Lee, while stopping to visit, found her unconscious in her bed. She called Virginia and the paramedics came and took her to the hospital. She never wanted to grow old and would not admit her age. With medication, she got better and came home. She wondered why she had come home.

There were a few things she had to do. Checking over her money, she had to care for a few more things. Harold Loveland had paid all he owed her on the place. Streets were named after all her children. The two main streets were named Samuel and Geneva. Peterson Park also had a really nice play park where children could play and picnics could be held. All that was left was the rock house and

the two and a half acres of pasture to the South of the house. She wrote a new will and had Duane Perry sign it. Mother went to the hospital in February, 1977 and the doctor said she would have to stay. One night, after 10 days in the hospital, a lady from Pingree with aspirin poisoning, too ill to move was put in with Geneva. Ted was staying with her, but as she was sleeping quietly, he left at midnight. At 6:00 a.m. when Clyde and I came in to relieve him, Geneva was in a straight jacket. She had apparently woken up and tried to get out of bed, calling for Leon to wait for her.



Geneva Nuttall Peterson

She said that he came for her and would be back in two weeks. She had tried to crawl out and go with him. The lady in the other bed said, "I felt someone slap me hard and tell me to go and put Geneva back in bed." she got up and pushed Geneva back in the bed and called the nurses. The lady said she could not understand how she could have done it. She kept saying, "Leon, Leon, wait for me."

Virginia relates of this time in Geneva's life. "The doctor came and talked to us. He said that she would have to be put upstairs as she could not even feed herself and was getting violent. Clyde and I asked the doctor if we could take her home if she could eat. He said "yes, but she can't do it." We told mother that if she would eat by herself that she could go home. I had been feeding her for the past few days. She grabbed the spoon and began eating by herself. It was clear that she truly wanted to go home. She told us that Leon had said he would come and get her in two weeks. She ate and dressed herself so the doctor said that she could go home. She wanted to walk by herself but Clyde and David's boy carried her in a chair. She was glad to be home.

In a few days she was up, dressed and using her little sweeper around the house but she soon got weaker again. A home nurse came every other day to check on her. She had to go to bed and have oxygen to breath. One night she was sleeping quietly but her feet were turning black. I rubbed them but the circulation wasn't there. I called Ted and Dawn and they came over. I was sitting by her bed when the door bell rang. Dawn came in to sit with her while I answered the door. It was her visiting Teachers. I welcomed them in and just then Dawn called out, "Your mother has stopped breathing." They left in a big hurry. I went in and sat down on her bed. I felt that I saw her sit up and around her were Leon, her parents, William George, Juliet and his folks, Frances and John J. Peterson. Then the vision faded. Calls were made, the mortician came, and Bishop Artell Switter was called." Virginia recalls "A day or so later I was standing by the open kitchen door and I saw Leon come and take Geneva's hand. They started off northward and Geneva turned and said to me, "The

furnace is all yours now," and the vision faded. Leon had come exactly 10 days later to get her. She looked happy and I knew that the Lord had saved her so she could finish those last few things. She had a head stone put up for Leon and all she had to have done was to have her death date added. Geneva had served well and at her funeral she was called 'An Elect Lady' which she was." The home she loved was in her name for 49 years before being sold in 1979 and became the Mansion Gift House, a historical place. She was the last of 12 children. Only one sister-in-law, Iris Anderson Nuttall of Idaho Falls, Idaho survived her.

Information taken from personal histories written by Geneva Nuttall Peterson and Virginia Juliet Peterson Smith. Compiled by Carolyn Smith Grover January 2011

SECTION 54

RAY & LYMAN PICKETT

Grandfather John W. Pickett arrived in Salt Lake from England in 1862. He crossed the plains at age 16 – he subsequently returned back and forth across the plains to the Missouri 5 times helping other people come to the valley. In his later years he helped Church Committees locate and mark the Mormon Trail. Grandma Charlotte White was born in a snowstorm at Pacific Springs Wyoming while crossing the plains in 1849. This is probably similar to most of the stories of the people in Ammon because most migrated through Utah from foreign countries beginning in 1885 to settle the Ammon area.

Two Pickett Families arrived in Ammon – The first in 1933 – The Ray Pickett Family bought a small farm one block west of the Ammon store. Ray was a forest ranger and he did not spend a lot of time there because he had the Forest Districts of Spencer and Swan Valley to run. Ray (1887-1946) had a family consisting of his wife Lou (1891-1977), son, Dorius (1919-1988), daughters Dorothy (1918-2002), Ruth (1920-), Barbara (1922-1998), Betty (1923-1946), Mary (1926-) and Charlotte (1929-)



Lyman Pickett Family, 1957. Back row: Peggy, Howard, Marilyn, Matt, Berdene, Gayle, Meade, Beth; front row: LaRae, Ethel, Glayson, Lyman, Rod; inset: Richard

This part of the family lived mostly at the Ranger Stations where Ray was stationed. They did however attend school in Ammon and was active in the Ward.

The second family was the Lyman Pickett Family who arrived in 1934 and eventually had a total of 12 children. Sons: Rodney (1916-1981), Howard (1918-2001), Meade (1923-1996). The mother of these three children was Margaret Hubbard who died (1893- 1926). This family lived in Logan, Utah. Lyman then married Claudia Ethel Womack (1908-1989). Their children were: LaRae (1929-2007), Gayle (1931-2008), Marilyn (1933-). These girls were also born in Logan, Utah prior to moving to Ammon. Then came the births of Beth (1934 -), Richard (1936-), Matt (1940-) Peggy (1944-2004),

Berdene (1946-), and Glayson (1954 -).

Lyman and family ran Ray's farm until the mid 1940's when he then went to work for the sugar factory and the railroad until he retired. He then worked as the Ammon Cemetery sexton and tried to keep a big garden going. He also worked with the Ricks Brothers in their sheep operation -- in between their fishing trips.

Rodney served in the CCC's and was drafted in 1939 to the army where he spent five years in the South Pacific as a Master Sergeant. Howard went to work at age 17 for the U & I Sugar Company in Lincoln and spent 40 years at that job. Meade worked at the brick plant in Ammon and on various dry farms until he was drafted in the army in 1941.

He spent 4 years in the Pacific as an Infantry soldier and was involved in some of the major battles in the South Pacific and received 4 Purple Hearts, the Silver Star and many other medals for meritorious action.

LaRae graduated from Ammon High School as Valedictorian and received a scholarship from Ricks College. She became a College Professor at Porterville College in California, Church College of Hawaii and Ricks College. She was the Dean of Women at Ricks College for 15 years.

Gayle was a cheerleader for Ammon High School along with her little sister, Berdene as a mascot. She was a cheerleader at Ricks College.

Marilyn worked for years at Kelley's Market in Ammon and eventually went on to school and marriage.

Beth was a cheerleader at Bonneville High School and also Ricks College.

Richard was active in Athletics and went to college on athletic scholarships.

Matt also played sports at Porterville Jr. College and Ricks College.

Peggy married and moved to California and raised her family there.

Berdene went to Bonneville High School and then into the banking business where she remains today.

Glaysen also went to Bonneville High School and continues his work in the area as a finish carpenter.

Ammon is a great place to have lived and grown up. There have been many wonderful experiences over the years. I can recall when the road to Idaho Falls was 4 miles of gravel from Casey's Corner (Ammon Lincoln & 17th) to South Holmes Avenue. I remember playing basketball in Maben Jone's Barn and also Elkington's Barn. How did we survive skiing behind cars at about 45 miles an hour over the drifts on the roads? I remember the winter of 1949 when we were out of school for three weeks because of the snow and also the flood of 1962 – which damaged many homes in town. There are memories of the old swimming hole in Sand Creek where Dale and Earl Goodson built a diving board where the water there was about 14 feet deep. A lot of hand labor was

done on the farms surrounding Ammon, including weeding potatoes, cutting potatoes, picking potatoes, thinning and topping beets, shocking and hauling straw, raking and hand loading hay into stacks.

There were many great people who lived and grew up in Ammon. I can remember Sister Porter with her feet pumping the air for the organ at church as she played the hymns. I remember helping put up the lights on the softball field behind the schoolyard and we played a lot of Softball for many years. Some old time players were Terp Empey, Meade Pickett, Ronald Fife, Homer Woolf, Alfred Empey, and many more. Inside the monument at the present schoolhouse old records, newspapers and histories were set in a time capsule that has not been opened since 1935. I remember the roller-skating at the schoolhouse every Saturday where you could rent the skates for 25 cents and skate for a couple of hours. Many outhouses on Halloween were vandalized. Of course I don't know ANYONE who was involved. I remember the night when a wagon was disassembled and reassembled on top of the schoolhouse. Who lifted those cars and parked them straddling the ditches? I recall at one time Wallace Wadsworth, Dick Kelley and Vern Judy told Lyman Pickett to come up to the store because they had a very special presentation to make to him because of his good ways. They said they had a diamond pin for him in recognition of this honor. He rushed to the store and there in a little box was a "dime 'n a safety pin." Everyone used to stand around the pop cooler at Judy's store, swapping stories and drinking pop out of a bottle.

I can remember Boyd Thompson building a tree house about 30 feet in the air and making a ladder up the tree for him to get to his tree house. Only he knew which of the ladder slats did not have nails in, so anyone attempting to enter his tree house would not succeed. One day he forgot where the weak slats were and he fell into the creek beneath. Since then he has been called Spug Thompson. I remember the night they thought Ammon was being attacked. It was Loren Waters throwing a stick of dynamite in the middle of the ball field behind the school resulting in a loud explosion.

There are many stories from this little town that has now grown up to be the City of Ammon. Many people made contributions over the years. I am grateful for all of them.

—*Richard Pickett*

Ammon Town

O Ammon is a small town,
Where people live and care.
Where the sound of friendly voices,
Floats out upon the air.

Where neighbor loves his neighbor,
And ever prays that he.
Will be the kind of fellow,
That God meant man to be.

Where people show an interest,
To what another likes.
As he watches people on the street,
With horses, dogs, and bikes.

Where Sunday....is the Lords day,
And the church is open wide.
For people who are seeking,
To worship there inside.

O Ammon is a small town,
Where good-men had their start.
And the clinging-vine of friendship,
Encircles every heart.

—*Ethel Pickett*

SECTION 55

JESSE & PEARL PORTER

The History of Jesse Porter & Annie Pearl Curtis Galbraith Porter

Jesse Porter is the son of Edson Darius Porter and Phoebe Malinda Carling.

Edson Darius Porter, born April 12, 1859, married his first wife, Catherine Aurelia Carling on June 2, 1880 in the St. George L.D.S. Temple and had 13 children. On February 19, 1886, following the counsel of the President of the L.D.S. Church, Edson took Catherine's sister, Phoebe Malinda Carling as his plural wife and were sealed in the St. George Temple. Edson and Phoebe also had 13 children, one of whom was Jesse Porter, their second child.

Jesse was born July 28, 1888 and was a premature baby weighing only about 2 ½ pounds. When he was first born, the midwife told Edson and Phoebe that his baby would not see the light of the next day. Later in life Jesse delighted in telling his family that his parents kept him in a shoe box lined with soft cotton and placed him in the oven to keep him warm and that his Dad's wedding ring would slide all the way to his shoulder. Although he was a sickly child, he grew to be a strong and healthy adult.

Since Jesse was born into a family that practiced polygamy and the U.S. government commenced persecution of all those who were practicing polygamy, Jesse's father did what many of the men at that time did and went "underground" for 6 months to avoid imprisonment. In 1888, word was received from President Wilford Woodruff, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, that all who wished to do so could move their families into Old Mexico where land had been purchased and permission had been granted by the Mexican government for establishment of L.D.S. colonies.

The Porters moved to a ranch in San Jose, Old Mexico. They were always very active in the L.D.S.

church. The children were schooled in Colonia, Dublin, Old Mexico and were fluent in Spanish.

Jesse met and fell in love with Juanita Prez who was 3 years older than himself. A quote from his history, *"My parents were not glad with my showing attention to Juanita Prez, a native 3 years older than I."* Jesse was called on his first mission for the church in 1907 among the Mexican people and could return home periodically to help with the planting and harvest. He was called on his second mission in 1909. When he returned in 1911, he and Juanita were still in love and eloped on April 8, 1912 to El Paso, Texas. In November 1912 they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. They were not able to have children so in 1913 they adopted an 8 year old girl of Hawaiian descent named Emily Grace. In 1914 they took the four children of Jefferson Jerome Adams, whose wife had died. Their names were Mary, Jerome, Theodora, and Anselma. The youngest child Anselma, was only 3 months old. At 11 months of age, Anselma died of the measles and Jesse said that Juanita mourned over the loss of the baby until her own health was broken.

In 1917 they moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho, where Jesse worked for the Utah & Idaho Sugar company taking care of the Mexican laborers. Juanita died May 13, 1918 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Their adopted daughter, Emily Grace, went to live with another family and the 3 remaining Adams children were moved to Arizona to live with their aunt. Jesse lost touch with these children over time, but was eventually reunited with Theodora in 1967 in Sparks, Nevada.

Annie Pearl Curtis Galbraith Porter is the daughter of Edwin Morrell Curtis and Delia Ann Crockett.

Edwin Morrell Curtis was born November 7, 1839 in London, England and sailed to America with a company of Saints in 1854. He married Delia Ann Crockett who was born October 21, 1860 in Logan, Utah. They were married July 25, 1878 and had 9 children. Annie Pearl, who was known throughout her life as Pearl, was the 4th child of Edwin and Delia Ann.



Curtis family in 1903.

Left to right back row: Mary Lucille, Delia Mae, Elmo Malcom, and Annie Pearl Curtis who was 15 years of age. Left to right second row: Thelma, Ethel Ada, Edwin Morrell Curtis, Sara, Delia Ann Crockett Curtis, and Matilda Ellen. Bottom center: Alvin Joseph.

From the writings of Annie Pearl Curtis:

I, Annie Pearl C. Galbraith Porter, daughter of Edwin Morrell Curtis and Delia Ann Crockett, was born December 17, 1887 in Salt Lake City, Utah, during the time the Saints were being persecuted by government officials. Mother had to leave her home in Logan, Utah, and took up residence in Salt Lake City under the assumed name of "Carter." In 1890 my fold moved to Mexico (Colonial Diaz) where they could live in peace, I being between the age of 2 and 3. I remember so well the house we lived in and the path from the house to the tin shop, my father being a tin-smith by trade. In 1893, during the summer or the fall, we moved back into the United States locating in Thatcher, Arizona. We traveled by team and wagon.

Annie Pearl was lucky enough to have a wonderful childhood friend in Thatcher named David O. McKay. They kept in contact throughout their lives. David McKay would later become the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Annie Pearl would tell of the time when one of her brothers saved the life of David O. McKay when he was about to drown.

Annie Pearl continues:

April 25, 1903 we moved to Logan, Utah. It was there that I graduated from the 8th grade. Two years later we moved to Rexburg, Idaho, and for several months I worked in a knitting factory where I worked on a machine making underwear, undershirts, sweaters, etc. I also did some housework, all this to help my father and mother as well as myself, because my father developed cancer of the stomach from a fall a few months after our arrival in Rexburg. He passed away in 1906. Some months later I went to Lorenzo to work in the general merchandise store of C. L. Galbraith and stayed in their home, usually spending Sunday at my home. I met William Layton Galbraith, a widower and married him February 10, 1909 in the Salt Lake Temple.

William Layton Galbraith had married Ann Elizabeth Bodily on December 22, 1886 and had 9 children. Ann Elizabeth died in November, 1905. Annie Pearl was 25 years younger than William and nearly the same age as his older children from the first marriage. (William and Ann Elizabeth's first child was born in 1888 and Annie Pearl, his new wife, was born in 1887.)

By 1912, Annie Pearl and William Layton had three children, Pearl, Cloyd, and Norma. At that time they decided to establish residence on a dry farm in the hills of Ammon after William had filed on the property a few months before. There they built a small home on a hill that was later named "Galbraith Hill." Galbraith Hill currently shows up on maps that are recorded in the Court House in Idaho Falls. The house was built on the very edge of a tall hill, with an incredible view of Ammon, and the people often referred to William Layton as "Pinnacle Galbraith." The house was eventually torn down and moved into Ammon, presumably by those who purchased the dry farm. There are no signs at the current time (2011) of the home having ever been there.

Annie Pearl records:

When Norma, the baby was about 3 months old, and with the three children, I set out for the dry farm, riding in a buggy drawn by two horses with Leland as the driver. (Leland was one of the younger children of William Layton and Ann Elizabeth, thus the step-son of Annie Pearl.) That was a long drive, it took us all day and as I now recall, we had to stop at a farm house on the way to get warm. On that cold winter day, with those three precious children, I wonder how we ever stood that trip."

We were later blessed with two sons, Willard and Christopher. Life on the dry farm was quite hard. Every drop of water we used was hauled in a tank from a spring several miles away. The winter that Pearl, the oldest, who should have started school in Ammon, was spent on the dry farm because we could not find a house to rent. That winter we had to melt snow for the water we needed for washing and all other uses, and that winter the four children were very sick from measles, so sick and choked up that they couldn't speak above a whisper. We did everything we knew how to do for them and with the help of Heavenly Father they all recovered completely.

In the fall of 1917 we moved to Ammon so the children, Pearl and Cloyd, could start school. As we were leaving the dry farm, Will said he would never take me to the dry farm again. Little did he realize how prophetic those words were, because in November he became very ill from pneumonia and passed away November 28, 1917, leaving me with five little children, the oldest was Pearl who turned 8 years just two days before his death, and the youngest, Christopher, was only 17 months old."

Annie Pearl returned to the dry farm, but without her husband, William, to help harvest the last crop in the fall with the help of Leland, her step-son. Her daughter, Pearl, remembered leaving the dry farm for the last time. Leland had moved away with their wagon and horse. They had one milk cow that was

relied upon very heavily for its milk. When they got up one morning, the milk cow had died in the night. My Mother, Pearl remembers tying yesterday's homemade bread into a cloth and with her mother, Annie Pearl, and her five children began walking the 6 or 7 miles to Ammon. Along the way they stopped at a neighbor's home that they knew, but the people weren't home. Tired and hot, they went in and used a bit of the family's jam for their meager portions of bread. Before they got all the way to Ammon, someone they knew eventually came along with a wagon and gave them a ride the rest of the way into Ammon. Annie Pearl was only 30 years of age when her 55 year old husband died.

She continues:

I was left without means to support my family and the only home I owned was a dry farm, six or seven miles from town. However, the last crop we harvested, after my husband's death proved to be the best we had ever raised and I was able to buy a house in the Ammon valley. I could not keep up with the taxes on the dry farm so it was sold for back taxes. The heartaches and hardships which I encountered during my widowhood are stamped upon my memory. At that time the county in which I lived was assisting widows and I received \$30.00 each month, which I thankfully accepted, but it was hardly sufficient for our support, so I did whatever I could to earn a few extra dollars, such as washing clothes for others, being paid one dollar for each washing. I also worked in the fields thinning beets and picking up potatoes, tired at the end of the days work. My oldest daughter, Pearl who was 8, was in charge of the care of my other four children and the baking of all our bread. Our Father in Heaven was mindful of us because so many wonderful friends were raised up unto us and they assisted greatly. For many years I was organist for all organizations and for the L.D.S Ward in Ammon.

Annie Pearl had received \$500 after expenses from their last harvest and purchased their home for

her family for exactly \$500. Willard, the 4th child of William Layton and Annie Pearl, shared that just prior to Jesse Porter entering into their lives, the county was planning to remove the children from the care of their mother, Annie Pearl.

Annie Pearl combined from two different accounts:

"In 1920 I was appointed registrar in our precinct before the General Election, and one day in July a man named Jesse Porter came to my home to register. He was a widower without a family and seemed to be quite impressed with me and my family. The next day or so I had occasion to go to the store and on the way home I met this man again, he offered to take me to the homes of the voters so they could register, and he said, "Mrs. Galbraith, I would do anything for you." This really provoked me as I did not care to have a man, who was almost a stranger, to say such a thing to me, so I



Annie Pearl and Jesse Porter family about 1925. Back row, left to right: Willard, Pearl, Cloyd, and Norma; front row, left to right: Annie Pearl, Christopher, and Jesse

turned on my heels and started down the road. In due time everything was made right. He took me and the children out riding in his Dodge car, took us to a show and finally the day came when he proposed. I accepted and on September 3, 1920, we were married for 'time' in the Salt Lake Temple. I believe the Lord was instrumental in bringing this man to our home. He made a good husband, father, and our married life has been a happy one. He has always been kind and considerate of us, for which I am very thankful."

As Annie Pearl's Granddaughter, I must add that they were married less than 7 weeks after they met! They lived in the house she had purchased after the death of William and eventually added on to it. The house is currently located at 3095 Sunnyside Road in the year 2011, and has not been owned by the family.

Through the years Jesse had many different jobs throughout his life and for a time, he worked for the U&I Sugar Company and also for the Railroad. He was always able to somehow support his family with the necessities of life. Jesse never had any biological children, but loved Annie Pearl's children.

On March 6, 1952, Annie Pearl and Jesse received calls from President David O. McKay to serve an L.D.S. mission in Mexico. They were set apart by Elder Delbert L. Stapley and returned from a very successful 3 year mission on April 11, 1955. (They had been asked to extend their mission, after serving for the customary 2 years, for another 6 months, which they did and at the end of that time, they were again asked to extend for another 6 months, which

they did.) Just a year later on April 6, 1956, they were called to go on a second mission to Mexico. Two weeks later they were set apart by Elder Harold B. Lee and left again for Mexico. Before and after each mission they visited personally with President David O. McKay, Annie Pearl's childhood friend.

Annie Pearl and Jesse spent their days gladly and happily serving in the Church. Jesse had served 4 missions and 2 stake missions while Annie Pearl had served 2 missions. They loved being in the L.D.S. temples and delighted in visiting many different ones. Over 1,000 temple endowments have been credited to them. Annie Pearl gladly played the organ and piano most of her life for anyone who needed her music. She jokingly stated that she would probably die at the keyboard. On October 20, 1963, after she played a song for the Primary children to sing in Sacrament meeting, she completed the song, folded her arms and passed away while sitting at the piano. Her Bishop saw her begin to fall and caught her.

Jesse was able to stay in his home for 5 more years after Annie Pearl's death and moved to Salt Lake in June of 1968 into an apartment house where he could be cared for. He took his most beloved books and only a few pieces of furniture. Jesse passed away on May 10, 1970.

Annie Pearl had requested that she be buried beside Jesse and not by William.

Jesse and Annie Pearl are buried in the Ammon, Idaho Cemetery, side by side.

All of this information was obtained from personal histories of Jesse Porter and Annie Pearl Curtis Galbraith Porter, or from personal knowledge of Annie Pearl's Granddaughter, Joyce Moore.

Pearl Curtis Galbraith

Pearl Curtis Galbraith, the daughter of William Layton Galbraith and Annie Pearl Curtis, married Alan Waldo Otteson the day after her 20th birthday on November 27, 1929, in the Logan, Utah Temple. Pearl and Alan moved to Conrad, Montana where they lived with his parents, Nephi and Lenore Otteson and Alan's brother, Ray.

Alan and Ray were working outside during the



Annie Pearl and Jesse Porter

hot summer and had come in for lunch which his new wife, Pearl had prepared. The brothers decided to go for a swim in the creek before returning to work. Within just a few minutes, Ray returned and shouted for Pearl to come quick, there was something wrong with Alan. He was unconscious and was lying on the ground. Together, they loaded Alan into the car and took him to the hospital in Conrad. He did not regain consciousness until they were loading him onto the stretcher. Pearl related that he said "Where's...where's...oh, there you are" as he turned to his young wife. As they were going up the stairs of the hospital he again regained consciousness just long enough to say, "I love you." These were the last words he ever spoke.

Alan was extremely ill and never did again regain consciousness. Pearl did not yet realize that she was pregnant and had probably conceived only a short time before Alan died. She named her precious baby girl, Alain Walda Otteson, named after her father. Alain was born March 30, 1931.

The cause of death on Alan's death certificate says he died of Spinal Meningitis. Pearl was instructed to immediately go home and wash down the entire house and launder all linens, which she did. However, Pearl told the family that one of the Catholic Nun's in the hospital in Conrad later told her that Alan had died of a sun stroke and not meningitis. Pearl was never certain of the actual cause of death of her beloved Alan.

Pearl often said that by the time she was 21 years old she was married, a widow, and a mother. Alan died on their 8th month anniversary of marriage on July 27, 1930.

Pearl later married Clifford Patterson Fowler on January 14, 1935, in Great Falls, Montana. Clifford was a widower with two children, Bernice and George. Pearl was a widow with her daughter Alain. Together Clifford and Pearl had two children, Joyce Pearl and Ronald Everett.

(All above information was obtained from family records and from the personal knowledge of Joyce Moore, daughter of Pearl and Clifford Fowler.)

SECTION 56

LEONARD & TILLIE
BLATTER PURCELL

At the time of his birth on November 9, 1885, Leonard's parents, Charley and Maggie, lived in the vicinity of Nevada, Missouri about 85 miles south of Independence. Two and a half years later, Leonard's brother Guy, was born. But the family's happiness was short lived. Just eight months later on October 23, 1888 Maggie died, leaving two little boys without their mother. Suddenly, finding himself a single father, Charley felt he was unable to take care of his small sons and still farm, so it was decided to split up the family.

Leonard was sent to live with his grandmother where he stayed for the next year and a half. On June 29, 1890, Charley re-married to Rachel Walker and the family was brought back together. They moved south to Golden City, Missouri and it was here Leonard started his formal schooling. At the end of the "sixth reader," Leonard's formal education ended. He would have been about 12 years old at that time. It is apparent that he soon began hiring out as a farm laborer to help support himself and the family. His history records: *"the very first place I ever worked was only one mile from home. I wanted a new pair of boots for winter. I was getting 50 cents a day plowing with a walking plow with a team of horses. I was plenty tired after following a walking plow all day."*

Charley had decided there was good farm land to be had in Colorado, so in 1903 the family prepared to move west. By now, Leonard had two half-sisters, Myrtle and Tamor, ages twelve and seven, and a half-brother, Everett who was eleven years old. The trip to Colorado was by train and Leonard's history tells the story of the trip. *"(Dad) and Mr. Hastings (who was moving with them) chartered a railroad car and loaded it with their horses and cows on one end and their household furniture on the other end. Dad fixed a hideout for Guy and me so we could ride in the car away from sight when the railroad man came through. Dad, at this time had three children with his second wife. They rode the passenger train with Mr. Hastings and his family."*

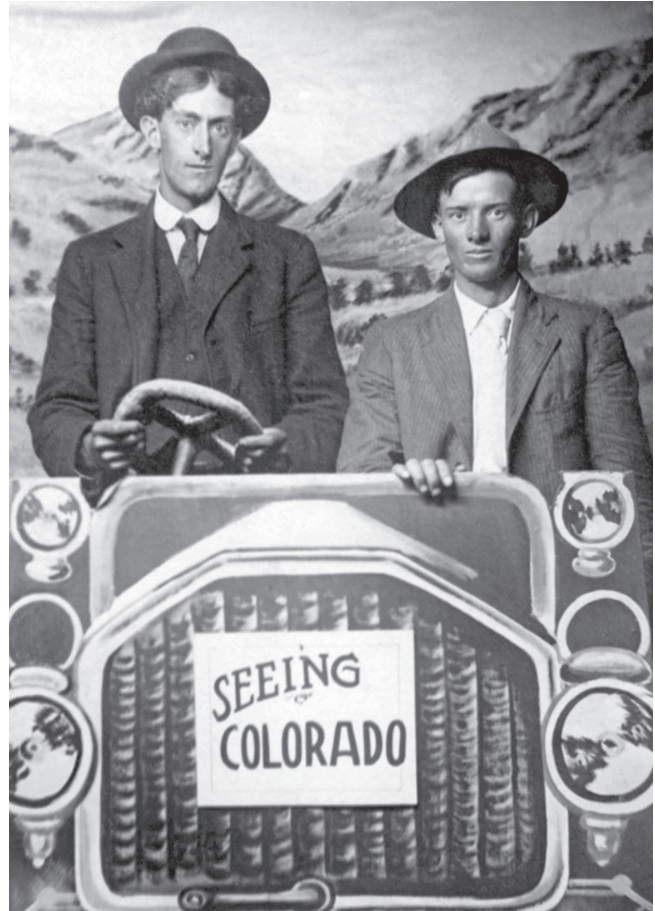


Leonard Purcell about 1895

Why he and Guy couldn't ride with the rest of the family and had to hide with the livestock isn't clear. Perhaps there wasn't enough money to pay for passage for everyone, as they were hiding from "the railroad man." But for many years, the experience left Leonard feeling like a "second class citizen" and it did reinforce his impression that his step-mother showed favoritism towards her own children.

After securing housing for the family, Charley and Guy went to work in the Eaton Sugar Factory. Leonard states that Dad got 17 cents per hour, Guy got 12 ½ cents per hour and I worked for 1 dollar per day outside the factory hauling beet pulp and feeding sheep as I still had problems with asthma.

In the spring of 1911 at the age of 25, Leonard left Colorado and continued west to Idaho. He spent the summer working in and around Nampa and when fall came, he journeyed to Idaho Falls. It was here that he would find his destiny. He says: "I met



Leonard in Colorado with friend, Harley Lane

Parley Hansen who was unloading a load of potatoes he had brought in for the Leonard Ball ranch. He asked me if I knew where he could find a man to go out and work. I told him that was me as I was looking for work. He took me out to meet Mr. Ball. I started working that afternoon."

Leonard Ball lived outside of Idaho Falls in the little village of Ammon. His new boss was in fact the bishop of the local congregation, the Ammon Ward. Leonard was a fair-minded man who, not only tolerated and accepted the people in the area, but enjoyed them. And in return, he was well-liked and respected by the residents of Ammon, even though he had no intention of joining the church and becoming a Mormon! However, his work with Leonard Ball and his brothers Arthur and Phineas, began a long relationship and the two Leonard's became life-long friends.

Leonard's history continues: "My first job was sewing sacks behind Arthur Ball. He was sacking on

a sorter which was pulled by one horse. As the pickers picked a basket of spuds, it was dumped into this sorter. The little spuds and dirt fell through, and the rest went into the sack and was then sewed up ready to be loaded on the wagon to haul to market. Those days a farmer could dig his spuds, haul them to market, and get his money all in the same day." Leonard worked for Leonard Ball for the next three years, all the while living on the Ball ranch. Even though he wasn't a member of the Mormon ward, his friendship with the Ball's involved him in many of the Ammon Ward activities. He wrote, while I stayed with the Ball family, I participated in several ward shows.

Leonard's eighteen-year-old brother, Everett soon followed Leonard to Ammon and went to work for Phineas Ball. Then on Saturday nights, Everett's history states that he, Leonard and Parley Hansen would "spruce up" and walk to town to dance with the "Belles of Ammon." One of these young ladies caught Everett's eye and he married Elmira Anderson in October 1913, the same Elmira Anderson who had graced the Ammon stage with Leonard in their shows. And at the age of 28, Leonard was again, the lone Purcell bachelor.

John Blatter had been in Idaho since 1897, and as Ammon was a small, close-knit community, he and Leonard soon became acquainted with each other. The friendship grew and when John took his family to the Salt Lake Temple in 1914 to be sealed, Leonard was asked to stay at their house and look after their livestock. Soon, Leonard began to take notice of John's young daughter, and in spite of their 14 year age difference, a romance developed. It wasn't long before they were married on February 24, 1915. He was 29 years old. His wife was only 15.

At the time of Tillie's birth on May 12, 1899, the Blatter's had been in Idaho no more than three years. Her parents, John Blatter and Bertha Hoffman, arrived in

Ammon with their young daughter, Clara, on April 16, 1897. The first year, John rented a farm from Mr. Sam Taylor (who named Taylor Mountain) and the family stayed there for the season. Despite the fact that the family was extremely poor, John managed to purchase 160 acres one mile west and a half mile south of Ammon. John erected a small two room log hut on the property, and it was here that three more children joined the family, Grace, Reed, and Edna. Sadly Grace died from measles just two weeks after her birth.

With four children, the family had by now, seriously outgrown their small two-room home. So in addition to running the farm, John began the job of building a larger home, just a few yards south of the log hut. It would have been a happy day in 1910 when the family moved into the new "home place." Tillie's brother, Reed, was seven years younger than her so she remembers "I turned out to be father's helper and Clara helped mother in the house."

By the age of eight, Tillie was already driving a team of horses and hauling hay from the fields, happily riding on top of the load. But one morning, she remembered, "the hay I was sitting on started to slide down and I went with it. I was dragged under the slip until my breast was on the double trees. I clung on to them to keep from being dragged completely under.



John, Edna, Bertha, Reed, Arzula, Clara, Tillie, 1910

I couldn't stop the team, but kept crying "Whoa! Whoa!" My father on the stack, heard my cries and slid down to the ground and ran to me. He stopped the horses and, with fear and fright, had the power and strength to lift the slip load of hay up enough for me to crawl out. He gathered me in his arms and started running to the house. Mother saw him coming and thought I was dead. Not dead but badly injured and I never walked again for weeks. My knees were so badly torn from dragging on the stubble, and I had gone over two bridges. In checking the distance, it was found to be 270 feet. The next bridge coming up was raised a few inches above the ground which would have cut my legs off had I gone over it.

My Grandfather, Rudolph Blatter was so very kind to me. I laid so many weeks and suffered so much pain and couldn't walk. Grandfather would come and carry me to his buggy and take me out for rides. A pillow had been tucked under my knees so long that when I did start to walk, it was a long time before I could stand up strait. As I write this after forty years, I can live it all again and almost feel the pain.

Tillie began her formal education the fall of 1904, and like many young children of the day, would travel the mile to school in Ammon on horseback, or by simply walking. She loved school and her history recorded that, "I was a good student and always got good grades. I usually walked to school, but occasionally, a certain young man living on the corner would take me home from school in his buggy."

That young man was Leonard Purcell, who by 1912, had settled in Ammon for good and was working for his friend Leonard Ball. He was also living at the Ball home which sat on the corner of Sunnyside Road and Central Avenue in Ammon, right on Tillie's way to school every day. She was twelve years old at the time. She says I graduated from the eighth grade just before I turned thirteen years old. I didn't have the chance to go to school more, and father thinking I was too young to be out of school, decided I should go through the eighth grade again. But I had my diploma and wasn't interested so I quit school.

Tillie recalled: "the first time I had ever seen this young man, Leonard J. Purcell, was in a show presented by the Ammon Ward in which he played the part of the drunkard in the show "Ten Nights in the Barroom." On the way home from the show, Father mentioned how well experienced he must have been because he played the part so well. How little did he know he would someday be his son-in-law and my husband. In time a romance developed, much to the surprise of everyone. Leonard was only seventeen years younger than Tillie's father, and fourteen years older than she was. She wrote, "What that fellow saw in me, only a kid, I'll never know. He was the one who used to take me home from school, but time went on and he taught me to love him."

Her father definitely approved the match. In truth, Tillie would not be sixteen for another three months. But on February 24, 1915, Leonard and fifteen year old Tillie, were married in Ammon by their friend Leonard Ball. Leonard continued



Leonard Purcell and Tillie Blatter, about 1915

working for Leonard Ball but they had plans of their own. That summer of 1915, they signed the papers, borrowed \$2250 and purchased a forty acre farm, 2 ½ miles south of Ammon, known as the “old Johnny Lord place.”

On December 24, 1917 Leonard and Tillie were blessed with a healthy baby boy. We named him John Waldon; after his grandfather and Waldon we got out of the telephone book. They continued to farm their forty acres until the fall of 1918 when they sold their land to Mr. Rolf Wold and moved back to the Ball ranch again. It was one mile east and a half mile north of the corner of Sunnyside and the Ammon road where they lived for the next five years. Other children came along, Ceola on March 22, 1921, Mark on June 4, 1925 and Rex on March 5, 1927.

Leonard and Tillie never sat still. The work continued seven days a week, and except for taking time to visit family on Sundays, they rarely took a break. She spent her days in an apron, while Leonard lived in overalls and hat, usually chewing on toothpicks or any piece of straw he could find. In the fall of 1924, their son, Waldon, started school and Leonard's involvement with the education system began as well. That fall he was elected as a member of the Ammon School Board. It is not known whether he ran for the position or was nominated, but it was then his service began, and it continued for over thirty years, first as board member, then as clerk, and eventually as chairman. Education was extremely important to the Purcell's.

Leonard and Tillie continued to work the farm. But it soon became obvious that forty acres simply were not enough to support a family of six. In the summer of 1932 an opportunity came to buy a second farm with eighty acres, known as the “Lundberg 80.” So they borrowed the money from their life insurance to make a down payment and



Ceola, Tillie, Waldon, Winifred, Mark, Leonard, Rex, 28 December 1940

on October 2, signed the papers and bought it for \$6500. The two farms were four miles apart so it was a constant operation of moving machinery, horses, and livestock back and forth between the two.

In 1937 it became obvious that something had to be done about the problem of running two farms that were so separated. Mr. Guy Empey expressed an interest in buying the “40,” so on July 31; they sold it to him for \$7,000. At the same time, Tillie's parents, John and Bertha Blatter, had decided to move off their eighty acre farm and move into Ammon. Their farm was not far from the one Leonard had just purchased, so he and Tillie contracted to rent the Blatter “80” and house for five years, and in October, they moved into the big brick home that Tillie had grown up in. Now instead of running a forty acre farm and an eighty acre farm, they were running two eighty acre farms. But these were only a mile apart which helped on the operation of equipment. On February 9, 1937, their daughter Winifred was born and the Purcell family was complete.

After the five year lease was up on the Blatter “home place” it was now being leased to Art Sutter the new plan required finding a new house. Tillie recorded: “In February 1942 we bought the old Ernest Empey place just across the street from the Ammon Church House. It cost us \$2500. We paid the owner his equity and assumed the loan. They were also able

to purchase part of the Anderson property to the east that included a large barn and yard.

It was common practice in farming communities for neighbors to work together in the planting and harvesting of crops, and with the war taking many of the young men this became even more important. Mark recorded that, *"much of the work was a neighborhood project as it took most of a certain neighborhood to create crews that it took to hay and thresh. This, of course, necessitated going from one farm to the other and sometimes we were on a threshing run for three weeks."* His nephew, Lynn Blatter remembered



Haying crew. Front: Leonard Purcell, John Blatter, Lawrence Vollmer, Reed Blatter

one such occasion. We didn't have too much hay so Dad (Reed) and we boys were hauling and stacking ourselves. It was very slow and I thought we would never get through. As we were working, here comes Leonard Purcell and all his crew to help us as he had just finished haying. With his wagons and men working that afternoon, we finished haying about four or five days earlier. I was never so glad to see someone help out in my life. Purcell's were always very kind people."

For almost twenty years, Leonard had served as a member of the Ammon School Board, but he wasn't the only one with a new job. From as early as 1938, Tillie had helped cook and serve food for the new school "hot lunch" program in Ammon. After having served as President of the Ammon Ward Primary for the past seven years, the stake was divided, and Tillie wrote, *"I was chosen to be the first Stake Primary President of the South Idaho Falls Stake."*

Overall she and Leonard enjoyed fairly good health but in January 1957, Leonard got very, very sick. Tillie recorded in her history, "we thought it was only the flu at first, but he didn't respond to any treatment given him. He was in the hospital three weeks and was so ill we thought he would leave us." Leonard and Tillie loved each other deeply and had enjoyed an unusually strong marriage; but one thing had always stood between them the Church. Leonard had never blocked Tillie's involvement with the Mormons, and she spent her life as a devout and strong member of her faith. Leonard was not a

member and had said he had no intention of ever becoming one even though Rex had always said that his father *"was a better 'Mormon' than many who had been baptized."*

Tillie's greatest fear was being separated from her husband when death came to claim one of them. This drove her to make a desperate plea to Leonard in a surprising direct letter. In it she wrote, among other things; "Some 40 years ago you said you wouldn't join the church for any woman. You didn't. If you



Leonard and Tillie Purcell, 1955

wouldn't join the Church to get any woman, would you to keep a wife and family."

The cause of Leonard's illness was never discovered, and his health was never the same. But it wasn't the only thing that was permanently affected. Whether it was Tillie's letter, his illness, or a combination of many factors, Leonard's feelings about the Church made a major turn. He gave permission for Rex and their friend, Cecil Hart, to give him a blessing, and after so many years and countless attempts from stake and ward missionaries, Leonard and Tillie invited them back one last time. The miracle that had been hoped for all these years had finally happened. To the surprise and joy of everyone who knew him, Leonard announced he was going to be baptized. Mark baptized him on February 26, 1958 and Rex confirmed him. It seemed impossible that this had really happened. As for Tillie, she was beside herself with joy. For her it was the happiest day of her life. At long last, at the age of 72, Leonard Purcell was finally a Mormon. There was another thrilling day yet to come. Winnie was planning

on getting married in September at the Logan Temple. On September 24, 1958, just seven months after his baptism Leonard was given a special privilege to go to the Temple with their entire family to be sealed to Tillie and to witness the marriage of Winnie and George Merritt.

In 1957 Tillie had been asked to manage the lunch room in the new Bonneville High School. Within a year, she was made District Supervisor of the lunch program for School District #93 which position she held until she died. On December 20, 1961, Tillie had gone to bed and quietly slipped into the next life. She was 62 years old. As

1962 started, the family began returning to their everyday lives. But Leonard was lost. Even though his health was frail and he was often weak, the past three years had been the happiest he had ever been. Now he was frequently heard to say, "*Why did Tillie go and leave me when I needed her the most.*" On Monday September 3, 1962 Leonard suffered a stroke and two days later on September 5, 1962 he quietly passed away. He was 76 years of age.

Excerpts from A History of the Purcells by Ryan Purcell



Tillie and the "Lunch Ladies" at Bonneville High School, 1957

SECTION 57

ALBERT C. REED

I, Albert C. Reed, having set my hand this day, March 9, 1959, to write my life history that it might be known among my posterity and not be lost to my children in my passing.

I was the fourth child of my parents, two girls and one boy being older. John Irvin Reed, a son of Josiah Reed and Elizabeth Cottom. Reed was my father. My mother was Lydia Bell Ellenberger Reed, a daughter of Elijah Ellenberger, a Civil War Veteran and Jane Bales Ellenberger.

I first saw the light of day in a house owned by Grandfather and Grandmother Reed situated in Westmoreland Co. about four miles from Scottdale, Pennsylvania.

Father was a farmer by trade. He later bought part of grandfather's farm and built a house on it where I was raised to manhood. I remember the struggle he had to pay for the house and farm. He worked on a coke yard and I helped him while my older brother Charley ran the farm at home with the help of mother. Other years we kids all worked at the Cope Berry and Fruit Farm. Father earned from \$1.50 to \$2.25 a day. I remember it took all summer to get enough money to pay a debt of \$150.00 that we borrowed to finish building the house. We kids earned from twenty-five cents up to one dollar a day picking fruit.

Grandfather Reed was a brick mason and built and repaired coke ovens for the H. C. Frick Coke Company at Bessemer plant near Scottsdale. He was also a tanner and in his early years had a tannery on his place. My father also learned the tanning trade. Lime was used to loosen the hair which was scraped off, then a mixture of bark peeled from a green tree and blue vitrol was used to process the hide. The leather was used for harnesses and shoes. The one peculiar thing about shoes and boots in those days was that there was no right and left Shoe. They were all made the same shape, but that was thirty or forty years before my time.

I can remember the old flour mills in my early days. The bottom stone was a large round flat stone

and was called a burr. The top burr was flat and round with a hole in the center where the wheat was fed into the mill. The top burr turned round, and had small furrows that sloped to the outside and slowly pushed the ground flour or wheat outward until it dropped off the bottom burr. Then it was sifted and separated into bran, shorts, and midlings. What was left over was flour. Every farmer took his own wheat to the mill and his own flour home. The miller kept so much for his work, which was called toll. No money was exchanged. The mills were mostly run by water power. Many times I have shelled corn and tied it in a long seamless sack, placed it across a horse's back with a portion in each end of the sack, and went to the mill to have it ground. It was sure a hard job to keep the sack from slipping down on the horse's neck when I was going downhill, and for me to keep from slipping off the horse when we were going uphill. It is a good thing the horse has a mane.

Many times when the old corn was all gone in the early fall, we picked ears in the field just as soon as the kernels were fully formed, but too tough to grind. We then dried them in the oven of the stove. Sometimes they were scorched a little, but it was the best corn meal I ever ate. Sometimes even today I gather sweet corn out of the garden, dry it, and grind it in our little hand mill at home. It is very good for a change.

The mechanical harvesters were just beginning to come into their own in my early days in Pennsylvania. Much of the grain was harvested by hand and some was even thrashed by hand. The early thrashers did not separate the grain from the chaff, they only eliminated the straw and later was run through a fanning mill to blow away the chaff. In the early hand thrashing, the grain was laid on a barn floor and beat out with a club, then the straw was gathered up with a fork and the wheat was cleaned in a hand operated fanning mill.

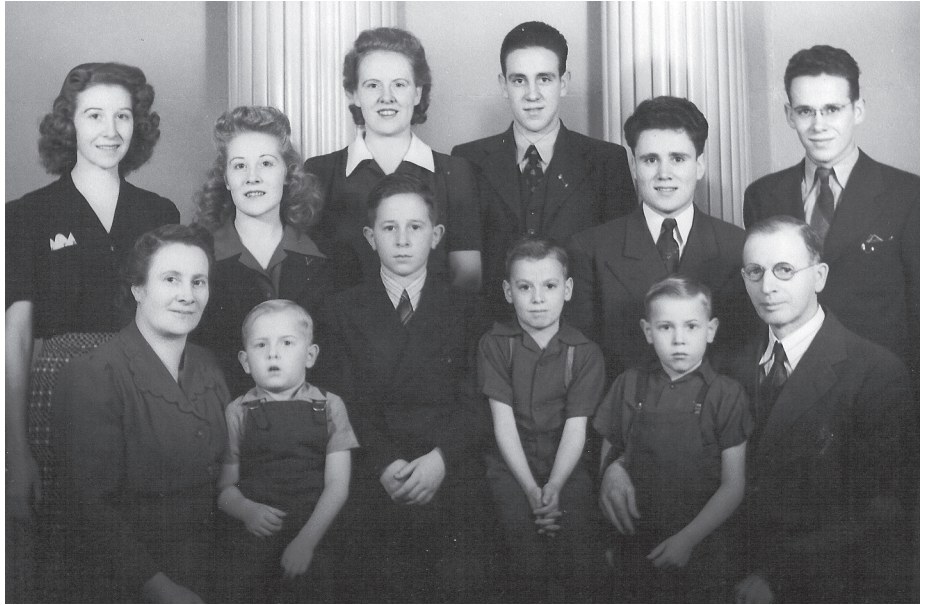
I must have inherited some of my father's characteristics. I never was satisfied until I saw what was just over the next hill. When Father was married he went to Missouri and while there, joined a wagon train and traveled overland to the Black Hills of South

Dakota. Mother waited in Missouri until his return. They then returned to Pennsylvania for the rest of their life.

Herbs, or the tea from them, was the remedy for most of the sickness. Some of these herbs were: Snakeroot, Golden Seal, Indian Turnip, Catnip, Yarrow or dog fennel (we called it), and another plant that was very bitter. I have forgotten the name and glad I did. I wouldn't give it to one of my kids. Poison ivy was very common in that part of the country. After I learned to fight it, poison ivy never bothered me again. I have become immune to it and seldom pass through a patch here in Idaho that I don't pick a few tender leaves and eat them. The forests are somewhat different in Pennsylvania than in Idaho. The oak and the hickory together with one or two other trees such as the Curly maple and perhaps the gum were the real hard wood while the chestnut, poplar and some species of the oak were the soft woods.

There were many other small brushes, many that I never had a name for. The sassafras was also a soft wood but never grew to any size. It was the bark off the roots of this tree that we used for tea. It had to be dug when the sap was down in the winter or early spring. Evergreen or Mountain Tea was also a plant used to thicken the blood as the old timers used to say. Anyway we used it early in the spring when it was young and tender. The dog wood was a small tree that bloomed early in the spring or early summer. It never was much more than a bush.

There is a legend of the dogwood tree. In the time of the Crucifixion, the Dogwood was a mighty tree comparable to the oak, and was selected for the cross because of its firmness, but the tree bowed its head in shame and the Lord made it a promise in pity for the shame that was brought upon it. "Never again shall



*Back: Lola, Vonnice, Evelyn, Glen, Arnold, Verl;
front: Melvina, Ronald, Lee, Wesley, F. David, Albert*

the Dogwood grow large enough to be used as a cross. Henceforth, it shall be slender, bent, and twisted. Its blossoms shall be in the form of a cross with print of a nail in each petal. In the center of the flower will be the crown of thorns and all who see it will remember that upon the Dogwood tree I was crucified. Therefore, this tree shall not be destroyed. but cherished as a reminder of my death upon the cross."

The fond memories of my early life are very dear to me. After eight years of education in the Felgars School, from which I graduated, I spent seven months in the East Huntington High School at Alverton, Pennsylvania. I walked six miles to school when the weather was good. I was a Methodist by faith and went to Sunday School at Wesley Chapel Meetinghouse. I was baptized about the age of twenty and placed on the record of the church. After school I worked at the Old Meadow Rolling Mill making sheet iron and advanced to become a Shearman of sheet iron. In the spring of 1909 I came west to Colorado with my brother Charles. We worked on a sheep ranch east of Carr, Colorado for awhile then Charles went back to Ft. Collins and worked with the Great Western Sugar Co. and I continued to work east of Denver on a hay ranch cutting wild hay.

In the fall, I was taken ill with Typhoid Fever and

went to Ft. Collins to be near Charles. After three weeks in the hospital and a month recuperating I again went to work for the Sugar Co. and finished the fall sugar run. The next two or three years was uneventful. Charles got married and I was on my own.

In 1912 I visited home for a month in the early spring then returned to Colorado. In 1914 I crossed the Rocky Mountains into Utah and continued on to Idaho with short stops in Salt Lake and Ogden. It was the 11th of November when I first came to Idaho Falls and onto Lincoln. On the 14th I started to work in the sugar factory boiler room. Why shouldn't I shovel coal? I had already dug coal in Colorado one winter at Oak Hills in Route County; had trapped in Grand County and had worked for the Grand River Ditch Company for a summer.

Early in January of 1915 I went to Seattle, Washington and stayed until September of that year, when I returned to Lincoln. It was during the next two or three years of my stay at Lincoln that I met a young woman from Iona, who was teaching school in at Lincoln. Her name was Ivy Bernice Scoresby. A talented teacher who was blessed with leadership especially with the younger children. With only a chance for a date or two I was off to the army early in May of 1918. We did however correspond, and in February 10th of the next year I obtained a furlough and we were married. I had been baptized by the Elders in Tacoma, Washington on the 27th of July, 1918 then on the 9th of September 1919 we were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple.

After my discharge from the army on April 26, 1919, we (there were two of us now) set out to prove up on a homestead that Ivy had filed on the year before. It was located on Sheep Mountain southeast of Pole Bridge in Bingham County. I guess you could call that summer our honey moon. We built a log house on the homestead and lived there that summer. In the fall I worked at the sugar factory. Come spring we rented twelve acres of beet land from Richard (Dick) Goff on the George Kelly place on the Iona Road and lived there.

There were three of us now. Ellis Lynn was born in January at Lincoln. Harry Wilson was the Doctor and

Mrs. Frank Minson was there to assist. Things were booming now. Wages were five dollars for hay men.

It was our custom to drive to Iona to church in the white top. While there one Sunday after noon, being a little early and waiting for the people to come, Ivy looked at me and said. "I want to go home." I asked her if she was sick. "No, I just want to go home." After a moment's pause I picked up Lynn and we went out to the white top and on home. It was while I was unhitching the team that she called me to come to the house. There were two young boys who got surprised in ransacking the house. They were neighbor boys and knew our custom of going to church, probably watched us go. Taking advantage of our absence, they were looking for a little loose change to take in a picture show that afternoon. As they came from good families I just loaded them up and drove them home to their parents. It is a serious charge, housebreaking, but the Lord was good to us in warning the wife, so why shouldn't we forgive. I have watched those two boys grow to manhood. One of them married and later his wife was killed in a traffic accident. He also met a tragic end as he was shot as an innocent bystander in a quarrel between a man and his wife. The other boy spent time in the penitentiary at Boise for his deeds a few years later. He is at present living with his wife and family in a nearby town and seems to be learning the way of life.

My father visited us that year. He came on the Union Pacific Railroad and stayed about a month. As I remember, I snapped his picture with Lynn sitting on his lap. After the beets were harvested in November, I finished the year in the factory. In the spring we rented a farm in New Sweden. There was a hail storm came across New Sweden that spring and hit the north part of Idaho Falls. It didn't do much damage to the crops as they were not very far advanced. The greenhouse lost several hundred panes of glass and some roofs were damaged. The houses in north Idaho Falls were marked up on the southwest side where the hail hit. The next spring we moved back across the river into the same house we were in the year before and farmed the Heber Kelly place in Lincoln. Times had changed. Henry Ford

had reduced the price of his Model T two-hundred dollars, from six hundred to four hundred. The roof fell in on everything. Wheat fell from \$ 3.50 to \$2.25 a bushel. All the profit was wiped out because of the high cost of labor. The summer before rent didn't drop in comparison with other things and that was part of our downfall. In the fall a little girl was sent to us. That in a measure took our mind off the financial difficulties we were in.

We looked forward through the winter to regain a balanced budget the next year. Having already started research work, I was working in the spud cellar one day when the wagon got away on the sloping entrance and ran backwards down into the cellar. It came very near pinning me between a roof support and the back of the wagon. That would have been the end of Albert, but I jumped sideways and it missed. That was the first warning I had of what was to follow. It occurred to me that we were getting records of my people and doing their work in the Temple, but no one was over there to preach to them and explain. It was then I knew that one of us had to go, or that one of us would be chosen for that mission. Maybe it was because my wife Ivy was a very fine teacher and I was the one that was best fitted to interview my relatives and gather their records. In either case my wife was called, not as a beautiful flower fades and dies, but as one that is transplanted in a beautiful garden to gladden the hearts of many.

The next few years were very lonely. I lived in Lincoln and worked at the factory when I could get work. It took a little while to get out of debt but I paid it all. Boy Scout work and work in the Sunday School helped to pass the time. In the spring of 1928 I went to Great Falls, Montana to irrigate a hay farm and returned in September to take a job in the factory which I held steady until I retired at the end of 1951. It was in 1929 when I was driving the sugar truck for the company that I first met the family that brightened my life again. It consisted of Melvina, Lola, Evelyn, Vonnie, Arnold Junior, Verl, and Glen. Melvina was overseer of a band of girls thinning beets over in Osgood. It so happened the truck they rode in broke down and I was called to

take the sugar truck and transport them to work and home again for a period of two days. Melvina and Evelyn rode in the seat with me and the rest of the kids were in the back of the truck. I suppose Lola was left home to care for the younger children. It was about this time I had visions of a steady job with the Sugar Co. One of the Steffen foremen had left and a job was opened for someone. Why not me?

There were a lot of anxious times between beet thinning time and the time the beets were ready for processing, but it turned out alright. I got the foreman's job and also the family. On January 2, 1930 we were married and sealed in the Logan Temple. Shortly after Melvina and the family moved to Lincoln where we lived for eighteen years. To this union were born four more sons making twelve children in all.

I will now attempt to tell something about these eighteen years. While I was alone at Lincoln (the two children Lynn and Donna lived with their grandmother Scoresby). I built a boat about fifteen feet long and got a trailer to haul it on. I took it along on fishing trips. I made a few trips down the Snake River from Swan Valley. I fished some on the North Fork in Island Park.

Extracts from his personal history by Lynn Blatter

Annie Melvina Judy Reed

I was born in a one-room log cabin. We lived there until I was 12 years old. I was the first born child of William Aaron Judy and Mary Ann Nielsen Ward This was at Salem, Fremont County, Idaho on August 17, 1898. Salem was then part of Fremont County and we were in the Bingham L.D.S. Stake. It was fairly new farm land. My grandfather came from Utah with his son, Aaron (my father), then 13 years of age, and homesteaded the land in 1883.

My early life was typical of that day. While tiny I watched my parents in their work and chores that provided food for the table, and later worked with them and the brothers and sisters who came later. Things taken for granted today were luxuries or even nonexistent in those days. Refrigeration was the cold

waters of the spring where cans of milk and cream were placed, or straw covered snow, until it melted. Meat was cured, bottled or wrapped and placed in a cold place, or quickly eaten. Cream was taken to town weekly, along with eggs, and sold or exchanged for commodities. That which did not make it to town was either churned into butter in the mop-handled churn, made into cottage cheese, or made into cheese using the large round wooden presses, or fed to the livestock. The many kinds of livestock had to be fed, watered and protected from predators. I was raised with many varieties of farmyard noises coming from the coops, sheds and barn. At various times my parents raised chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, pigs, sheep, cows and horses, as well as the cats and dogs which were family pets. Also many non-domestic animals lived near the farms: Gophers, rabbits, skunks, weasels, badgers, rattlers, coyotes, bobcats, and occasionally mountain lion, bear and wolves were reported seen in the neighborhood.

I was 12 years old when my father took up a homestead in the Ozone area and then we moved up there (to Ozone) in the summer time for two years and came back to Salem for school. We did that for two years and then they organized a school district and built a log home for the school. I then lived in Ozone until I was 18 years old. I went to school in Salem up to the 7th grade, then I graduated from the 8th grade in Ozone. I was the only one in my class, and I had part of my studies with the 7th grade student, except that the teacher would keep me in after school to teach me some of the things that the 7th grade didn't have.

My Father (William Aaron Judy) took our first log house, from Salem, apart, moved it to Ozone and then put it back together. It was the cabin that I was born in. We put it up on the hill above where the new house and barn were built. The log house was later moved by rolling it on logs down the hill next to Badger Creek after the new house was built. It was used as a tool shed and a 2nd room was added to it. My first year of school was in Salem and partly at home taught by my mother. I was 7 years old. Mother didn't think I could walk up through the fields alone

so she kept me home and taught me reading and writing and arithmetic. After we moved to the hills we walked about a mile to the school from our home through the hills and through the snow. Dad made little snowshoes for my little brother, John, so he could learn to ski. I remember walking home after school and the coyotes would be up on the top of the hills or in the next valley and they would go Yip, Yip, Yip, Yi, Yi, Yi. I was a little bit frightened.

We made out own butter and cottage cheese. We also raised our own beef. It was difficult to store the meat in those days. We kept it frozen when we could and my mother used to bottle it. (Glen remembers that in the summer when they would have meat, they would wrap it in the sheets, stick it in the bed during the day time and at night take it outside to keep it cool. They could keep it for a week that way.) We also cured our own meat. We would take the hams after they were cured, wrap them and put them down in barrels of wheat. It was cool in the wheat. We got our water from Badger Creek and would keep things cold there during the summer.

In the years of my childhood, I was joined by brothers and sisters. Alva Clark in 1901, William Lavern in 1903, Lillie in 1905, John Melvin in 1908, Cora Dorothy in 1910, Nellie in 1912, Rulon Clifford in 1914, and Floral in 1916. My youngest brother, Ira, was born in 1919, after I had married and had three children of my own. The girls were taught the basic domestic services: sewing on a foot-pedaled Singer sewing machine, cooking from what we raised on the farm and garden, canning and preserving in long boilers, heating irons on the coal or wood ranges for ironing. Hot water was obtained from the reservoirs attached to the range. It was usually to bed at dusk or else light the coal oil lamps for light. Bathing was usually done in a round washtub. The women usually took care of the garden and berries and whatever chores we could not get the men and boys to do.

A large stable of draft horses was needed to power all the farm equipment. Terms common to the boys in that day were harnessing the horses, hitching them, single, double and triple-trees,

plowing, harrowing, header, drills, hand-shocking grain, threshing, cleaning grain; and in the valley: hay-mowing, dump-raking, pitching, stacking and irrigating. They also did the milking and most of the heavier chores. Families were large in those days and they were needed in the family effort to run the farms without powered equipment which was just on the horizon.

Life was not all work. Sometimes we hitched up a wagon or buggy and went to Yellowstone Park. One time when I was very small, my father was working that summer at the park. I remember how the horses had to be hobbled, a bear eating our watermelon on the table, and lots of fish. We also went to the school and church events and enjoyed the holidays, and fishing sometimes in nearby streams.

We always hung up our stockings at Christmas. That's how it was in our family. The time just before we went to Escalante I didn't have anything to give the children. The neighbors sent over a box. There was toys and candy. They just put it on our doorstep. I didn't know it was there until the next morning. I don't think the kids knew it was even Christmas. I didn't tell them that special days were coming up if I didn't have anything for them. Grandpa and Grandma Campbell came through to go to Escalante and they brought those little animals that were glass and you could put candies in. Grandpa and Grandma Campbell were good people. One year during the years when I was alone I got the boys a little red wagon. That was for the three boys. The girls didn't get any presents except candy and an orange. The next year I got the girls a doll for each one. They cost \$1.00 for each one. They were dolls with stuffed bodies and they liked them.

I went to Ricks Academy during 1915 and 1916. That was my high school experience. I had to stay home one year after I graduated from the 8th grade until my brother Clark was old enough to go with me. We went to Rexburg and stayed with a couple of my cousins. We lived in one room in a private house and we could use their piano. I took piano lessons and so did my cousins. We could go in there and use the piano. We did our own cooking.

We got our first car when I was going to school at Ricks. It was a Model "A" sedan. They didn't make cars for climbing hills. Sometimes when we would be going up a hill the car would begin to slow down like it was going to stop and the boys would jump out of the car and start pushing. When they got to the top they would have to jump back in. It was after my Ricks Academy days that I returned to Ozone and started to see more and more of one of my close neighbors and friends. His name was Arnold Campbell. He had a natural gift of music and was a lot of fun. He took me to the valley carnivals and fairs and to the silent movies. We courted for a time and then we (accompanied by his mother) rode the train to Salt Lake City: and were married in the Salt Lake Temple on October 4, 1916. We returned home and lived in one room of my father's house with kitchen privileges; then homesteaded on Pine mountain, back behind Bone. My father and some others built us a shanty there, where we lived two winters. Our first child was born there on June 9, 1917. We named her Lola. She came a bit early, and Arnold and a neighbor lady were the only attendants.

Arnold did not like fanning, and wanted to pursue a musical profession, so we moved to Ricks College where he was to study music and I would take in boarders to help. This did not work out. We returned to Ozone and Evelyn was born on July 12, 1918, in Ammon. We were unable to prove up on our homestead and Antone Peterson had to foreclose on it when Arnold couldn't keep up the mortgage.

Arnold learned how to operate a movie projector and started working in the valley: so they moved to Idaho Falls, where Vonnice was born on January 10, 1920. They lived for a time in Idaho Falls, sharing a house with his brother, Alfred. This was late 1919 to early 1921. Arnold worked in a store that later became Chesbro Music Company. Miranda Campbell (Stringham) lived with them during the early spring from January to May of 1921, while she was attending High School in Idaho Falls. She worked for her board and tended the children. Miranda's father (Grandpa Campbell) gave them flour and meat to help pay for her expenses. Miranda

said that in all the months that she lived with them she never heard one cross word spoken. Arnold and his brother Ervin tried their hand at farming again in the Roberts, Idaho area. They were on a poor run-down place and did not even make enough to meet expenses.

Arnold then found an opportunity to run a movie projector route in the Roberts and Dubois area. Arnold Junior was born in Roberts on August 21, 1921. I used to take tickets at the theater and sometimes I had a girl come in and tend the kids. Later they said that they could stay alone, so I put them to bed and went to take tickets. During this time she sold tickets and operated the player piano at the circuit of theaters Arnold was operating. He made fairly good at times. He rented some show places at Dubois, Lewisville, Roberts and Menan. We would go to these places in the late afternoon; put up the billboards, and the show would start at 7:00 p.m. Melvina did all of this when Miranda wasn't there.

The entire country was feeling the depression that follows a World War, and many farmers went broke. There was not much money for non essentials, and the show business in that farming community almost folded up. Arnold then went to Salt Lake City to try to find work. He later sent for the family. Work was difficult to find so the stay at each new place was only a few months. His parents had moved to Escalante, Utah, so he went there and sent for the family for join him. He had a job there driving a delivery truck, and here Verl William was born on June 18, 1923. After living in Escalante for about six months they lived a short time each, in Richfield, Utah, Salt Lake City, and Shelley. Glen B. was born in Shelley, Idaho on March 17, 1925.

Arnold was frustrated at not being able to use his musical talents and felt tied down. One day he left for Salt Lake City, presumably to try to get into music. Some months later some friends from Idaho Falls saw him there and, when they returned home, said that he was not coming back. The family never heard from him again.

Melvina, with her very young family of six, soon used up her meager resources, and her father, learning

of her troubles, told her to "Come home." He gave her a room of his home and a cow and helped her where he could, and when she would allow it. Uncle John came down and helped us with our things when we moved back to Ammon after Arnold had left us. We lived in the big room at Grandpa Judy's. In the summer time we were picking berries down at Butler Wallace's and lived in a tent. Sometimes we would be up in the hills. Lola and Evelyn would take care of Glen when I was picking strawberries. The other kids spent the time up in the hills with Grandpa and Grandma Judy. I would earn about \$1.50 a day.

I also picked potatoes and Lola and Evelyn would sometimes pull the vines off when my sisters Cora and Nellie were there to help tend the other kids. I worked two weeks at a clothing store in Idaho Falls. I walked to town and walked home many times. I took in washing and ironing as I did many times in my early married life. I also got \$20.00 a month from the County. I watered the lawn, garden and the pasture at Grandpa Judy's. One day I took Lola and Evelyn and walked from Ammon into Idaho Falls and each of the girls bought them a coat with money they had earned in the potatoes. For nearly four years I struggled to bring food for my children and also quietly and with dignity did all that was asked of me in the church.

I also filed for a civil divorce from Arnold Campbell. I went to the Judge in Idaho Falls and told him my story and also that I didn't have much money. We agreed on \$25.00 and a bushel of apples from Grandpa Judy's apple orchard. He later came out and picked the apples from one of the trees. One day I was working in a beet field, my two daughters with me, when a young widower, who was working for the sugar company, met me. He introduced himself as Albert C Reed, befriended me and my daughters, and soon began calling on me. One day Albert came down when I was in the berry patch and asked me to go to the Carnival. I was dressed in a pair of striped overalls. Another time he took me to the Fair down in Blackfoot. Evelyn wanted to go too, but I told her not this time, but if I got married she could go next year and she thought that was alright.

After that he came to see me twice a week, once on Sunday and another evening during the week. He only came to eat with us once. We usually had bread and milk and jam for supper, but that time we had a pot of stew. I didn't think I would ever get married again unless I found a pretty good man. He loved my children and, after a period of courting, sometimes with little boys climbing all over him, the subject of marriage was discussed. We never set a date for marriage because I hadn't got my Temple Annulment yet. I had sent it through President Ball and 2 or 3 months later it still hadn't come so I wrote to President Grant. I told him what I wanted and had found a good man who wanted to help me raise my children. He answered right back. He said he didn't receive the first letter.

On January 2, 1930, Albert and I were married in the Logan Temple. When we came home and got off the bus my sister Lillie was there with several other family members. They had pots and pans and went down the street banging and singing "Here Comes the Bride, Here Comes the Bride." I was so embarrassed I scooted her into the car as fast as I could. This new marriage brought into my life a stability that I had never had before. We had a house to live in. We lived there for 19 years until we moved to Ammon. We had a steady income and made many friendships that have lasted a lifetime. This continued until Albert's death some fifty years later.

Albert had two children from his first wife, Ivy Bernice Scoresby, before she died April 1, 1923, Ellis Lynn born January 24, 1920 in Lincoln and Donna Belle born October 30, 1921 in Iona. They continued to live with their grandparents, William and Jessie Scoresby, in Iona, but visited often. Albert adopted all of Melvina's children after they were married. He raised them as his own. Their last name was legally changed to Reed. Albert worked for Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, so the newly acquired family moved into half of a sugar company owned rental house in Lincoln. The rent was \$17.00 a month and was never raised during the 19 years we lived there. Albert was later promoted to foreman in his area of the factory.

These were good years for our family. There were church and community activities. Albert and the boys were in Scouting. He was Scoutmaster. Four of our boys became Eagle Scouts. There were Father and Son banquets and I was involved because I worked in the Primary. The Social Room in the old church was just like home to us. We moved to Ammon about the 4th of April. Life in Ammon meant having a little more of the material things of life for Melvina. Melvina brought extra money in to the household by selling strawberries and raspberries for \$2.00 and \$3.00 a crate. Eggs were sent over to Kelly's store to trade for groceries. Extra milk was sometimes sold to the dairy or neighbors.

Albert died in 1980 at the age of almost 94 and had lived a happy, useful and complete life. Although in grief, she was happy that she had been able to take care of him to the end of his life. Melvina had been losing much of her vision, so she was taken into the homes of her children for the next seven years. While at her son's home in Garibaldi, Oregon, she suffered a series of strokes and was taken to a Tillamook hospital. Two weeks later, on April 29, 1987, she passed away quietly-quietly, as was her way in all things.

Extracts from her personal history by Lynn Blatter

SECTION 58

ROY & EVELYN ROBISON

Roy Asper Robison

Reprinted July 9, 1990

I was born June 16, 1901 in Echo Canyon Summit Co. Utah, to Alexander and Ethelyn Jane Asper Robison. During the first few years of my life my parents lived on a forty acre tract of land in Echo Canyon, near my grandparents, Ephraim and Mary Elizabeth Simmons Robison's home. The farming ground in this area was very poor and there was no machinery with which to farm, everything being

done by hand. Thus the farming in that area was very limited. The wild game was very plentiful and fishing in the Weber River furnished much of the early pioneer's food.

My father was not married until he was 27 years old. He always said he had to help his parents "keep the wolf from the door." My father had learned while a very young boy how to hunt and fish with his father. His father was a very good friend of the Indians. They taught him well how to stalk a deer, how to bait for fish, and how to set a trap to catch the wild animals. I often heard my grandfather tell the story of the old Indian, who borrowed his long tom, saying, "Me bring it back tomorrow." Several years later, the old Indian returned with the gun. Grandfather said to him, "I thought you said you would bring it back tomorrow." "Me no bring it back tomorrow, me bring it back today." said the old Indian.

My father had acquired several milk cows. The milk was carefully skimmed and butter was made from the cream. The surplus milk was fed to the pigs which grew into pork. Anything we did not use was traded for things we needed. We also raised as many young chickens as we could, both for meat and for eggs. After our wants were supplied, we traded the remaining chickens for other staples. Each Spring father went with the shearing crew, shearing sheep in different parts of the country. This helped provide badly needed cash to help pay expenses. During this time, my mother and I were left to take over the chores and care for the animals. Father bought a lovely riding horse for my mother. She loved to ride horses and was a very accomplished horse woman. When we were alone, we often finished our chores quickly as we could then saddle the horse and go riding to visit or to just ride around until it was time to be about our chores again. These were very pleasant and memorable times together.

I will never forget the time when my mother was washing her clothes. She went out side to hang the clothes on the line and, as she returned, she saw a large rattle snake slithering across the floor towards me. I was setting on the floor playing with my toys. I

was dressed in a little dress, as was the custom at that time. In horror my mother stopped just one second, then quickly grabbed the stove poker and cut his head off with one whack. I do not remember which of us was the most frightened, but I do remember the incident had a lasting impression on my mind.

In the mean time, father, hoping to benefit the financial condition of the family, sold our small farm to the Portland Cement Company. They purchased it supposedly for the express purpose of starting a dairy farm. As it turned out, they merely wanted to get a thumb hold in that part of the country. Later this land, with all the surrounding territory proved to one of the richest phosphate beds in the west. Little did the early settlers realize the worth of their farms. Now my father had a little money and decided to start a Butcher Shop in Echo.

Shortly after this my parents had a letter from my mother's Aunt Marcia and her husband, Uncle Lester Twitchel who had gone to Idaho some time before. They told us of the wonderful opportunities and the fertile ground which was available, in the beautiful Snake River Valley in Idaho. They also spoke of the vast amount of ground which was available there, both for sale and for homesteading. They described how there was a little more snow there in the winter than we were used to, but the spring was radiant with it's profusion of wild flowers and grasses, which provided feed and pasture for the livestock. It truly was a farmer's paradise and a land of opportunity. They loved it and encouraged us to join them as soon as possible. With all of these enticements, father lost no time in finding a buyer for his little, but growing meat market. He purchased a new wagon and a good team of horses. Our furniture and a few household items were soon loaded, with the help of relatives and friends. The family was then securely loaded and before long we were off on our journey to Idaho, lock stock and barrel.

It did not take long for father to decide just what he wanted and where he wanted to settle. With the help of Uncle Lester, father soon decided to buy eighty acres of ground joining him. This he did. It was a choice piece of ground, which had been broken

out of sage brush, and was ready to plant, and could be purchased very reasonably. The deal was soon made and by living near relatives, father was able to borrow some needed machinery, until he was able to purchase some of his own. He lost no time and soon the crop was in. Whatever father did he did well, and soon the green crops began to appear. We were near friends and relatives; we had growing crops, and all the world began to look rosy. This was very encouraging to my father, and he worked very hard, being of a very intelligent and hard working nature. He loved the land and the freedoms it brought and was proud of his beautiful crop. He experimented with the potato and was given a special prize by the Union Pacific for developing the Idaho Rural potato and naming it. However their happiness and security were to be short lived, for we had lived there just a little over two years when my mother became very ill. In September of 1910, due to my dear mother's health, father decided to take her to California, in hopes that the change of climate might improve her condition. So once more picking lock stock and barrel, father sold the farm, horses, machinery and all else to Uncle Lester.

While we were in Long Beach, father often told us he could have purchased all of the land that he wanted for three dollars an acre. Oil was later discovered on this land. Mother's health seemed to become steadily worse. She was anxious to return to Utah so she could be near her family. On February 11, 1911 We returned to Ogden where her parents, grandfather, and grandmother Asper lived. Dad took us to see them and left Mark and me with them. He took mother to the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City where she remained until she passed away. Four operations were performed on her and everything possible was done for her, all to no avail. On March 24th father was called from North Salt Lake and told that mother had passed away. An ambulance had been called to remove her body to the mortuary. Father hurried to the hospital and as he raised the sheet from her head, she spoke to him. The nurses were so frightened they ran from the room in terror. Mother told father how her spirit had passed through

the veil. They told her that they were not ready for her on the other side. Her spirit returned to her body as father entered the room and removed the sheet from her head. She spoke to him, telling him she wanted to bid her young sons and family goodbye. Thirty one days latter, on April 25, she passed away. Cancer had taken its grim toll. She was laid to rest in the Ogden City Cemetery in Ogden Utah. Mark was five and I was ten years old at the time of mothers passing.

It was a lonely and difficult job for father to earn a living and be both father and mother to two rowdy boys. In the early summer of 1912, he met a very charming young lady from Logan, Utah who had come to Idaho Falls to visit mutual friends. He was very impressed with her and felt that she would make a good wife and mother for his two sons. So it was. Father lost no time in furthering this acquaintance with Ethel Thatcher of Logan, Utah. She was the daughter of John B. Thatcher. Ethel was a beautiful girl. She was sensitive and just a bit shy. She was truly a lady. Father always knew a good thing when he saw it. They were married August 8th, 1912. Once again we had a mother in the home and some one to love us and care for us. It was wonderful.

It was after we moved to 16th and Blvd. that I decided to run away from home. The house was quite large with an upstairs. My step mother was not very well. She had a heart problem which limited her ability to keep up the work in the house. Dad decided that I should take a few responsibilities and help with the heavier household chores. I am not sure how Mark felt about house hold chores, but it was an insult to my manly nature and really deflated my ego. My friends didn't do house work and I just did not see why I should. After thinking it over very carefully, I decided to just pack a little bag and catch the next freight train out of town. I didn't know where I was going but I was going somewhere. I thought I would go to Ogden where I could be near my dear Aunt Rhea. I knew she would understand.

The freight train pulled out of Idaho Falls just as it was getting dark. I had a few chills run down my back as I swung on to it, but I was determined.

It was a long “slow boat to China. “I thought we would never get anywhere. It was about 11 O’clock that night when the poky thing arrived in Blackfoot. By then I was so tired and hungry that I wished I was back home doing my house work. As the train approached the station, I glanced up and there stood my Dad. How well he knew his boys. I was never so glad to see anyone in my life. He put his arms around me and I resolved never to pull a stunt like that again. Father hired a cleaning lady to help mother and I found a part time job working as an apprentice electrician after school and on Saturdays. We were all happy.

During the later part of my second year in high school I got mixed up with several other boys. We decided it would be a lark to get into the high school at night and mix every ones books up. The Idaho Falls School Board was not long in tracing down the guilty parties. For this foolish act we were all expelled from school, which we rightly deserved. I suppose I was just too ashamed to go before the school board and apologize and try to make restitution for the things I had done. I didn’t realize at that time what I was doing to myself. Thus ended my formal education and schooling. My subsequent learning came through reading and studying at home. I came to realize just how much that meant to me in later life.

Father, knowing the need for a young boy to keep his mind as well as his body actively engaged in some useful endeavor, decided to do something about it. He loved us and cared enough about us so he started looking for some kind of farm to get us out of town and to work. In talking to some relatives, he found that some dry farm land was available up near Bone, about 25 miles from town. After looking the place over he decided that was just the right setting to raise a couple of boys.

In the month of May 1919, father sold our home on 16th and Blvd., turned over his collection business to some one else, and we moved to the dry farm, lock, stock, and barrel. Father bought horses and machinery to farm the ground. He bought hay for 40\$ a ton and hauled it from out across the west desert up to the farm. This was an unheard of

price, but the horses needed feed until the green feed became available. He purchased seed and planted it and put us boys to work fixing fences and helping in any way we could. We learned many things which were new to us. We all worked hard and were tired when the day ended. We seemed to have no time for mischief. We loved the hills and the beautiful surroundings and the freedom they brought to us. We found time for fishing and hunting squirrels and horse-back riding. It was all very wonderful and relaxing. Dad had some time to spend with us and he loved to tell us stories of his boyhood days, when he lived in Weber Canyon.

By the time July came the grain was beginning to get very green and it looked as though we would have a very good crop. The fencing was completed and we had a little time to relax. Father was very happy about every thing and everyone had worked so hard. He decided to take mother and our sister Harriet to Logan for a visit with mothers family for the 4th of July since it had been quite some time since they had seen each other. Mark and I stayed home to milk the cows and do the chores. We planned to ride into town for the 4th and see what the city life was like once more.

They stayed ten days in Logan and returned’ to find our beautiful crop of grain had burned to a crisp. There had been no rain fall and we had no means of irrigating the crop. It was a very disheartening sight which greeted father and mother on their return to the hills. All our hard work had gone down the drain. The money we had put into the planting and preparing for our crop was a total loss. We would have no income to look forward to for that season. Father was as a loss to know just what to do to provide for his family. He was not a man to stand around and feel sorry for himself, or cry over spilled milk, so to speak. In his own quiet way, he had been watching the activities of the home steaders up the valley. These dry years were very hard on so many people. Some had gone about as far as they could go without a crop and could not hold on any longer. They just picked up what they had and left the hills for good. Others were using their homestead for

Fall and Spring pasture until they could move to the higher ground for the summer pasture and water. In this way, they failed to do the work necessary to qualify for a homestead, such as living on their land so many months each year, farming so many acres, and building so much fence and improving their land on a yearly basis.

Some years earlier father had traveled up through Long Valley with a friend on his way to Grays Lake to visit relatives. In passing by our present ranch, he had remarked to his friend that was one of the most beautiful spots in all the hills, and some day he would like to own it. He made a trip to Blackfoot, the county seat, to enquire if any of this ground was available for refileing. He found that the 640 acres on which our present home site sits was available. He lost no time in filing on this ground.

We immediately set to work preparing a suitable place on which to live. We moved to our present place in Long Valley on May 10, 1920. We first set to work cleaning the spring, above the house about 300 yards, and cutting a ditch for the water to run down passed the house. This provided water for the house and for a small garden. Then there was ground to be plowed, fences to be built, and a million other things to do. We were all busy and once again, we had something to work for.

Father sold the dry farm at Bone, and borrowed money to buy cattle, hoping to pasture them for the summer and make enough gain to provide a little income. It was another dry year, however, and when Fall came the cattle had to go for what we could get out of them. This venture left dad in debt again. After much consideration and thought he made the only decision he could, and took out bankruptcy. This left us without anything except our homestead. Mark and I were able to earn a little money helping in the harvest of our neighbor's crops. We had managed to store up a few supplies and in this way we got through the winter. During the winter we carved skis from boards, and we all had a great time skiing over the hills and through the valleys. Even mother and Harriet had a pair of skis. The hill people had dances at the Glenore School House and at Bone.

Most everyone came and brought food and we all had a good sociable time together. We danced until midnight, then had refreshments and often stayed until morning, depending on the weather.

By this time my sister Harriet was nine years old, and my parents felt that she should be in school. It was decided that mother should take Mark and Harriet and rent a place in Blackfoot, where they could attend school. This they did, and I went to work in the harvest again to earn money to help out with expenses. By the 1st of December, father could see the money was all going in one direction, that was out, and he could not see where the next dollar was coming from. He took what he had and went to Blackfoot, gave it to mother and bade her and Harriet goodbye. He brought Mark back to the ranch and they went to Ogden to stay with Mother's parents until father could make other arrangements. There was nothing in sight to cover our living costs. This was truly a hard decision for father to make. He had no where to turn for help and could not ask mother to continue the way things were. He had gambled everything and lost. This was during the depression years and money was so hard to come by.

The first of May we all went back to the ranch. Father had encouraged Mother to file for divorce as he could see no way in store to provide a decent living for her under the present conditions. This she did and once again we were bachelors. I was chief cook and bottle washer for father and Mark. I did the cooking and cleaning and managed the washing and I did a pretty good job of it, if I do say so myself. I liked to cook and learned to whip up some pretty good dishes.

Father joined the shearing crew that spring, and I hauled wool for the sheep men, as they sheared the sheep. Mark busied himself gathering up herd cattle for the summer. We also had our usual fence to build and repair, and our own work to do at home. There was always plenty to keep busy. We had a fire that Summer which burned our house to the ground. Our piano, all of our books, and every thing we owned went in the fire. I had baked bread that day and gone up to my cabin to sleep. Father and Mark

were away from the house at the time. When I came down to the house the next morning, everything was in ashes.

We had to start from scratch once more. We had to get out logs and peel them and haul them out to our new home site. The summer was already partly gone, so we had no time to lose. Father went over to Clark Barzee's to see if he could help us, as we were not too skilled in that sort of thing. He came; glad to have an opportunity to earn a little money on the side. We all worked long hours and soon had a house taking shape.

We continued to work in the house that winter in our spare time. Mark and I had purchased some rat traps. When the fur was prime; we set our traps on Long Valley Creek and Willow Creek. The creeks had not been trapped for some time, so the rats and beaver had really multiplied and trapping was excellent. After trapping, we skinned the animals and stretched their hides on boards to dry. When they were dry, they were removed from the boards and stored. In this way we earned enough money to see us through the winter.

During the later part of March, Father and I decided to go over to Grey's Lake to trap. This was the Spring of 1923. There was still about 18 inches of snow on the ground in Long Valley. I rode a horse to Idaho Falls to purchase a trapper's license and other supplies. I borrowed some money from Burt Hansen, the husband of father's cousin Bessie Robison Hansen. I left a saddle horse as security. In preparation, father and I built a small boat to use for trapping and put it on skis so we could pull it to Grey's Lake. In it we loaded our bedding, food, and supplies for a month of trapping. The weather at that time was quite warm, so we waited until the 7th of April for a freeze so we could travel on the crust with our skis. It was about 11 o'clock that night when we started out, pulling the boat and supplies as far as Homer Creek, a distance of about 7 miles. Here we rolled out our bedding on top of the snow and crawled in, clothes and all, to rest and wait for morning. a southeast wind came up during the night, and it started to snow. As daylight approached, I built

a fire in the willows, to try to cook some breakfast. The wind was blowing so hard we could hardly keep the fire going. We finally managed to get enough fire to fry some bacon and boil some water for hot coffee. That along with some bread comprised our breakfast. To two cold and hungry men, it tasted pretty good.

We then skied about seven miles farther to a homesteader's cabin, located about a mile east of Commerell's corals. By that time, we were give out and decided to stay until the next day. This was the 9th of April. The next morning we traveled on to Gentile Valley Ranch and stopped for the night. The care-taker at the ranch fixed supper for us. In making gravy, he used half a can of condensed milk which, to us, was pure luxury. It sure tasted good. We had a good bed that night, and a very good breakfast the next morning. The care-taker must have been almost as glad to see us as we were to see him. He surely treated us royal. After breakfast, he helped us pull the boat across the frozen lake to the island. I believe he felt a little sorry for father, who was 52 years old at the time. when we reached our destination, our feet were blistered and sore and we were tired and exhausted. On the east end of the island was a spring which fed into the lake. Here we shoveled snow and set up a tent to live in. The floor was bare ground and we dried it out with a fire so we could make our bed on it. It was to be our home for the next month or so.

From here we skied and scouted each day for rats, but the lake was still covered with snow and only a few of the rats were out. These we killed with our ski poles, and skinned. We traded these for groceries at the Grey's Lake Store. The weather continued snowing and blowing, and stayed cold until the 23rd of April. I became ill with chills and fever, and stayed that way for a week. Some of the people in that area thought I had contracted this from the rats, but no one will ever know for sure. Fathers Aunt Almeda Sibbet, who lived there, took me into her home and nursed me back to health, while father continued to stay on at the lake alone, trapping and skinning what rats he could.

On the 23rd of April, the small creeks started to open up, as the weather warmed, and we were

soon able to use our boat. But many of the rats had died and we were able to get only a few to pay our expenses. Dad's cousin, Hugh Sibbet, who lived on the lake helped us out by giving us a ham and other meat, which was surely a life saver to us at the time. He also vouched for us at the Grey's Lake Store, so we could obtain other groceries, with out which, I do not know what we would have done. It was truly great to have relatives, who really cared about us and would lend a hand, when we needed them. As long as I live, I will never be able to repay all that others have done for me.

On May 28th, Hugh Sibbet came over in his boat and told us that the ice was getting black with water, and that we had better get off before another day passed or we would be unable to make it. The next day we packed every thing and was ready to leave before daylight. We pulled across the west end of the lake to the out-let, and made camp. By noon the sun was very hot. There was a south wind blowing and the lake was covered with water. This warming occurred on the 2nd of May. As the water came up; it drove the rats out of their holes. As they came up, dad shot them. I would go out on the lake in the boat and pick them up. In two days we killed 105 rats which we began skinning. The days were warm now and the nights beautiful and clear. We camped out in the open as we did not have time to set up our tent. We spent every moment skinning the rats.

We improvised a raft from the remains of an old cattle shed, which had fallen down near by. On the morning of May 6th, we loaded our bedding and other supplies, along with the rat skins, on the raft and our traps, axe and other supplies in the boat. We tied the boat to the raft and headed down the Outlet which, with the Spring thaw and run off, was a raging torrent. Dad walked and I maneuvered the raft and boat down the swollen stream. This seemed the best way to get home. We would truly be glad to reach the end of our journey. The experiences of the last month had truly taught us that "be it every so humble, there is no place like home. "

All went well for a time, until the raft struck a submerged barbed wire fence. The raft swung

around and, desperately as I tried, I could not keep the contents of the raft from being swept into the swollen stream. I was thrown into the water, fully clothed, and I had to struggle with every ounce of strength and vitality, to get to shore and save myself. The boat swung into the bank and we rescued our axe and gun and what ever incidentals we had in it, then set it free. It had gone only a short distance when it disintegrated into many pieces. Once again, we had nothing to show for our hardship and struggles of the past month. It was some where down that swirling and tossing mountain stream. Dad shot a duck, and we had something to eat. Then, weary, wet, and discouraged, we trudged on another 15 miles to our home, with nothing but our axe and our gun.

It was in the Fall of 1924, while hauling grain for Uncle Heber Robison, that I stopped at the Ammon Merc to buy some long jons, as the mornings and evenings were getting quite chilly. The store was owned by Bishop Leonard Ball and had been built only a short time before. It was a mercantile store that carried a variety of merchandise, as well as groceries. The clerk who waited on me, whose name was Evelyn Molen, as I learned later, really impressed me. I made up my mind, then and there, that she was the girl I was going to marry. I suppose I was just too busy thinking about her, as I didn't pay enough attention to the size long jons. When I went to wear them, they were too small. It was not until one year later that I had a chance to meet her, when she came to teach at the Rock Creek school. Father had attended the weekly dance at Bone where he met and danced with Evelyn. He came home all excited to tell me about the new school teacher, and suggested that I get down there the next chance and meet her, as she would make somebody a good wife. I lost no time in taking his suggestion and was truly surprised to find out that the new school marm was none other than the same one who had sold me the long jons, which were too small. I danced several dances with her, and ask her if I could take her home from the dance. She refused me saying that she didn't really know me, and she planned to go home with the Allgood family, the folks she came with. This didn't dampen my spirits

and. I knew she planned to ride to the valley with Heber Robison the following Friday after school, as I had heard them discussing it. Heber was a good friend, and a relative, so I immediately contacted him and asked if I could drive his team and buggy to the valley in his place. He was going to pick up his son who was coming home from school. He readily consented, and it was a surprised young school teacher when she learned who was in the buggy to chauffeur her to the valley. We had a pleasant trip to the valley, which was ten or twelve miles from where she taught school.

I took her to the Ammon Confectionery, which her mother, a widow, was running at the time. It was just across from the school house in Ammon. I told her I would be back Sunday to pick her up for the return trip. I was invited to come in time for dinner, which I gladly accepted. I brought Orland Robison with me. Since my step mother had left, I had been chief cook and bottle washer for father, Mark, and myself. Although I loved to cook and could put out a pretty good meal myself, I think I will never forget how good that meal, cooked with a woman's touch, tasted. I thought to my self, if Evelyn can cook as well as her mother, I am not about to let her get away. (He found out later that she couldn't even boil water without burning it.)

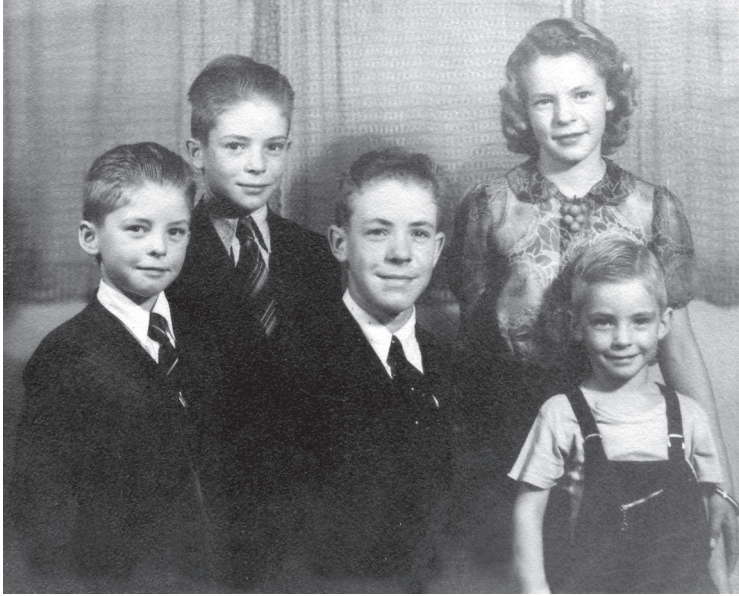
On our way back to the hills, we talked about various things. When I asked Evelyn where she wanted to go on a honeymoon, She said, "Oh, I would like to go to Hawaii." Then she said, "Where would you like to go?" I replied, "I would like to go there too, if I were going with you." We all had a good laugh. I am sure she didn't dream just how serious I was at that time. I was 24 years old now, and I felt as though it was time I was getting married. I was sure I had found the right girl.

I didn't get to see Evelyn again until after Christmas. They held a dance at Glenore, where she was teaching, in early February. All of the hill people were there. I skied down as far as Heber Robison's and went to the dance with them. Everyone was very sociable and we all had an enjoyable time together. I ask Evelyn if I could come down to see her on

Valentines Day. This was my first date with her. I had to ride 12 miles on horse back, but I didn't mind. Evelyn had been to the valley that day and had made some cookies and a quart of malted milk to bring back. This was a real treat and the best malt I had tasted in a long time. I knew I really loved that gal, and before I left her that night, I asked her if she would marry me. She didn't know how long I had been planning this, and she said it was too soon for her to say.

By the time June came, I had convinced Evelyn that she was going to be my wife. I needed a cook and a house keeper, but more important, I needed a sweet someone to come home to, and she was that gal. I didn't waste any time. Our wedding date was set for June 25th. Evelyn refused to get married unless I would get ready to go to the temple. I hadn't been very active in the church since moving to the hills, and since my step mother had left. I really had to get busy. Our good neighbor Alfred Stanger, just two miles down the road, was Stake President of the Idaho Falls Stake. This was the only stake in the Idaho Falls area at that time. I immediately went to see him to find out how to go about getting a recommend. He checked the records for me in Idaho Falls, but could find no record of my baptism. Some how they were missing. On June 7th, 1925, I was rebaptized by Bishop Leonard Ball of the Ammon Ward and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on June 8th, 1925 by Elder Joseph Anderson. The same day I was made a Deacon, and on June 15th, I was made an Elder by Elder Rolf C. Wold. If I was to be married in the temple on June 25th, 1925, they had to really rush things and they did.

I took my new bride to our humble home on the ranch to live. I had cleaned things up pretty well before I left, and I thought they were looking pretty spiffy. I soon learned that it takes a woman's magic touch to really make a house a home. It was surely good to have that again. Ruffled curtains soon hung at the windows, and a table cloth covered the table, making all the difference in the world. We were expecting our first baby in April. Our son was born the 25th of



*Children of Roy & Evelyn Robison:
Rulon, Dick, Maurice, Shirley, and Kay.*

April, 1926. He had to be the most beautiful baby in all the world. He had such a beautiful little round face with lovely blue eyes and a head of dark curly hair. I think I was the proudest daddy in the whole world. Dr. Wilson, who delivered him, had quite a time because he came breach. He said that that was what made doctors have grey hair. He was delivered on grandmothers kitchen table in her little apartment behind the Ammon Confectionery, which she was operating at the time. He was the first grandchild on either side of the family. this was truly a special event in our families. Of course, dad had to come the next night to see his new grandson. He left the sheep with only dogs to watch over them that night. He hurried back the next morning to find that the coyotes had gotten into them and killed 11 of his lambs. That proved to be a very expensive visit. In two weeks I brought my wife and new baby to the ranch to live. I now had someone very special and dear to work for, and life took on a new meaning.

Evelyn Molen Robison

I was born in Lincoln, Bonneville County, Idaho on November 25, 1905. My father was Ernest Lawrence Molen and my mother was Susetta Ormond. My father was a little disappointed in me

because I was a girl—the second one in the family. He had really anticipated a boy this time, and never, as long as he lived, quite forgave me for being a girl.

My sister Gwen was just two years older than I, and as far as I remember, we grew up like normal sisters do. My parents were like other parents, struggling to make a living, and cutting corners to make ends meet. Father was employed at the U & I Sugar Factory in Lincoln. We lived in one of the company houses, or I should say in part of one, as each house was inhabited by two families.

Two years later my sister Vergia was born. I don't remember the circumstances but Dr. Miller who still lived in Lincoln as of 1959, was the family Doctor. He came out to the house to deliver the babies since there was no hospital at that time. He traveled by horse and buggy wherever he went. It was never a worry to us. Although our childhood was never a bed of roses and all of us had to work hard, we did enjoy the plain and simple things of life and learned very young that the best things in life are free.

Mother was away from home much of the time leaving us to care for ourselves. I remember when I was eleven or twelve years old carrying water from the little ditch out by the road, heating it on the cook stove, and doing the family washing by my self.

Vergia, Reed and I herded cows for a few summers for 5 cents a day per cow. We would take them out early in the morning to let them feed along the road side, taking a lunch with us and staying all day long. Anyone having cows in the town who wanted them taken would send them with us and we thus cleaned the ditch banks for a mile or so all around Ammon. We earned a little money in the process and the cows had cheap pasture.

Another incident which stands out in my memory is when my sister Gwen and I decided to play barber. Mother always kept our hair curled in ringlets and Gwen took the scissors and cut mine off on one side of my head when mother wasn't home. Needless to say, the other side had to be cut also. As I remember

we were a pair of sick girls when we realized what had happened.

Every Saturday evening, and on holidays, when we lived in Lincoln the people of the community gathered on the green near the Sugar Factory to hear the band play. They had a little elevated gazebo on which they played their instruments. Father played a slide trombone and it was always quite an occasion for our family to go and listen to the band and mingle with the people of the community.

It was sometime shortly after my sister Vergia was born that we moved to the Sugar Company Ranch three miles east of Lincoln where father was overseer. Here my brother Reed was born on April 10th. A neighbor on the north of us was the Brandon's where Gwen and I spent a great deal of our time. I remember one time very distinctly when they had bought a new drop leaf table, which was something new at the time. Of course I had to see how every thing worked. I chose a time when the table was loaded with dishes to see just how the leaf dropped. It did, and I got a sound spanking which I rightly deserved. I didn't dare tell my mother, since she would have made it two spankings.

It was about that time everyone was taking up homesteads in the hills east of Iona and Ammon. Father and mother felt that this would be their chance to get a start in life with something of their own. So with Ernest Ricks and John Molen and their families, we all migrated up to Last Chance where we staked out a homestead of 360 acres each. In order to acquire the land, one had to build a home on it, cultivate so many acres each year, build so much fence, and then live on it for at least six months out of the year to prove up on it.

During this time, father had developed a heart condition which grew steadily worse as time went on. He was unable to do any hard work. In order to support his family, he started to sell J. R. Watkins products from door to door. In order to do this he purchased what was called a white top buggy with two seats. The back seat was removed and replaced with a large box which was built to fit just behind the front seat and to the rear of the buggy. This

had two doors which opened up and a padlock to keep his products secure. Inside were shelves and compartments to keep things in an orderly manner.

We would live on the dry farm in the summer, and move back to the valley for school in the winter. On Sunday, the family always went over to Ozone for church where Bishop Aaron Judy was the father of the ward. Sunday School, I remember, was held at Uncle John and Aunt Carrie Molen's home. It was a little log house with two or three bedrooms where we held our classes.

Ozone was quite a little gathering place with the church, the store and Post Office, which was run by Mr. and Mrs. Levi Otteson and family. Later on there was to be a livery stable and hotel added to make this a true western frontier town. When automobiles came into their own, all these slowly faded into the past. But at one time, these towns had very lively times.

It was in the fall of 1913 we moved into Idaho Falls for the winter and it was here my youngest sister Anna Bernice was born on January 3, 1914. Father was ill that winter and spent most of the time in bed. Where the money to live on came from, I'll never know. We didn't have much and I often think of the courage my wonderful mother portrayed in the very struggle for existence with five youngsters and a sick husband and no income.

It was during this winter I found out just how my father felt toward me. He always asked my sisters older and younger than I to make his eggnog, which was his principal folly, and I would have been so happy to do it for him. But he was ill, and worried, and I know how those things weren't very important compared to the things he really had on his mind. But at the time, I felt really slighted, and always had a complex because I felt father didn't love me. My sisters and I attended school at Eagle Rock School that year. One morning I was a very few minutes late, and returned home because I was afraid to go late. I had seen the students ding-bump other students who were in the habit of coming late. I was afraid that would happen to me. To ding-bump, several students caught hold of each leg and each arm and rammed the body straddle of a tree. This was done at



Evelyn Molen 8th grade graduation, 1920. Back row: first two boys unknown, Charley Owen, Wirth Empey; middle row: Dale Lee, Ruth Soelberg, Evelyn Molen, Hilda Holm, Reed Blatter; front row: Mazell Jones, Artella Molen, Gwen Molen, Lois Singley, Iola Anderson

the suggestion of the teacher to cure the tardy habit. Needless to say, mother made me return to school, although I was never ding-bumped. (Note by Lynn Blatter, this was practiced while I was in Ammon grade school except the victim was bounced on the ground on their backside until sufficient punishment had been inflicted by the other students).

I had never had a doll and mother helped me order some clover leaf salve which I sold for 25 cents a can, earning enough for a doll. The following summer mother took her little baby and me to help look after her, and took to the road selling Watkins products by traveling all over the valley with her team of horses and the old white top buggy with the box on back. We traveled many miles every day, staying where ever night over took us. We would stay at the nearest farm house that would accommodate us. Mother always harnessed and unharnessed her horses and fed them

and then looked after her children. Sometimes, the people would feel sorry for her, and not charge her for the horses feed, nights lodgings, and other charges. They would charge what they felt was fair, and often took Watkins products in exchange.

In the meantime, Gwen who was only a little over nine years old cared for father and the other children at home. That summer she cut out and sewed a dress for herself and a shirt for our brother Reed. Then she pieced the top for a quilt all by herself. This was an experience she made the most of until she became one of the most beautiful seamstresses around. There just wasn't any thing she couldn't look at and then go home and make it — only much better.

Father's health continued to fail until he passed away on October 6, 1914, at the age of 38. We had moved to the little home of grandma Ricks on the hill above Uncle Ernest Rick's home at Last Chance.

There were two rooms in the house; the bedroom and kitchen. There were only two beds in the bedroom—father in one and the rest of us in the other. I will always remember that night. I suppose the family realized that father wouldn't last much longer. Butler Wallace, a neighbor, who was just a young man at the time, came over and mother made a bed on the kitchen floor for him. He came over so mother wouldn't have to be alone with father when he passed away.

When we woke up the next morning, they told us father was dead, and we had to take the word down to his brother and sister and their families—the John Molens and Ernest Ricks. I will always remember those services in Ammon. Some of the more to do relatives bought us children some new clothes to wear to the services. It must have seemed to mother that the world had truly come to an end. She had no money and no place to go, with five children, the oldest only ten years, and the youngest not yet a year. The future must have truly looked bleak and dreary to my wonderful mother who had already gone thru so much for her little family—her only reward being the love we could give her. The sacrifices she made were many, and the hardships she endured were certainly comparable to those of the early pioneers in giving of herself almost beyond human endurance, never complaining, and always cheerful and understanding.

Father's family had never quite accepted mother as one of them. I never knew quite why, but they seemed to feel they were above her. This was perhaps just a complex with them, because in my mind's estimation, she was the best.

After father's death, Uncle Ernest Ricks bought our dry farm from mother, as she was unable to handle it alone. Of course we children were too small to be of any help. He paid mother six thousand dollars for the farm which I am sure was a very good price for the ground at that time, and a great help to mother. She cleaned up her debts, which as I remember, were around two thousand dollars, and bought a home in Ammon for her family. This was the present home of my brother Reed, which my mother purchased from

Mrs. Arthur Ball, mother of Uarada Ball Whiting, for the sum of one thousand dollars. The house was badly in need of cleaning and redecorating, and of course we needed furniture which mother purchased for our needs.

For a little while we lived in one room in the Rock house across from the Ammon School. We then lived in a two room log house one block east of the present Ammon School. While we were living there, Alice Empey, an eight year old girl, was kidnapped and killed. Her body was later found in Big Sand Creek below Ammon.

This was a special time in our lives because we had a home of our own. We loved it and were proud of it, even though it was very humble and mother took pride in keeping it shining clean. In the meantime she knew her funds would not last long and she went to work as a practical nurse, taking sewing to do and any job she could get to bring in a few honest dollars. She clerked in the old Ammon store for a while which was owned by Leo Nielsen and was located ½ block south of the present Ammon Church house.

Some people were kind to her; one in particular was Abraham Day who always remembered the widows at Christmas by sending them a little red wagon full of groceries, including a sack of flour, oranges, candy and canned goods etc. I am sure the Lord blessed him for his kind and generous heart for he lived to be 90 years old. As long as he lived he never forgot those in need and although at the time he had never been to the Temple, he was sealed to his wife before he died. Mother rented the west side of her home, boarded school teachers, did sewing for others and many odd jobs to supplement her income.

Mother cooked large kettles of home made soup and carried them over to the school each day where she served them to children who had to bring their lunch. She would get 10 cents for a large bowl. This was the start of the hot lunch program.

During my last year in grade school, Mr. Charley Owen was my teacher. We all loved and admired him very much. It was after my graduation from the 8th grade that he left Ammon to the sorrow of all his students. He went to Salt Lake City to live where

he joined the polygamy group of apostate Mormons and was dis-fellowshipped from the Church.

It was in the fall of 1922 that I went to Logan, Utah to further my education. I had worked around in the fields thinning and hoeing beets and driving a hay rake and hay wagon for different farmers to earn enough money to see me through the winter. As I remember I had a little over \$100 which seemed a lot to me at the time. Never will I forget how homesick I was as I rode the train to Logan. This was the first time I had ever been away from home for more than a few miles and only two or three days. I believed I cried most of the way down there until my eyes were red and swollen. I still do not know why I didn't turn around and come home.

I had no place to stay for a couple of weeks until I was to report to a place where I would work for my room and board. I went over to an aunt of my mothers. She didn't ask me to stay and I didn't tell her I needed a place. I left and looked up Clara Field, another girl from Ammon. Clara worked in a rooming house helping with the cooking, etc. for her board and room for college students who attend the A.C. She said I might stay over night with her. This I did and I will never forget the next day was Sunday. I took my little suitcase in hand and started I know not where. I had never been to a hotel and didn't have the faintest idea how one went about registering. But I had a prayer in my heart and I am sure the good Lord heard it for I had walked only about a block when I met Beulah Nielsen, one of Leo Nielsen's girls on her way to Sunday School. She took me to her home and her good mother said I might stay with them until I found a place. This I will never forget and I will always have a prayer of gratitude in my heart for our Heavenly Father for looking after me and to Brother and Sister Leo Nielsen and their family for charity, goodness and kindness to me. In just a few days I found a place to stay where I could earn my board and room, helping with the house work and looking after a little girl.

The winter was hard for me. My spending money was 5 cents a week to spend for a Hershey's candy bar. I bought one each Friday and ate it on my way

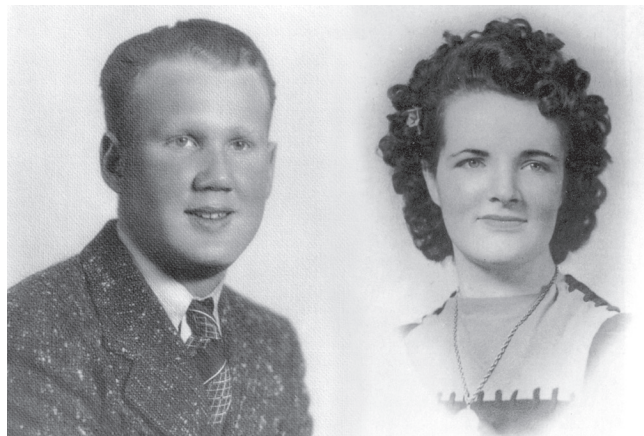
home from school. I never got home until school was out in the spring. If ever any one was home sick I was that gal. My mother came down to see me at Thanksgiving time as she was able to catch a ride with Leo Nielsen when he came down to see his family. (Leo lived in Ammon and his family was in Logan so the older ones could go to school at the BYC.) Without my Mother's visit, I don't think I could have lasted the year out

In many ways this was a rewarding year at BYC. In many ways it was a struggle. I gained much from it, and I'm sure I lost nothing. I made many friends and learned much. I studied hard and by taking "Church History" by correspondence was able to graduate the following year with honors from BYC. It was a hard year and only through prayer and hard work was I able to make it through. I never returned to college and have never gone back to see my old friends.

SECTION 59

ROLAND & JOY ROMRELL

I was born at Ogden, Utah in 1922 and raised in Harrisville, Utah, just north of Ogden. Some of my first memories were of the crash of 1929 and the Great Depression and how it affected our lives. My mother, Ruby Rosetta Taylor died in 1927 when I was five years old. So the depression was doubly hard on us all; but especially my father. It took the effort



Roland & Joy Romrell

of all of us to just survive.

We lived on a farm so we always had plenty of food but little money. Many times we went to school with holes in the soles of our shoes. Every morning we would just cut a piece of cardboard and put in the shoe to cover the hole. When my Dad could get around to it, he would cut out a piece of leather from a cowhide and put a new sole on the shoe. When we grew out of that shoe we would sometimes inherit someone else's shoes. My Dad could also put any woman to shame when it came to putting a patch on the seat of my pants. Nowadays, I would have been right in style even without the patch. Times was tough, but what a great learning experience.

When I was 12 years old, I got a job delivering the Deseret News. I had 13 papers to deliver and had to ride ten miles to do it. The subscription rate was 65 cents per month and I received a percentage of that. I rode a horse until I about wore him out. Later I bought the first balloon tired bicycle that came into Ogden. After I had developed my route to 48 papers over 13 miles, which I delivered sometimes in blizzards and icy roads so bad I had to park my bike in a snow bank and go on by foot. Sometimes I was so cold I nearly froze, but I was too bashful to go to a house to ask to get warm. I consider the Great Depression one of greatest learning experiences of my life. If I could I would put every one of my children and grandchildren into a time machine and take them back to benefit from this learning experience. It has been a tremendous blessing to my life. We worked hard. I loved driving horses and working with livestock and did not want to miss any part of it. I belonged to the Future Farmers of America. I raised a steer and was able to take it to the Worlds Fair at Treasure Island in San Francisco with our chapter.

A Field Day in April, 1939

When I was in high school in the spring of my senior year, I had a learning experience that affected my entire life. It came about one beautiful spring morning. My cousin Ray Chugg and I arrived at

the bus stop early. After some discussion we decided to hitch a ride to school, so we walked over to the Hiway rather than wait for the bus. We were not having any luck, so one of us said, "I wonder what would happen if we tried the other direction." We walked across the road and stuck up our thumbs and the first car stopped. We didn't know what to do so we just hopped in. He was headed north away from school. He took us to Brigham City and said this is as far as I go. Well we were already in trouble and too late for school so we stuck up our thumb again and a mining engineer from Butte, Montana stopped. Well we sure were enjoying the scenery and the country we had never seen before. We were soon at Roberts, Idaho and starting to become a little nervous and wondering what do we do now? I told Ray that we had an uncle in Lewisville, so we decided we better get out. We hitched over to Lewisville and walked in on them. They were much surprised, happy to see us, they scolded us and then called our parents, who were surprised and relieved to at least know where we were. After a few days our uncle, Wilford Taylor took us to Rigby and let us off on the highway and we hitched our way home. Our luck wasn't that good so we hopped a freight train and rode on top of a boxcar for the rest of the way home. This was a common practice for hoboes during depression days.

Now to us this was a great so-called field trip, even though it was unplanned and spontaneous. I really felt we should have had extra credit for a great learning experience; however the Dean of Boys didn't see it that way, so we had to get extra assignments from our teachers. Most were fairly lenient and had a sense of humor about what happened, except for my English teacher who wanted a 1000 word theme in short order. I stayed up most of the night and had to finish the next day during school hours. I took it to him after school but he was not in his room and no where to be found, so I finally had to run to catch the bus or walk 10 miles home. The next morning I took it to him as soon as I got off the bus. He promptly rejected it, said it was too late and would not accept any excuses. He told me that it would cost my credit for the semester, which I needed to graduate. I felt

that this was unfair so I said "If I'm not going to graduate, I'll quit and go to work," which I did.

A few days later the assistant superintendent, Mr. William Miller, a very understanding man, heard about the situation. He came to see me on the job. I explained what happened. He said I can't change your grade, but he told me about a blacksmith and metal working class and also a welding class that was being offered at Weber College. He told me that if I finished this with good marks, he would see to it that I would get my certificate. I signed up for that class which started 6:00 p.m. and lasted till 9:00 p.m. Then welding class started at 10:00 p.m. and went until 4:00 a.m. Alex Carlson taught the blacksmithing class. Alex seemed to take a liking to me. I considered him my mentor. We worked well together during the class and when it was finished he hired me to come and work for him in his shop. He used to consider me as one of his success stories. We became really good friends. I used to stop in and see him and he would keep track of me when he came to Idaho. One day he sent me out to the Ordinance Supply Depot, which is now part of Hill Field Air Force-Base. They were building a big water tower that stands a hundred feet in the air. There was some welding that needed to be done on top of that tank. I climbed up there and was walking around near the edge. A foreman over the crew that was building the tank asked me, "Don't that scare you, walking around up there at that height." I told him that it didn't bother me. He said, "Would you like a job?" I told him that I would and he told me to come back tomorrow morning. I showed up the next morning, but I didn't have a pass and didn't know his name and so I was never able to get into see him.

I also worked part time for expense money. When I finished I was in the top of the class. From there I went to Long Beach, California and got a job in the shipyards, building ships. I was the youngest welder in the yard. This was another great learning experience and I loved every minute of it. It was beyond my wildest dreams. I was good at what I did and my foreman was pleased with my work. One day we were sitting around having lunch. My foreman

was doing a little bragging. He said Red and I will challenge any other two men in the yard to a day of production welding to see who can weld the most feet in an 8 hour shift. Then he turned to me and said what about it and I said "Well, you're on." The next day we started welding decks, which meant we were bent over welding all day long. It reminded me of thinning sugar beets. It wasn't long until the other guys had to stop and have a cigarette. When I noticed this, I thought, now's my chance and I just kept right on going. By the end of the day, we were well ahead and the foreman and I won the bet. They used to have a production board posted and once a week they would put up the names of the men who had the highest production for the week. I worked hard and loved to see my name on top of the list. Because I was the youngest man in the yard, I felt I had to prove myself.

After the war broke out, many of my friends were being drafted and I was feeling like I should be volunteering to go into the service. I talked to my boss and he told me that I was more valuable where I was at than I could be in the service and that they would get me a deferment so I would not have to go into the war. I accepted the first deferment, but the next time it was reviewed I didn't say anything to my boss because I felt that it was my patriotic duty to go into the service. So I quit and went back to Ogden. When we got there and reported they asked a group of us to stay and help with the crops and harvest for the summer and fall as help was very scarce, which we agreed to do. This was in the spring of the year, so I took a few days off and went to Idaho to visit my Uncle Wilford again.

I told him I would sure like to have a farm like his someday. He told me that he knew of one. We went and saw the farm, looked it over and asked the farmer his price and I just told him I'd buy it. I was not even 21 at this time. I had saved enough money in the shipyard for a down payment. The farm already had the crop planted. I did not have any equipment except an irrigation shovel. So I went to my uncle and offered to work for him without pay. All I wanted was my board and room and to use his

tractor to cultivate my spuds after his days work was done. He was pleased with this because he needed the help. This turned out to be a great advantage to me, because I had practically no overhead against the crop. That fall when I harvested the crop, I was able to very nearly pay off the farm. It was during spud harvest that I met and fell in love with Joy, but that's a whole other story.

I then went back to Ogden and volunteered for the Marine Corp. After boot and basic training, we were ready to board the ship to go overseas. Our commanding officer called my name and told me to report to headquarters. They had picked me to go to South Carolina to a specialist school in blacksmithing, because of my earlier schooling and work in the shipyards. After my training in South Carolina and a ten-day furlough to Ogden at which time Joy and I were married, she accompanied me back to S. Carolina. When I got there I had to get right on a troop train and return to California, leaving Joy to find her own way back across the states without really knowing where I had gone. Because of security, I was unable to let her know. From California, we boarded a ship to the S. Pacific where I met up with my old company. They were just returning from the Battle of Palau. This was a very bloody and unnecessary battle, which cost the lives of thousands of the first marine division. Some companies of 160 men would have as few as 10 or 15 survivors. My training had been in the engineers in demolition. We were trained as the shock troops or the first to hit the beaches. One of our responsibilities was to crawl on our bellies up to a pillbox and blow them up, which I seriously doubt I would have ever survived. The recent series on television showing this battle made me realize that perhaps the Lord had a purpose for me in life, which I was destined to accomplish. When I look at my posterity of ten children, 56 grandchildren, 55 great-grandchildren where would they be if I had been killed in that battle? Had it not been for divine intervention?

We prepared on the Island of Pavuvu in the Russell Islands for the invasion of Okinawa. This was the largest armada of ships assembled in the Pacific

Ocean with over 1500 ships. D Day for Okinawa was Easter Sunday, April 1. Everybody was very nervous. We had no idea what we were going into. You could observe men praying that had probably never prayed before. My feelings were that if I haven't lived the way I was supposed to, it's too late to start praying now, but I did say a silent prayer. There was tremendous bombardment of the island and the Japanese was bombing us from overhead. They were coming at us with suicide planes and suicide boats. It was either shoot them down before they hit our ships or they would blow us up. This was the fiercest battle in the Pacific with the most casualties. Again I feel that my life was spared because of my training, it was my responsibility to repair the trucks, jeeps, and water tankers and keep them going. Sometimes we had to work around the clock. This kept me off the front lines. We were under constant shelling and bombing from the Japanese, but I did not have to face the heavy machine gun fire of the lines.

After the war ended we went to China, took Japanese as prisoners and sent them home. When I returned home I was able to purchase an old Blacksmith Shop right across the street from the church that had stood there for 50 years. We soon tore that building down and we built a new building and initiated our business which we've operated for over fifty years. This building is now owned by the City of Ammon and used as an office and maintenance building.

As I reflect back, I now feel that my English teacher, who I thought was so hard hearted, may have saved my life and put me in the direction of my future vocation. At the time, I misjudged him. I have since wished that I could thank him. I did learn a good lesson and that was you sometimes have to pay a price for your mistakes that can be costly. I do believe our Father in Heaven is very forgiving and he will come to your rescue in a time of need. I also believe that this was a pivotal point in my life. Question - Did the Lord have a hand in me playing hooky that day? Or did he give me an opportunity to develop a vocation that would save my life and give me a direction for my future business.

Life has been very good to me and I have always enjoyed getting up and going to work and looking toward the challenges of a new day. Question #1 - Is there a purpose for me in my life? If so what is it? Does God have a hand in it? Is there such a thing as Divine intervention? Question #2 - Does he sometimes give you a little nudge or provide an opportunity and expect you to grasp and develop it? Sometimes I wonder what is the answer to these questions — I leave this up to you.

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank my wife for all the love and support she has given to me. We have worked side by side in everything that we have accomplished. It has never been my decision; it has been our decision which we have made together, for better or worse. We have raised a good family together. We love and appreciate all our children and grandchildren. Yes, I do believe that God has a hand in our lives. He will give you guidance and will intervene if given a chance. I say this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

After World War II Working For Clark Judy

I returned home from the service in August of 1946. I met Joy in Salt Lake; we stayed in Hotel Utah that night and then went to Ogden where I was able to see the rest of my family. We spent a few days in Ogden and purchased an automobile and left for Idaho. We were anxious to see the farm (in Lewisville, which Weldon Madson had been leasing,) that had been purchased before the War.

At this time Weldon asked if I might be interested in selling the farm and I told him I would think about it. It was a matter of either buying more land and



equipment enough to make a living off from it or consider doing something else.

We went to see Clark and Dean Judy (Joy's sister). They owned a dry farm in Ozone (above Ammon). Clark had just started in the harvest and he asked if I would like to work for him through the harvest. I was happy for this opportunity and I drove the cat to pull the combine and sometimes run the combine. I enjoyed this experience. It was something that I had never done. I remember one day when it was raining. We couldn't harvest so Clark said today we'll go get our seed for our fall planting. This seed was bagged in sacks that weighed 130 pounds each. I hadn't done any of that physical labor for some time and it was getting to be a long day in the middle of the afternoon. We were stacking this seed grain in stacks about as high as your head. Dean and Joy came out with some lemonade and cookies. We stopped for a break. Dean could see that I was about had. She said, "Move over, let me spell you off for a while." She grabbed those 130 bags of seed wheat and handled them like a man. She had been born and raised on a dry farm and was used to lots of hard work. She drove the grain truck to the elevator in Ammon.

Clark's farm was quite large, over 1,000 acres. I remember going around the farm. It was on the hillside. I couldn't see across the field. I remember Clark said after several days, we'll finish this field tomorrow at about 3:00 in the afternoon. Because of the hill, I still couldn't see across it. It was amazing to me that he had done it so many times that he knew just how long it was going to take. After the harvest, Clark had me hook onto his drills, which he had several hooked together side by side. He told me to take it to a field that he wanted to start drilling. We were pulling them with a D4 caterpillar. He sent his son Robert who was probably about 10 or 12 years old at the time. We come to a very steep hill. I asked Bob, "Are we supposed to go down that hill? It seems awfully steep." He said that was the way we had to go. I went ahead and started down the hill. The next thing I knew the drills almost ran over us. When I told Clark about it, he was surprised that we didn't pile them up. He said that I should not have gone down

that hill. I didn't have any way of knowing. But I did enjoy my experience of working for Clark that fall.

Purchase of Blacksmith Shop & Home

Clark knew that I had been a blacksmith in the Marine Corp during the War and he told me that the blacksmith, Ed Williams, in Ammon wanted to sell out. Clark told me that if I were interested he would loan me the money. I went down and met Ed Williams who had been the blacksmith in Ammon for the past 25 years. He was getting old and wanted to retire. He offered to sell me the blacksmith shop and home for \$6000. I decided to buy it. So we sold the farm in Lewisville, which give us money to buy the property. That fall I ran the shop and hired Ed Williams to help me and train me how to sharpen plow shears. This we did with a coal forge to heat the shears and then we had a trip hammer to draw them out to a sharp edge. They had to be done just right and in order to make them go into the ground and turn a good furrow.

At first, we used the coal forge and had to heat one plow I shear at a time, which was time consuming. I got to thinking about it and studying it. I thought there should be a better way. I purchased a gas forge. With this I was able to heat four plow shears at one time. This way I could pound out one shear, turn

around and get the next one while I was waiting for a second heat on the first one, which gave me no rest in between and no wasted time. By doing it this way, I can remember going out to the shop at 4:00 in the morning. I could do \$50 worth of plow shears before breakfast. This was very good money for these times. It was very hard work. These shears were very heavy and had to be held with a pair of tongs. This caused me to have considerable back problems.

Sometimes the muscle spasms would be so bad; I would be bent over and could not straighten up. I just learned to grin and bear it. This was an intermittent problem that would sometimes last for a week or two.

One day Lee Fife, one of my customers came into the shop. He lived about three miles away. He said, Roland I can tell you what time you went to work this morning. I said, what time was it and how do you know. He said, I could hear your anvil, the anvil that I had brought back from Okinawa. It weighed 480 pounds and was very fine steel. When I was working on it, it had a loud ringing sound that could be heard from a long ways away.

We had purchased the shop in the fall after the harvest. It was an old building that had been built 50 years previous by Mr. Carter. It was built of rough lumber, had lots of cracks and drafts and had been built at the time when they did a lot a horse shoeing. I could see that it would not serve my purpose. That

winter we started building a new shop behind the old one. I designed and subcontracted this building myself. It was built with cinderblock and bowstring steel girders. It was 40 x 60 feet with three big overhead doors. (This building still stands and has been used for the Ammon City Building for many years.)

In the spring of the year, I moved into the new shop and tore the old one down. Business was good; we did all kinds of welding and machine repair such as sugar beet equipment, potato diggers and combines. I started



Ed Williams and original blacksmith shop with new building showing

to manufacture truck bodies, which turned into a very good business. I soon had two diesel mechanics working for me, Walt Davenport and Basil Fosbinder. These men owned dry farms, which they operated in the summer time. They worked for me in the winter. We would overhaul caterpillar tractors, which the dry farmers used on their farms. This turned out to be a very lucrative business, especially for the winter months when other business was slow.

One day Basil brought me a brochure on a truck hoist that he had seen advertised. He said I would sure like to have a truck hoist on my truck bed for unloading grain. He suggested that I might look into it and see if I could get the dealership. This hoist was manufactured by Harsh Hydraulic, Unlimited in Eaton, Colorado. I called and talked to them and they shipped me out a truck hoist, which we installed on Basil's truck. I was very much impressed with the hoist. It took me one day to install it for which I made a \$100 and I also made \$100 on the hoist. This looked good to me, making \$200 in one day, especially during this time.

I decided to put all that money into advertising on KID Radio. We did the weather news at 6:40 a.m. The first ad that came out on the radio, I received a call from Clinton Green, who lived at Tetonia, approximately a hundred miles away. He had heard the ad and wanted to know where Ammon was so that he could come down and order a hoist. This proved the worth of advertising to me. We held this spot with KID for many years. At one time, I was told that we were the longest consistent advertisers that they had. At this time Early Bird Bob Burtenshaw was the announcer. We became good friends over the years.

My Souvenir Anvil

Some of the guys liked to tease me about my anvil. I was very particular about my equipment. They liked to come in and pick up a hammer and pound on it just to hear the ringing sound that it would produce. It was important to keep a sharp edge on the anvil. So if they abused it in any way, I would let them know in no uncertain terms. One day one of them asked

me, "what do you care? Are you going to take that thing home with you?" I said, "Yes, maybe I will." As we got closer to leaving, I started figuring out how I could do it. I gathered up some pipe and built a frame around the anvil. I put an axle and some wheels under it with the handle out front that I could use to pull it with. When it came time to leave; we got all

480 pounds of that anvil loaded on the truck and hauled it down to board the train for TinSen. We were having a hard time getting it loaded onto the train. A colonel came around and wanted to know what was holding us up. I just kind of ignored him until we got it loaded. I explained to him that I had found that anvil in an underground suicide boat base and had used it through the Okinawa campaign and in China. I told him, "All the other Marines have their Japanese rifles and flags for souvenirs. This is my souvenir." After listening to my story, he said, "if you're damn fool enough to try to take that thing home, I'm just damn fool enough to try and help you." When we got to TinSen, he assigned me to a ten-wheeler truck and told me this is your responsibility to get back to the states. I loaded that anvil into the truck and when we got state side, he came around and gave me a pass and said, "I think you need to run down to Oceanside." I put it on the train and shipped it home from there. Leonard and Joy went in and picked it up from the freight depot and took it out to Harrisville for me. I put this to very good use in my blacksmith shop.



Note miniature anvil made to scale from rail road rail. I packed it in my duffel bag but it was stolen before I got a chance to bring it home

Bud Harsh - Harsh Hydraulic Hoists

I wanted to be sure and secure the franchise so that I would not have competition close to me. I drove over to Eaton, Colorado (close to Denver). I met with Bud Harsh. I was very much impressed with this man. He had been in World War II (the same time I was). He developed underwater welding for the Navy. He developed a way when a ship was sunk; they would dive down to the ship and where men would oftentimes be trapped alive in compartments. They would cut their way in from the bottom. The air pressure would hold the water from coming in. They were able to go in and put diving helmets on these men and bring them out. He was credited with saving over 70 lives. When he was at Okinawa in the same battle where I was, there was a ship that had been sunk by a Japanese suicide plane. They knew that there were men trapped and that time was running out. It was against orders to dive during an air raid, but they felt that they had to make an attempt to rescue these men, even while the air raid was going on.

A Japanese suicide plane dove into a ship close to where they were and blew it up. The concussion killed his diving partner and shattered about every bone in his body. When they brought him up, he just had a spark of life and this left him paralyzed and even unable to talk. He was in the hospital for a considerable length of time. He was told that he would never be able to walk and he could barely talk, but he was unwilling to spend the rest of his life this way. He had an idea about this truck hoist. He tried to get financing and the bankers would not even loan him 200 dollars. He wouldn't give up. Somehow, he got an old blacksmith shop and little by little was able to get on his feet and walk a few steps at a time. Soon he was able to design this hoist and start marketing it. Even though he only had a sixth grade education (because of his father's death he had to quit school to help support the family.) He was a brilliant, self-educated man.

I arrived at Eaton and dropped in on him and told him what I had in mind. It happened to be about lunch time. He said I have a luncheon appointment,

come and go with me. He ordered me the best steak I could ever remember eating. Colorado was famous for their good beef. He was meeting with some bankers who wanted to loan him some money. They could see what he had accomplished and the tables had changed from when they wouldn't loan him the \$300. I was amazed at this man with a sixth grade education and how at ease he was with these bankers. He had their total respect. I told Bud that I would like to have a dealership that would give me several counties where I would be protected from other competition. After visiting with him for some time, he offered me a distributorship, if I could come up with \$50,000 for a carload of hoists. That seemed to me to be an overwhelming amount of money at that time of my life. I told him I would like to go home and see what I could do about it.

Financing the Harsh Hoists

I was talking to Reed Blatter (a neighbor to the west of the shop) and telling him about the opportunity. I asked him what he thought I should do. Reed was a dry farmer and had done well and needed a hoist himself. He thought I ought to go for it and offered to go to The First Security Bank and sign a note with me, which he did. Reed was really sticking his neck out when he signed that note. If I had been unable to make that payment of \$50,000 back to the bank on a timely basis, they could have gone to him and demanded payment.

He apparently had considerable trust and faith in me to be willing to do that. I called Bud Harsh and he set me up with the distributorship for Northern Utah and Idaho. It didn't take me long to sell that



Reed Blatter

carload of hoists and I went back to the bank to see about borrowing more money. They asked me if I could get Reed Blatter to co-sign with me again and I told them no. I felt like I had proven myself with what I had already accomplished. I was surprised, but they went along with me, but for only 90 days.

I told them what happens if I don't have them all sold in 90 days. They agreed that they would renew it for another 90 days if need be. The loan officer got to know me almost better than I knew myself. He knew that I could be trusted, so we got along well. In off season when hoist sales were a little slow; I would just renew that loan with no problem. Then this officer was transferred to another bank. A new man came in and he called me and told me that I had a \$20,000 balance on the loan and asked if I was going to be able to pay it. The loan was not even due yet. I told him I would either be in and pay him off or renew the loan. He called me the day it was due and wanted to know if I could just come in and pay him off. This upset me. I dropped what I was doing, grabbed my checkbook and went down. I wrote him a check and then asked him what my balance was. I turned around and wrote a check for the balance. He said, "You're not quitting us are you." I said no - you just quit me. I'm not used to doing business this way. I felt I had built a credit history that deserved better treatment than that. So I moved over to another bank.

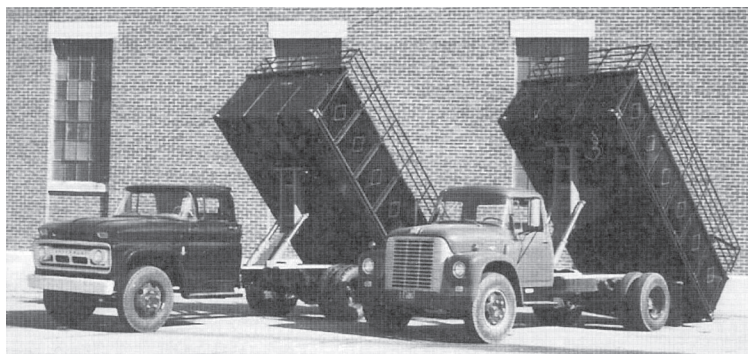
Bud Harsh had a great influence on my life. He was genuine and insisted that I come and stay in his beautiful new home. He and his family had just moved into this home from a mobile home. He had a swimming pool and a Jacuzzi, which he used because of his paralysis. In about 1957, we took the family (LarRene was in 4th grade and Garth was just a baby) to Eaton, Colorado. Bud had just opened a new factory on 12 acres of land. This factory was ultra modern. He even had TV monitors so that he could watch every operation from his office. He did this because it was so difficult for him to get around. He did have an electric cart that he would ride through the plant on because he could just barely walk. He always appeared to

be a happy man. He grinned and laughed a lot. His wife told me that he did this to cover up the constant pain that he was enduring. LarRene thought she had her first date with Bud's son. He took the kids to the local coffee shop and bought them their lunch. Bud had his own printing operation and he printed out a tremendous amount of mail around the country, which really paid off for him, in fact they had to upgrade the Eaton Post Office from a fourth class to first class just to meet his needs.

Sometimes I would have a hoist sold and would be working on it when another customer would come in from out of town. He would tell me I'd buy this hoist if you can install it for me today. I never turned down a sale like that, even if it meant working through the night. Many times I would go get Joy to come and help. She could put in bolts and nuts and do those types of things for me, even though she had many other things to do. We always worked well together. She had many things going herself: a mail route to Bone, a beauty shop in the house, and a contract with the LDS Hospital to provide eggs. She was very busy. The point is that I never turned down a sale.

Truck Bodies

When I first started building truck bodies, they were mostly grain beds which I built out of lumber. I would put a truck hoist under them for dumping grain to save the farmers a lot a labor. As time went on, I started building them out of steel, which I had pre-formed at Gate City Steel out of Pocatello.



Cattle bed converted to grain bed with Harsh Hydraulic Hoist

I then added fold-up sides to make a combination grain and cattle body. This was a very substantial truck body and I built them to last. A Combination truck body and hoist would sell for about \$2000. I remember having someone come in from Greys Lake. They had one of my truck bodies that they had owned for many years. They had used it on very rough roads and it needed some repair. When the man came to get it, he asked me how much and I told him nothing. That body was built to last a lifetime. That kind of surprised him, but in the long run that Romrell Cattle Body Truck Bed paid off as good advertising. I always enjoyed driving down the highway, and even today I will see some of my truck bodies I recognize and kind of tip my hat and say thank you. Even as old as I am now, someone will come into the store and tell me that they have a truck body and hoist out on the ranch and it's still working well for them.

A Close Call with a Truck Body & Hoist

Working on truck bodies and hoists was very dangerous. I always tried to be careful and make sure that when I raised the truck body, they were well blocked so that they would not come down on me while I was underneath them. One Sunday afternoon, I got a call from Mr. Holland and said that his hoist was not working. He was right in the middle of his harvest and needed it badly. I didn't normally work on Sunday, but I agreed to look at it and see what the problem was. I had the bed up in the air and had not taken the precaution of blocking it. I was bent over under the bed, when Mr. Holland was sitting in the cab. He accidentally hit the release and let that bed come down on me. I was lucky in as much as this was a pickup bed rather than a huge steel bed. I was fortunate that I was able to brace myself and hold the weight of that bed on my shoulders. Mr. Holland was so flustered, he had trouble getting the truck started to raise it up.

I was very fortunate to be able to hold this long enough for him to raise the bed so I could get out

from under it. It had not been long since another man in the community had a truck bed with a hoist that came down on him and killed him. Garth had happened to witness this accident and did what he could to help.

Nielsen Brothers

My largest account in the shop was the Nielson Brothers. There was George, William and Ervin Nielsen. These brothers had large holdings of land both irrigated and range land up in the hills east of Idaho Falls. They ran large bands of sheep and cattle. They also grew lots of sugar beets, potatoes and grain on their valley farms. Ervin used to come in occasionally and I always enjoyed seeing Ervin. He was very friendly and liked to take time to visit. He didn't seem to be as up tight as Bill was and was much easier to get along with. I did most of my business with Bill Nielsen who mostly ran the valley farms. This was a very good account because they brought me lots of work and the money was always good. I would let their account build up, sometimes as much as a year without billing them. I treated it like a savings account, because I knew I could go to them at any time and ask them for whatever amount of money I needed and I could always get a check. This worked well when I had special need for something. Bill Nielsen was not easy to work for. He was a very impatient man. I always did my best to try to please him. There would be times in the beet and potato harvest when a piece of equipment would break down. If they could possibly keep it going until the end of the day, he would bring it in after dark and expect to have it by the next morning at daylight. Many a time I would lay under a piece of equipment with snow and wind blowing down my neck to take care of their needs.

One day after the harvest, he came in with a load of plow shears and he wanted these shears by the next day. I was already committed with more than I could possibly do that day for someone else. I told him, "I just can't do it." He turned around and loaded his shears up and hauled them down to Vern Carlson's Blacksmith Shop by the brickyard.

He asked Vern if he could get the plow shears done so he could have them the next day. Vern told him sure; he could do it - no problem. Vern Carlson was a very foul mouthed individual and an alcoholic. Bill had hardly left the place and Vern locked the shop up and took off on a big binge. He didn't come back for a week. Bill Nielsen was fit to be tied. He scrounged up a few wore out plow shears that he could find and came back to me and wanted me to sharpen them. By that time I was able to go right to work on them and get them done for Bill. I always got along with Bill a lot better after that. You would really have to know this man to understand him. He was a good man, but sometimes he would come up with things that would really turn you off. He comes in the shop one morning and I told him, "Ed Williams (former owner of shop) died last night." He had worked for Bill for 25 years and was working for me at the time. The first thing Bill said was, "Did he get my plow shears done." His business was so important to him that he couldn't even be upset about a death of a good friend.

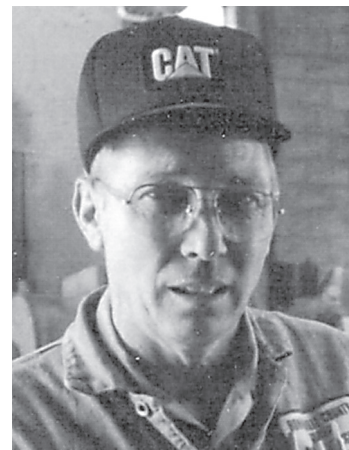
The Nielsen's had several large bands of sheep (about a 1000 per band) I had built a lambing cart for their operation. They would pull it with a team of horses and go out through the sheep looking for ewe's that had just lambed. The weather was usually bad at that time of year. They would put the ewe and the lamb into the cart and bring them into a lambing shed where it was warm until the lamb was strong enough to be outside. They had somebody running these twenty-four hours a day. They had a very large crew and they maintained a commissary - where they provided meals for all their crew and anybody that wanted to stop in was always welcome.

Don Guymon

Different people had worked for me in the shop, but it seemed like they were always waiting to go to work for the Atomic Energy Site, or they were old journeymen that didn't want to be told how to do anything by a young guy like me. I was getting pretty well fed up with hired help. In the fall of 1958 Don

Guymon came to see me. He'd just got back from a mission and married Jerry Smith. He asked for a job. I asked him if he knew how to weld, he said no, but he'd sure like to learn. I asked him if he had an application in at the site and he said no and he didn't

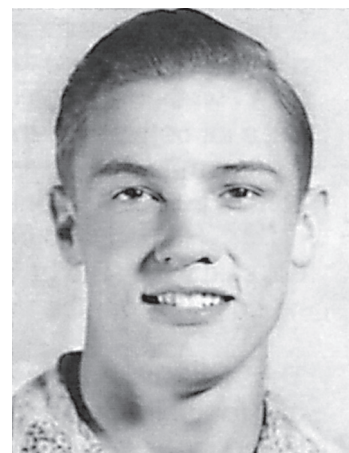
intend to put one in out there. I decided that maybe it would be worthwhile to hire and train him the way I wanted it done, as long as he was willing to stay with me. He agreed that he would and I found Don to be a very good worker, a fast learner and was very agreeable. Don was a quiet man with very good values. In all the time that he worked for me, I don't ever remember a swear word coming from him. Don was not the fastest worker, but when he got it done, it was usually done right and over all I think he accomplished more than some people would that were in a hurry. Don worked for me for many years, both in Ammon and on the North Yellowstone Highway location.



Lester Long

Lester Long came into see me one day wanting a job. I had worked with his Dad, Glen Long on the City Council. Glen had died with a liver disease and left a young family. Lester was about 12 years old when he first came to see me.

I told him he could come in and sweep the shop



and do odd jobs like that. He wanted to learn to weld, so I showed him a little about welding and the next thing that I knew he was very proficient at it. It seemed like Lester was talented. He just naturally knew about electrical and mechanical things. If I wanted something wired or checked out, he just had the know how to do it. We were remodeling our home when he was probably about 14 years old and I needed a bunch of rewiring done. He said, I could do that for you. He installed two and three way switches throughout the house, without any problem at all. One time he said, we really need a cut-off saw for steel around here. I had been thinking of purchasing one, but they were quite expensive. He said, "I'll build you one." We just took a piece of quarter inch plate about three feet in diameter and then I found a large electrical motor to drive the saw. It was revved up at a tremendous high rate of speed and with the outside diameter of the blade, it was turning extremely fast. We were able to easily cut through six-inch channel iron and I-beams. When Lester went to BYU to college, he took a course in welding. Before he was through with the course, they hired him as an instructor. He later headed up the welding department. I later gave the saw to Lester to use for his Explorer Scouts. They used it to cut firewood.

Mark Purcell

When I first got started, I really didn't know people in the community and I was just doing my best to please everybody and try and make friends to try and build my business. I was still pretty much just a kid and even though I'd had a lot of good experience welding in the shipyards and blacksmithing in the Marine Corp., I'm sure some



people wondered at first about my qualifications because of my age. I was always conscientious of this and tried hard to please them. Leonard and Mark Purcell used to be another one of my good customers. They would come in quite often, many times with just a small job or need a few bolts. I would just say, "oh that's all right" and not charge them. They didn't bother to say thanks and it seemed to me that they just took it for granted. One day I told Joy the next time they come in here, I'm going to run them out. They'd got to where they didn't offer to pay. The next time they came in, I held my tongue and welcomed them and low and behold they ordered a truck body and a hoist. I later learned that Mark or Leonard would give you the shirt off their back if they thought you needed it. It was always a two-way street with them. I learned a good lesson that stayed with me the rest of my life from that.

Mark came in another time and wanted me to mount a Farmhand on a truck chassis, which we reversed the truck and drove it backwards so that the rear wheels were in the front. Mark was in the dairy business at that time. He used this for loading manure and other work around the farm. He later came in and wanted me to build a fork for this Farmhand. I said to him, "You could buy one from the Farmhand people cheaper than I can build it." He said, "Yes, but I want you to build it, even if it costs more, because I'm hard on equipment and I want it to hold up."

Mark was running a dairy on Sunnyside Road across from where the new hospital is now located. I had two Jersey cows and was very tired of milking them. I took them down to Mark and gave them to him. I said all I need is a couple gallons of milk each day for all my 10 kids.

Years later, when the business was on the highway, we were having an open house and were giving away a free trip to Las Vegas. We'd had a lot a people in and it had been a hectic day. Mark and Helen had been in and registered for this drawing. We forgot to do the drawing at the end of the day. When we finally remembered everyone was gone. I magically drew out Mark Purcell's name. He needed

a trip more than anyone I knew. He was suffering from Hodgkin's disease and they needed something special at that time. I always considered them one of my very good friends and we bought lots of milk from them.

Vista Liner Campers

It was probably about 1958 or 59 when Keith Ensign from Tooele, Utah came to see me. He had built a pick-up camper to fit in the back of a pick-up bed and was looking for a dealer. A mutual friend had told him that if he wanted a good dealer to sell for him to go see Roland Romrell. I was impressed with this camper and liked the idea. Within a couple of hours, we made the decision to take on the dealership of Vista Liner. I gave him a check for \$6000 for six campers. I also purchased an international pick-up that he had it mounted on. He had told me that he had a factory to produce these campers. I later found out that he took my \$6000 and used that to get into business and rent a factory. He got two partners: Dale James and another gentleman who was a stake president who owned an implement and International dealership. They did move fast and got the campers to me in a reasonable amount of time. We parked the campers out in front of our house. They started selling very well. I had seen an EI Dorado before, but these campers were one of the first pickup campers built. These campers took off really well for us. At this time we had to load these campers by hand, which was probably one of the reasons for my bad back. They weighed approximately 1000 pounds apiece. Two of us would get on the front end and raise the front end up and have a third party back the pickup under the front end and then we would go to the back and raise the back end up and slide it into the pickup. It wasn't easy, but two of us could do it. Later we were able to build jacks that we could lift them with. We were having a good deal of success with the sales in Ammon, just selling from in front of our home.

Joy Otteson Romrell

We were living at St. Leon. Our family went swimming at a place we called Heise. I remember being told to stay in the shallow end of the pool which was reserved for little girls. I discovered that I could move along the side of the pool holding on to that little ditch with my fingers. I could see my parents down in the deep corner and wanted to go to them. I let loose of the ditch and can remember getting to my parents. I asked my brother recently, if he remembered that day, and he said, "Yes, I remember that you were found at the bottom of the pool." So what was my purpose for living?

My parents had lived at Ozone, where Mom was the first lady Post Mistress in Idaho. My dad helped survey and build the roads. He named this place Ozone, meaning "fresh air." Many people from the hills made an exodus to Conrad, Montana to raise sugar beets for the U&I Sugar Company. It was a long way to travel in a Model A. My two older brothers rode the freight train with the cows and the horses, machinery and the furniture. While the men worked in the fields, I helped with the chores. I milked my first cow completely when I was six. Before that, it seemed I always needed a little help to get the job finished. I often milked all the cows and separated the milk. We had food, but depended on the cream



The Romrell family, 1973. Back: Brenda, Karleen, Calvin, Eileen, Garth, LuDean, LaRene; front: Christine, Joy, Valeen, Roland, Janine.



The Romrell family, 1986. Back: Karleen, Garth, Joy, Calvin, Valeen, LaRene; front: Christine, LuDean, Roland, Janine, Eileen, Brenda Jean.

check to buy the staples we could not grow.

We had a small branch of the church and we often met at our homes for our meetings. My first 2 ½ minute talk was a failure. I knew it word for word until I stood in front of all those people, about 25 or 30 at most. I forgot every word and had to read it. My parents wanted me to have more of a church education. After I graduated from 8th I came to Ammon and lived with my sister, Dean Judy, so I could have Seminary and Mutual. We had to take care of a cow that was extremely hard to milk. Dean's boys and I secretly wished that the cow was dead. One day after school we found her dead lying in a deep ditch with her legs up. I always thought that it was my fault.

I graduated from Ammon High School in 1940. Then I earned a scholarship to attend beauty school. I went to Ogden with my best friend, Ginny Taylor to work in a beauty shop. There of all things, I met a boy, Ginny's cousin. He had declared that any girl he would marry must be able to milk cows because he was going to be a farmer. I soon proved that I was eligible. All the men had left the farm to bring back the cattle from the range. There had been a rainstorm and the roads were muddy. Because of the storm, there had been an accident and they tipped over the truck. The cows had to be gathered again

making them very late. They were worried about getting home and having to milk the cows and do their chores. When they finally arrived they were surprised to find the job had already been done, proving my eligibility.

On the 5th of November Roland slipped a ring on my finger and promptly fell down a flight of stairs. I've always been able to say that he really "fell" for me. We came back to Idaho and purchased the Ammon Blacksmith shop. We raised chickens and furnished the hospital with eggs. For several years, I had a beauty shop in my home and did this until I had lots of girls of my own. It had been said the Romrell's would fill their backyard with girls trying to get some boys.

When Roland was Elders Quorum President they pulled the trees from the back of the old church. Sister Rosa Owen cried bitter tears. They had planted those trees and carried water to them by bucket. It wasn't long until this building was started and built by work missionary labor and members of the ward right where those trees had been. The old building came down when this building was finished.

SECTION 60

HENRY & THULA BAILEY ROSEN

by RoseMarie Rosen Peterson

Henry Robert Rosen was born April 17, 1902, at Paris, Idaho to John Gottlieb Rosen and Agnes Marie Dierenfeldt. At the age of six, Henry's mother and two brothers died (December 19, 1908). In 1909, Henry and his father John G. Rosen moved to Ammon, Idaho, bringing with them all their earthly belongings in a horse-drawn wagon. They lived on a farm just south of the Ammon chapel and west of the Ammon Store, which later became Sunnyside Road. The home is still being used today. On the

farm, Henry helped his father by milking the cow, feeding the animals, and other farm chores. He had a great love for animals. He had a horse of his own, and a dog that always slept on the foot of his bed. He went to school in Ammon and then went to Ricks Academy (later Ricks College).

On May 30, 1910, he was baptized by Horace I. Grow in the canal near the farm in Ammon. He was confirmed May 30, 1910, by Charles W. Kingston. At the age of 12 on April 20, 1914, Henry was ordained a deacon and delighted that he could pass the sacrament. After he was ordained an Elder, he was called to serve a Stake Mission. He was the youngest Stake Missionary at that time. In 1927, he and his Dad bought a brand new navy-blue Chevrolet. He would often go on temple excursions to the closest temple at Logan, Utah. He would take many of the older saints of Ammon with him to the temple.

He had Thula Bailey in his Sunday School class and in 1927 he started courting her. They were married in the Logan, Utah LDS Temple on June 22, 1927. After they were married, they lived with Henry's father and his stepmother on the farm in Ammon. His father died in January 1928. During one winter, a fire broke out in the attic of the farm house. The kids from the nearby school formed a bucket brigade while Henry stayed on the roof fighting the fire. In the freezing weather, they all worked until they had the fire out.

When the depression hit, they could not pay the taxes on the farm and had to sell it at a reduced price. They were able to have a down payment on a home located at 2578 Ammon Road which they lived in for the rest of their lives. Henry drove school bus for a time and also worked as custodian of the church and caretaker of the Ammon cemetery. He was grateful for these jobs as jobs were very hard to come by during the depression. Henry later worked for Montgomery Ward and then for the Union Pacific Railroad for 31 years. Henry worked hard around their little acreage building garages and the wooden driveway. He could fix anything and everything. He was a self-made man. He learned skills in plumbing,

carpentry, mechanics, and electrical work. He took pride in his work.

He enjoyed the many church callings: two Stake missions, Ward clerk for 13 years, scout master and Sunday School teacher and Home Teacher for most of his life. He was a quiet helper when anything needed to be done and he was quick to help anyone that was in need.

They always had a milk cow, pigs, sheep, chickens, ducks, and rabbits besides a large garden to feed their family which consisted of:

Melvin Robert Rosen Born May 2, 1928
 Marion J. Rosen Born February 16, 1930
 Doreen Rosen Born February 25, 1934
 Dwaine Jesse Rosen Born May 14, 1940
 RoseMarie Rosen Born October 3, 1941
 Katherine Doris Rosen Born Nov. 7, 1944
 Delmar Henry Rosen Born Nov. 30, 1947

He passed away January 30, 1980, at his home. At this time of his death, he had 11 grandchildren.



Thula Marie Bailey Rosen and Henry Robert Rosen

Thula Marie Bailey

Thula Marie Bailey was born August 22, 1909, at Ammon, Idaho. She was the second of twelve children born to Jesse Henry Bailey and Mercy Miranda Campbell. Their first home was a small log house. They later moved to a small frame house east of the Ammon Store. Her Father, Jesse worked at raising sheep and farming, which took him to the mountains and so they had a small home near Ozone in the summer time and then went back to Ammon in the winter. Thula and her older sister Thelma helped their mother scrub clothes on the washboard and iron them with the stove-heated irons. There would be several irons heating on the stove at a time. They had a handle that could clamp onto each iron as it was needed. They all helped their father on the farm. They thinned, hoed, and harvested the beets. They helped pitch hay onto what was called a slip that was pulled by two horses. They also had 12 cows to milk before they could go to school.

Thula was baptized January 6, 1918. The school she went to was a three-story brick structure. They had to walk to school through very deep snow and their fingers and hands were so cold that it would take hours to get them unthawed and moving. After a few years they got an old black horse and a buggy. The trips to school were more fun, warmer, and faster. Later the school provided a wagon. It had a white cover that made it look like the wagons that crossed the plains. In the winter, the wheels were replaced with sleigh runners so that they could get to school over the badly drifted roads. The floor was covered with straw and there was a small kerosene stove in the front for heat. The driver had a small window in front to see through and a hole for the reins.

It wasn't all work, she had fun times too. She enjoyed going to Mutual (MIA) and attending summer outings. In 1922, her father bought a frame house in Ammon and that is where she spent the rest of her single days. She loved going to school and always did her best. To earn extra money she would work for other families by cooking and cleaning.

She married Henry Robert Rosen at the Logan, Utah LDS Temple June 22, 1927. They had seven

children and she stayed home to take care of the children and cleaned, washed, cooked, canned, etc. When the last four children were old enough she worked as a nurse's aide at the LDS Hospital for 14-1/2 years. Henry and Thula had many trials; the largest one was when their two sons Dwaine and Delmar had polio. Dwaine had all three kinds of polio, had a fever of 107 and was in an iron lung. They relied on their prayers and the power of the Priesthood. Dwaine proved all the doctors wrong and eventually talked and walked with the help of only a small brace and graduated from high school with very good grades. Family outings were usually outings to visit Grandpa Jesse Bailey's sheep camp, picnics in the mountains or by the river in Idaho Falls. And on occasion a movie and hamburger from the A&W drive in at Idaho Falls. An ice cream cone from the ice cream store by the old post office in Idaho Falls was a special treat.

She enjoyed the many church callings that she had, her hobbies, needlework, and her yard full of flowers. She passed away November 25, 1984 at her home. At the time of her death, she had 14 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

SECTION 61

THE ROWBURY FAMILY

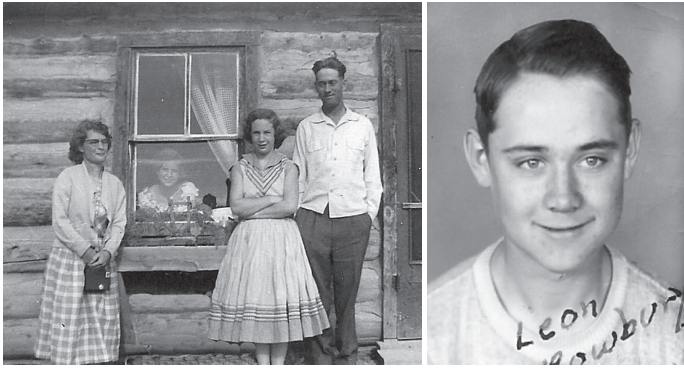
*By Sharon Rowbury Anderson &
Janeal Rowbury Wilson*

Parents: Denzel W. & Viola Rowbury

Son: Leon Rowbury Daughters: Sharon Anne
& Janeal Rowbury

Address: about 3050 Western Avenue

The Rowbury family moved to the village of Ammon in the fall of 1949 from a farm near Ucon. That was when Leon was 14, Sharon was 10 and Janeal was 8. Our dad rented farm land several places east of Kelly's Market. About 1951 he started "working for wages" in Idaho Falls as a truck driver. When the AEC started hiring he was one of the first



Viola, Janeal (in window), Sharon, Denzel, and Leon

to work at the Westinghouse plant near Arco. He retired from Westinghouse 30 years later.

We lived in an old log cabin which is a landmark in Ammon at about 3050 Western Avenue near the corner of Western and Molen streets (though the streets didn't have those names in 1949). Our parents bought the property from Alvin and Blanch Isaacs, our next-door neighbors to the south.



Denzel's deer

Sharon Barzee & Janeal

The next-door neighbors to the north were Levi and Inza Barzee. Our dad went elk and deer hunting with Mr. Barzee every fall and that continued long after we moved from Ammon. Sharon Barzee was Janeal's good friend and the Barzee boys were Leon's friends.

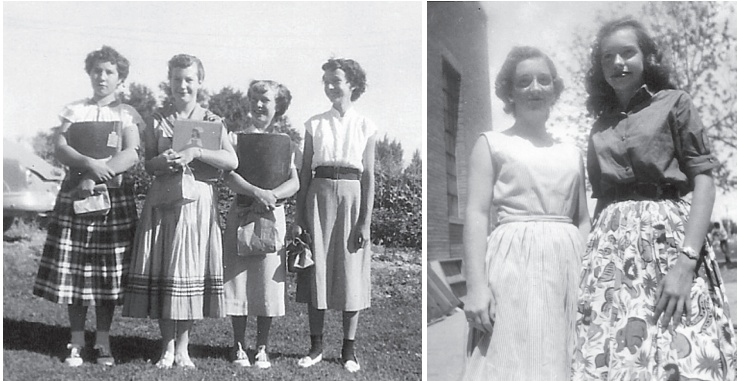
On down Western Avenue, north of the Barzee property, was Olin and Mina Breeding's home. They built a new house on their property and their small one-room log cabin became the neighborhood kid's

clubhouse which we used for parties like birthdays and Halloween. One year our mother surprised Sharon with a birthday party in the clubhouse. It was also used for meetings like 4-H club where we learned how to sew, grow a garden, can food, and raise livestock. Our mother was one of the 4-H club leaders along with Mr. and Mrs. Breeding and others. The Breedings didn't have children so all the neighborhood kids sort-of filled that role. They were a great influence on our lives. We had such fun each time they took a bunch of us kids to their dry farm in the hills near Bone to stay overnight. We cooked our supper on a campfire and ended the meal with toasted marshmallows. Later we spread our sleeping bags out on a gentle sloping knoll under the stars but didn't do much sleeping. Looking at the night sky was awesome!! The adults pointed out groups of stars and told us the names of each. We didn't know then what a planetarium was but that experience was better than anything man-made because it was the real thing. On one of those campouts when we were telling ghost stories Rosalyn Barrus screamed there was something crawling around in her sleeping bag. Thinking she was just fooling or was spooked by our stories, we scoffed and laughed at her but we were sorry the next morning when she found a dead mouse in her sleeping bag. Poor little critter died during the night... somehow.

The Peterson family lived in the basement house on the corner right across the street from us. Their girls, Jyanean and Marilyn, were usually along when fun things were happening. They walked to school with Sharon Barzee and Janeal most mornings and when school was out in the summer swimming in the canal, and picking strawberries were just a few of our favorite things to do. When we first moved to Ammon the streets were dirt and very muddy when it rained or snowed. About the time we were learning to ride bikes the streets were graveled making bike riding very challenging. Regardless, we rode our bikes or walked all over the village to visit our friends. Often our mother would send us to one of the two stores to get something special for supper. It was the greatest pleasure when we learned to drive

and “had” to go to the store. Then we even thought up imaginary things we had to go buy.

Here are “first day of school” pictures taken of us with some of our friends.



*Sharon Barzee, Sharon & Janeal Rowbury, Jynean Peterson,
Pat Jones, Rosemarie Rosen*

Our mother was quite involved with our school activities and several times a year she would visit all day in our classrooms. In March of 1952 she planned a surprise birthday party for Janeal inviting most of the fifth grade class. Right after lunch the weather became a blizzard. Mrs. Southwick announced school would let out early but all those going to the surprise birthday party should go home with Janeal. Surprise?? Our mother didn't expect school to let out early. When we all arrived, the surprise was really on her. She was mopping the floor but she rolled with the punches and helped us all to have a fun time.

Here is a picture taken that wintry day.



*Front row: Skip Kelly, Billy Isaacs, Dick Weaver,
Ron Barzee, Melvin Barron; 2nd row: Verdean
Hall, Pat Jones, Joyce Crow, Janeal Rowbury,
Marilyn Peterson, Lauradene Waters; 3rd row:
Thora Speas, Karen Haderly, Rosemarie Rosen,
Dorothy Judy, Sharon Rowbury, Jynean Peterson,
Lynn Haderly; back: Brian Utley.*

Since we now live in warmer climates it takes something like writing stories to help us recall that winters can be brutal in Idaho. One winter it snowed so hard that we got snowed-in for about a week.

When it started snowing Bertie Clifford was staying overnight with us but ended up staying about 5 nights before she could get home. The snow had drifted so high beside the house that Bertie, Sharon, Janeal, Sharon Barzee and the Peterson girls dug tunnels and rooms in that drift. For days we played in our “snow cave” having such fun. Another fun thing to do in the snow was the game “fox and geese.” You're it!!

Walking (and sometimes running) long blocks to catch the school bus, even in the coldest winter weather “kept us healthy” our parents said. Maybe so. Years later it has provided us great stories to tell our kids and grand-kids of the hardships we endured “way back then when we were kids.”

Ammon didn't have a park then but the Rowbury's had a cow pasture which could become an ice skating rink in the winter when flooded and a ball diamond in the summer. Since the Rowbury kids were the only ones with a bat and softball all the neighbor kids gathered at our place to play baseball. It didn't bother us that the bases were dried cow-pies but we did have to watch out for the fresh ones. If somebody stepped wrong we thought it was hilarious. We would play ball until each kid was called home to supper leaving us with too few to play the game. One mother stood on her back porch yelling loudly her kid's name in her shrill voice telling him it was supper time. Our mother discretely signaled us with a white dish towel she hung on the clothes line. When we saw it flapping we were to stop

our play and high-tail it home. There was a problem with that system though. Janeal usually was so into playing she forgot to watch for the towel. Then look-out! She was in trouble.

We could be noisy neighbors also. We had a Dodge coupe with defective horn wiring. On cold nights long after we were all in bed, the car's horn would start honking loud and long. No matter what us kids did to make it hush, it wouldn't stop until our dad got out of bed, raised the hood and disconnected the wires. By that time all our neighbors were up with their lights on, wanting to know what all the noise was about. We can laugh about it now but back then it was very embarrassing.

Our phone had a rotary dial and our number was Jackson 5-3671. When Sharon was dating the man she later married, they had an agreement he would go to the phone booth near his house, call our number, let it ring twice and hang up so he could get his dime back. Sharon would then call the phone booth number and they would talk and talk and talk. Trouble was she forgot to tell Janeal the plan. One day when Janeal was walking past the phone it rang once and she picked it up. The guy on the other end hollered "WHY DID YOU PICK UP THE PHONE??" She replied, "Because it rang".....then she got accused of making him lose his dime which he planned to reused every time he called Sharon. Now he didn't have another one. After he calmed down and explained the plan, Janeal was careful from then on to wait for the third ring.

One year at the State Fair Sharon entered her name to win a free TV, radio, and record player combination. And she won! It became the family TV. To win something was a big deal but to get one of the first in the village of Ammon was a **really** big deal.

Sharon recalls some friendships she had in Ammon: "I had several close friends—as children do. One of my first friends was VelDean Olson. We attended the school functions together, spent the night at each others home and wore each others clothes. One time I stayed with VelDean while her parents were out of town. Her mother had left a new ham in the refrigerator for us to eat from. That

weekend we kept nibbling on it until it was pretty much gone. When her mother returned she could hardly believe we had eaten the whole thing.

Another good friend was Cheryl Blatter. We spent a lot of time together along with our other friend, Laurie Burke. I remember some very fun parties that Cheryl had in the basement of the Blatter home. On school days I would walk to her house and we would continue on together to the Ammon school where we met the school bus. As we got older one of us would drive when our folks let us have the car. I remember laughing a lot with Cheryl – she was just that kind of fun girl.

Our dad purchased a big blue Buick with a chrome grill. I loved to drive it. Road workers had dug a trench across the road near the Blatter home but they hadn't barricaded it off to keep traffic from driving into the hole. I, not knowing it was there, was coming home from a school activity on a very dark night and unfortunately, drove right into it with both front wheels. The Romrell home was the only house with lights on, so I knocked on the door hoping to get help. Instead he scolded me for driving into the open trench (like I did it on purpose). I walked the long block home quite upset, leaving the car stranded in the middle of the street. Fortunately, the disabled car formed a barricade which served as warning to other drivers. When I told my dad he didn't fuss about it but the next morning he had me go with him to help get the car and drive it home. To him, all things like that were learning experiences. I have wondered what people thought seeing Denzel Rowbury's car there. Did he do that? or maybe they just figured it was his hotrod daughter, Sharon.

One day Glenda Hammer, Rosalyn Barrus and I were in Glenda's grandfather's attic and we found some old K-rations that her grandfather brought back from WWI many years before. We were messing with the cans and one of them exploded. What an awful smell!! We got out of there pretty fast and of course hoped no one would notice – yeah right!"

We thought the village of Ammon was a happy, safe place to grow up. And it was. We seldom locked our doors and were always going places walking or

riding bikes with no fear after dark. Working in the family garden and the spud fields we learned a good work ethic. Long rides on the school buses developed good social skills. We respected our elders and always called them Mr. and Mrs. We had to plan to get our shopping done before Saturday evening because the stores were closed on Sunday. We were taught patriotism at school as we sang patriotic songs right after we said prayer and the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Much of what happened in Ammon in those years shaped our lives and helped us to be the people we are today.

During our years in Ammon Leon joined the Navy and later got married. Sharon and Janeal graduated high school and got married and then our parents moved to a much bigger house in Idaho Falls in the spring of 1959. They sold the little log house to a young couple named Cavanaugh who added rooms above the back half making an odd-looking second story. Then there was a fire. It destroyed much of the inside, making it unlivable but the outer structure of that old house is still there 50 years later.



SECTION 62

ELDON MONROE SEAMONS

I am Eldon Monroe Seamons, son of George Walter and Lois Preston Chantrill Seamons. I happen to be the seventh child in a family of twelve. I was born in Hyde Park, Cache County, Utah. I was born on April 2, 1911, on a Sunday morning at seven 0' clock and have been kicking up the dust ever since.

One of the first experiences I remember was when I was wearing dresses and we were on a canal bank one block from home. I was sitting on my heels watching the water and I fell into the canal. Mitchell jumped in and pulled me out. I remember how the wet clothes felt. Another time I was poking a stick in a beehive. It was full of live bees and they were soon all over me. Dad picked me up and held me above his head and he ran through the blossoms in the apple orchard, knocking off the bees and running into the house. I only received a few bee stings.

There was a big tin tub along the path to the barn where the ashes from the stove were dumped. June and I would get in the tub and the ashes felt good on our feet. We wore sandals without stockings. One day we got in and they had just been dumped and were red hot and I got some inside my sandals and burned my feet. When I was older about six, I was playing with my rubber ball in front of the house. The orchard grass was about four inches high. It was on a Sunday morning. I lost my ball and couldn't find it. I didn't want to leave my ball to go to Sunday school. Mother told me if I would come and go to Sunday school I would find my ball after. I went to Sunday school and after coming home I went out to find my ball and there it lay right in plain sight.

When I was about six years old, I would go to the barn with my Dad. He would leave a little milk in the cow after milking her and I would sit on the milk stool and strip her dry. I didn't know what I was getting into as I have milked cows nearly all my life. Along with milking cows I learned to work in the field and learned all kinds of farm work, as I grew up and matured. When I was ten or eleven years

old I was to give a talk in Sunday school. I woke up Sunday morning with the croup - could hardly talk. I wasn't going to give my talk when my Dad talked me into trying it. So I did and when I stood to talk my voice became normal and I could talk very easily. It stayed that way for thirty or forty minutes and then I had the croup again.

When I was in the seventh grade, I stayed out of school in the spring to help Dad plant the crop. The teacher in the seventh grade kept me in the seventh grade another year and I was behind from then on, which didn't mean much after the first year. When I was twelve years old, I used a beet fork and loaded sugar beets on a wagon, which was considered a man's job. I was with my Dad one cold day in the fall. We were going to the field to haul sugar beets. It was so cold Dad asked me if I thought I could stand it or if we should go back home. I said I could stand it and we hauled the beets.

After two and one half years of high school I decided I should stay home and help with the work and fight the poverty problems. Those were, depression days and no money. June and I were staying in a labor house eight miles from home one fall hauling sugar beets after they had been topped and put in little piles. It was late in the fall and a little snow was on the ground and it was cold. One day I got the idea I should run away from home. I could be gone two or three days before my parents would know. I thought about it all day and then changed my mind and never did try it. When I was thirteen or fourteen years old I drove a team on an iron tired wagon and hauled sugar beets and later drove four head on a beet wagon. It was this time in life when my Dad, June, Allen and I were staying in the labor house on the Wick Ewing farm eight miles from home. Horses were our transportation on weekends and we would go home for groceries and Sunday and come back on Monday morning. June was home milking cows and Boots was with us. One week end the beets needed cultivating. We were haying so Dad showed me how to run the cultivator pulled by horses. I stayed and cultivated beets Saturday evening, Sunday and Monday mornings. Dad was

surprised to see how much I had cultivated. It really helped when we started to hoe the beets.

It was at this time 1925 or 1926 that we hauled our hay on an iron-tired wagon. When we went to the field, we always had to open the gate. Dad would ask one of us boys to open the gate. We would say, "I did it, let so and so do it." We would start to argue and Dad would get angry and open it himself. I decided I was going to change and solve the problem. When we came near the gate I would jump off the wagon, run ahead and open the gate. The horses didn't have to stop and would go on through and I would close the gate. The rest of the boys would rib me or make fun of me. This went on for three or four days then Allen decided to do it before I had a chance. That solved the problem. We didn't have any more gate arguments. One of us boys always had the gate open.

Now getting back to the religious side of my life, when I was seven or eight years old we were holding block meetings, where all the families on the block would get together and have a religious meeting. One night they turned it into a testimony meeting. I got up enough courage to stand up and bear my testimony. Later on, when I was twelve years old and was going to Mutual they turned it into a testimony meeting and I bore my testimony again. After that it became easier.

When I was going to Mutual and became an M-Man, my neighbor, Theron Ashcroft talked me into competing in the ward and stake in giving a ten minute talk. I will always thank him for that as it really helped me to learn to stand before people and talk. I did this for four or five years. One year I won out in the stake and went to the district.

I guess I had better get back to the work as I was in my teens. June, Dad and I did most or should I say all the farm work until Allen grew up. Dad and Mother had a big family to support. Our recreation was mostly Saturday night dances, which was a highlight in my life. I learned to dance in a girl's position and taught Allen how to dance, so we could get him out and going with the young folks. The first dance he danced on the dance floor was with me. I took Louise to the dances to get her mixing

with young people. As she met the boys one was Joe Rinderknecht and he introduced her to Rulon Stirland, whom she married. I used to select the best looking girls in the crowd and ask them for a dance. Some turned me down the rest I enjoyed very much.

One night at a dance, Norma Rinderknecht introduced me to Lois Merrill, who I began to dance with and then later asked her for a date. She was a vigorous healthy good-looking girl with an olive completion and dark brown eyes. This was October 1933 and on June 20, 1934 we were married for time and all eternity. Fifty dollars and one horse was all I had to my name and Lois had about the same. We lived with my folks until we could move a one-room house onto Dad's place. We lived there until the next April when the twins were born. We lived with Lois's folks for two or three months and then I got a job on a farm in Benson Ward. We stayed in Benson Ward four months. I worked from 4:00 A.M. until 7:30 P.M., milking cows and doing farm work for one dollar a day. We moved to Lois's folks for three months and then I got a job on a dairy west of Logan. Dr. C.J. Daines dairy later known as Cache Meadow Farm.

It was a real experience, for Lois, learning to be a mother of twin boys. They were identical and so attracted lots of attention. It was quite a traumatic and serious birth and the doctor advised us to be sure when we wanted more family as Lois could have the same problems again - and to remember that the Lord had saved her life to raise these two boys. Lois said, "The great thrill of becoming a mother is so rewarding and rich - so humbling - it is impossible to find words to explain a mother's emotions. My testimony strengthened each time the nurse laid a tiny baby in my arms and I looked into their little faces - so innocent and wise - having so much to tell me if I could only understand."

In May 1938 we moved to Ammon, Idaho and did farm work and potato sorting in a potato house. The second year we were in Ammon I got a chance to rent a farm from Fred Dietrich. We got a loan from the F.H.A. for nineteen hundred dollars and bought four head of horses, some horse and farm

equipment and five head of cows. We had one cow and now we milked six. The first fall we received a check for thirteen hundred dollars from our potato crop. We though we were in seventh heaven. In March 1945, after the second fall we sold all our horses, cows and equipment and moved to Chinook, Montana with my sister and her husband, Rulon and Louise Stirland.

During the years we lived in Ammon, Idaho we increased our family to four. On March 5, 1943, Quinton Frank was born. Quinton was blessed the same Sunday that Bruce and Brant were baptized. They were baptized by Gary Judy who later had to serve his country and lost his life in France. On October 26, 1944, Jeanette was born. She was to be a birthday present to her mother, but decided to wait two days. And now we have a little girl, ringlets, braids and curls, ribbon bows, fancy anklets, ruffles and lace, and a doll to be a mother to. So we moved to Montana with four children.

The Stirlands and our family rented a farm in Chinook and we operated it for the first year. In 1946 the Stirlands bought a farm thirteen miles east and we bought the farm we had rented. We raised sugar beets and hay and fed sheep in the winter. In July 2, 1947, we were blessed with another girl, Rebecca. This meant more ringlets, braids and curls, ribbon bows, fancy anklets, ruffles and lace, and a doll to be a mother to. The day Rebecca was born; I was in the hospital and got home just in time to attend our Branch Conference. Bert Murphy met me on the steps and told me that I was to be sustained as Branch President in this meeting. What a sudden surprise. A few weeks later I blessed my own daughter, being Branch President.

In 1948, we bought sixteen head of dairy heifers and a bull. In 1952 or 53 the sugar beet factory moved out of Chinook. Our dairy had grown and we became full time dairymen. We were a grade 'A' Dairy, and sold milk to Vita Rich Distributors in Havre, Montana. On November 22, 1951, another son was born, Lynn Monroe. This was Thanksgiving Day. Four sons, what a blessing. Rebecca had the measles so we took her over to Olga Blatter's for the day.

In 1952, we had a scary new experience - a flood for three weeks. That winter, Canada had an abundant snow fall where the Milk River heads. April was a beautiful, warm, sunshiny month, which caused the dam north of Havre to fill. This created flooding in the river and all the tributaries. West Fork of the Milk River ran right through our place, just west of our milking barns and house. Ordinarily there was very little water in it. We moved out thinking we would be back in a day or two. We ended up living at the church house for three weeks, sleeping on floors and benches.

The next day the boys and I moved all the stock up to the stockyards about a mile from home. The big Holstein bull had a ring in his nose and a long chain around his neck. They used these to chain him to the truck. It was a big relief to all when he offered no resistance. They put him in a railroad boxcar up at the stockyards. One night a knock came at the door of the church. Some Branch members came to tell me that it was just announced on the radio that all of the boxcars were to be moved from the stockyard. I took Bruce and Brant to help me move the animal. Once again, we had no trouble. We chained him to a big pole. Another dairyman had his stock there also. The two bulls really made a noise at times.

The water was so high you could not see the fence posts in the pastures. Gallons of milk had to be thrown away as the milk truck could not get from Havre to Chinook because of the high water. I told the branch members, if they wanted some milk to come down and get some. We had a big cement block home with a full basement. The water filled the basement up to the kitchen door, but did not get in the house. Our big coal furnace and water heater were all underwater as well as everything else. The boys and I rode horses down to the house until the bridge washed out. They would sleep in their own beds and leave the next day. They had left the window opened. Somehow our white cat survived the flood and crawled in through the window. She had the pick of the whole house, but chose to have her baby kittens in a wastepaper basket.

Homes were flooded, hay stacks were lost, and cars and machinery were under water. For health protection everyone had to have a typhoid shot and then sore arms. One life was lost. A young mother and her husband were going home and a bridge gave way. Her husband got out and she held onto a tree branch, but was finally washed down stream.

Another son was born on July 14, 1955, Tony Chantrill. Five sons and two daughters, what a blessing. Mother had chosen Ryan to be his name, but Bruce and Brant named him Tony right from the start and so mother consented. Chantrill is grandma Seamons maiden name. The boys grew up working on the farm and milking cows. Each fall they would take dairy heifers to the Blaine county Fair in Chinook. When they showed them, they would always come home with blue ribbons. We bought registered heifers in the beginning and always bought registered bulls from the top sires in the nation. Our stock was good enough that the FFA boys from the high school would come down to the dairy to judge dairy cattle. The teacher would ask me to set up the classes for judging. Later on, I was asked to judge the dairy cattle at the County Fair. I was given a plaque by the ADA of Montana for the outstanding breeder of Holstein dairy cattle on the high line of Montana. We sold a number of young heifers and young bulls to dairymen.

Bruce and Brant received their mission calls. Bruce went to Hawaii and Brant to Samoa. The farm work had to go on with more hired help as the younger boys were not old enough to do what Bruce and Brant had been doing. We looked forward to their letters and read them several times. Time soon passed and Bruce came home January 1958 and Brant in July of the same year. Bruce, Lois and I went to California to meet Brant. They had joined the National Guard while still in School and so now they had to go to six months training.

They both came to Montana and planned to be farmers. We bought another farm and in a year or two they decided they wanted to try something different and Brant moved to Utah and graduated from Weber State in Physical Education and Bruce went to Idaho

and was a successful Artificial Inseminator for several years and then started to sell farm equipment and is successful, because of his back ground in farming. He is now a referee for basketball and at his age he can still keep up with the youth, and his job with machinery salesmanship.

In Chinook, Montana I was called to be the Branch clerk. In the later part of 47 or early part of 48 I was called to be the Branch President and held that calling for seven years. It was a learning experience, but enjoyable. Other offices I held while in Chinook were Elders quorum president, Sunday School Superintendent. In the District I was Sunday School Councilor, councilor in the District Presidency two different times and was in that position when we left Chinook. I sang in the choir in Chinook and also sang in a few quartets. I really enjoyed living in Chinook. We fought the mosquitoes and had several cold weather experiences, which just added to the fond memories of our days in Montana.

In 1976, we thought of retiring and moving to a warmer climate. In 1977, we deeded the farming ground to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Through the instrument of a unitrust the Church had the title to the property, but we continue to receive an annuity income as long as one of us lives. In recognition of our gift to the Church, a special luncheon was held in the Lion House in Salt Lake City. Every child and spouse attended. President Nathan Eldon Tanner, councilor to the Prophet presented us with an edition of the scriptures that is signed by the First Presidency. "Your generous support of the church and its programs is deeply appreciated. The lives of many will be enriched, because of your concern and thoughtfulness.

"Thank you for lengthening your stride." Signed by Spencer W. Kimball, Nathan Eldon Tanner, and Marion G. Romney.

So with several days of tearful goodbyes, we left Chinook on a Monday morning. It was cloudy and chilly and snow flakes were falling by the time we reached Great Falls. One of Lois's sisters and her husband, Clifford and Marjorie Judy, came to Chinook to drive one of the U-Hauls pulling the

pickup and I drove the other one, pulling the car. We arrived in Mesa two days later in the evening during a rain storm. The next morning we had help to unload the trucks and our car port was so full we began to realize we should have left more in Montana.

Eldon was busy trying to find interests he could enjoy. He read in the newspaper of a Mormon Arizona Choir to be organized and so he auditioned and was accepted. He sang in it for a number of years presenting programs in several towns. The one big event was when they went to Salt Lake City and presented a program in the Tabernacle. I also wanted to run some marathons and so that meant hours of activity of different kinds and when I was in my sixties I ran three 26 mile marathons, two in Salt Lake and one in Scottsdale, Arizona.

In 1979, I hiked the Grand Canyon with two fellows from our ward, down the south side across the canyon up the north side and returned out the south side.

Lois stayed busy emptying boxes and finding a place for everything and trying to make our home look like a home. I shed many tears, as I was not completely happy to be out of our home in Chinook, where we had lived for thirty two and a half years. I will never forget the choice friends and the many memories we shared. Our daughters said, "Dad and mother live in Mesa, Arizona, but home is in Chinook, Montana." A great calling came to us in April 1978. We were set apart as temple workers, a calling that has been the greatest in our lives.

Eldon Monroe Seamons passed away on January 2, 1995, in Mesa, Arizona. The funeral was in Hyde Park, Utah cemetery on January 10, 1995. An Article written in the 9th Ward newsletter written by Lois Seamons:

Eldon is from a family of twelve children; he is number seven. He was born in Hyde Park, Utah. I am the oldest of a family of four girls. I was born in Providence, Utah. These towns are north and south of Logan in the beautiful Cache Valley. Eldon attended North Cache High in Richmond and I attended South Cache High in Hyrum. Both towns were about fifteen miles from our homes, and

transportation was via the electric street car. Eldon and I have a lot in common. We both grew up learning to take responsibility and were both active in school and church activities. We were also taught the value of work and of providing for ourselves. We both grew up in LDS communities. We were both baptized in the Logan Temple.

Eldon says that the difference in our youth was that I did not have a brother to teach me more during those years. Of course he has never convinced me that I missed much.

We met on the evening of my 20 birthday. That Sunday evening, I answered a knock at the door and there was Eldon. He asked me if I would go for a ride up Logan Canyon. I knew who he was, but not his name. I answered, "Maybe, let me talk to Mother." Of course, Mother wanted to know his name. I said, I only knew he was from Hyde Park, but his sister had married a fellow on our street two years ago, and they were a nice couple. Mother said I could go, but to please not stay too late. It was time pleasantly spent, but another brother and his girl friend were with us. I never heard so many nicknames, two or three for each brother and sister and members of the Hyde Park Ward. I was so confused. I did not know who I was with, and I hated to ask, but I did have a date for next Saturday night to go to the dance. That started steady dating as neither of us dated anyone else after that.

Excerpts from the Life History of Eldon Monroe Seamons

SECTION 63

ALFRED LEROY SOUTHWICK

Alfred Leroy Southwick (known as Roy) was born to James Nephi Southwick and Mary Etta Norton in Lehi, Utah on 13 February 1887. He was one of twelve children and not all lived at birth. Roy's parents lived in Lehi, Utah until he was about fifteen months old when they moved to Idaho. They

drove here in a wagon with what things they had. His Dad, James Nephi bought 80 acres from his brother Samuel who had homesteaded here about two years earlier. Samuel homesteaded 160 Acres and agreed to give James Nephi Southwick 80 acres of it, if he would clear all 160 acres. That 80 acres was located where Leonard McDonald lived, one mile north of 17th and Ammon Lincoln road. Later on, James Nephi Southwick traded that 80 acres to Kid Owens for 80 acres in town (Ammon) so they could be closer to school and church. This included the Clark Judy and Casey Jones property and the present property called the Southwick Addition.

Roy reports that property in those days would sell for about ten to fifteen dollars an acre. His father, James Nephi was offered 160 acres which was owned by Al and Lena Lenweber located on east 1st street for a total price of three hundred dollars, but he did not have the money. The Southwicks were as well off as others in the valley, but money was not very plentiful.

Roy reports that his mother was about like any good mother. She could make a home out of a log hut. She took good care of us kids. They didn't have carpets on the floors of the two rooms and a dirt roof. Farming was quite a chore....running 80 acres with not much machinery. When Dad started out I wasn't big enough to do much but play around. The first I remember is Jim, my brother, and Dad would go out in the mornings to plow and grub brush. Jim would drive the horses and the brush was so high you couldn't see the horses on the other side. Jim was small and sometimes the plow would tip over but Dad was close by and would straighten him up again. At night we would all go out and burn the sage brush they had piled up during the day. You could see fires that people had started burning all over the valley. They would clear a patch of land, burn the brush, then plant it and then they would just have to depend on rainfall to make it grow until the canals and ditches could be built.

Roy attended school in a one room log school house, which contained all eight grades. The monument standing in the yard of the old Ammon High School is where the log school stood. For

recreation, they relied on dances a lot and went on sleigh rides, skated and went horseback riding. They did not have football and basketball teams in those days. He always said he was the second smartest in his class, but there were only two of them. When he got to third grade they kept him for two years because he slept too much during class the year before.

At Christmas time, everyone would gather at the old recreation hall for a community Christmas. All the gifts and toys would be placed on a community Christmas tree and Santa Claus would come. Roy said he could always pick his present before they were passed around because every year he would always get a ten cent mouth organ.

During this period of time his parents would never start the long five mile trip to town unless they had all day in which to make the trip. He remembered there were no bridges so creeks had to be forded. They really had a lot of snow in those days also. Not just the little skiffs we have now (1950s). The snow would get to be four or five feet deep on the level. It would freeze so hard the horses and sleighs could go over the top of it and it would be so deep they could go in any direction because the fences would all be buried and could not stop them.

He said he always participated in foot races and athletics and things like that. They had plays and he was in so many of them he thought they might not be able to put one on without him. Roy said his parents did not believe in whipping kids. When they told us that was good enough. We took it for granted they meant it or they wouldn't have told us. Roy's older brother left home when he grew up and left him with a house full of sisters.

He went to school in Ammon through the 7th grade then his Dad sent him to Rexburg. I guess he thought it would do me good to see something besides the farm and Ammon. So my cousin, Roy Norton and I were sent to Rexburg. We got into a dormitory. This dorm had boys on one side and girls on the other with a big hall in between us. That is where I learned most of my meanness. Roy Norton and I were pretty good friends. We were born and raised together. He was four days older than I. Our

mothers only lived one half mile apart. Norton and I were full cousins.

He said, I used to go around with this Roy Norton a lot and he got me into a lot of trouble. Everything that transpired in the daytime Norton would tell it in his sleep. Then his mother would get it and then we would wonder how in the world did she get it. Then she would come down and tell my mother and we were both in dutch. So I told him if he didn't cut it out I was going to seek another friend.

I never had many hardships because we had just so many chores to do and since there was only Dad and I to do them. If I wanted to stay away, I would tell Dad and when he went away, I knew it was up to me. I knew I had so much to do and he had so many and if one wanted to shift it on to the other for a night it was perfectly all right. In the winter we had animals to feed and three or four cows to milk.

I remember the first horse and buggy I had. Dad gave me a team if I would not smoke or drink until I was twenty. From there you are on your own, he said. So, I thought that was a pretty good way to get a team and harness. When I got to eighteen or nineteen I said to my Dad I don't want a team. I want a horse and buggy. He said that was Okay, sell one and buy a buggy..... which I did. I bought about as swell a buggy as was available in Idaho Falls for \$100. I had sold the horse for \$125, so I had one horse, one buggy and \$25 to boot. (In those days a pair of shoes could be bought for \$2.00, a pair of pants for \$1.50, a shirt for \$0.50.)

Courtship and Marriage

About eighteen or nineteen, somewhere along there I met Permelia. I thought she was a pretty nice gal and I'd like to meet her again but about that time she moved away and I thoughtwell that is all off, I won't see her any more. She moved to Rexburg. I don't know if I had any influence on my parents to send me to Rexburg, but they did and I didn't know she would be there. She was about the first one I met when I got to the Academy (Ricks College).

There were several livery stables in Rexburg. You could rent a horse and buggy for half a day for a dollar. We could go bicycling, there were dances every week end. However, in Rexburg they chopped us down so we could only go every other week. Some of us would run away and go to Sugar City to their dances. They soon stopped that by sending one of the faculty up there to take tickets and they wouldn't sell us one....that stopped that fun.

Roy finished his schooling at Ricks Academy, Rexburg, Idaho. While there he began to court Permelia Losser. Later they were married by a judge on the 12th of February 1907 and the following fall they traveled to Salt Lake to the Temple and were sealed on 9 October, 1907.

To this marriage they were blessed with four children: Glen, Melba, Gail, and Roy L. Southwick. While living on the farm, which is now the Southwick Addition, he decided that twenty acres wasn't enough land to raise a family so he bought the adjoining twenty acres for one thousand dollars and a team of horses. He farmed this land for seven years and when the oldest boy, Glen was five and Melba two, they moved to California where he worked as a machinist for the Union Pacific Railroad. While living there he had an accident that cost him part of two fingers. They stayed three years then moved back to the farm they had leased while gone.

Paying the bills and getting down to Ammon to all the activities was the hard part. Sometimes we had a horse and buggy, but in the winter we had to use a lizard... a flat bottomed outfit with home made skis made from poles on the underside. We would hook a horse to it, then put you kids on it and down the road we would go.

Our biggest problem was keeping water for the stock. Sometimes we would melt snow, but most of the time we would put barrels on that Lizzard and go west to big Sand Creek or east to Little Sand Creek to get water to fill the barrels. Either way it was about a quarter mile away. Along with water and electricity was the price of produce. Hay sold for about \$3.00 a ton during the 1920s and 1930s. Sometimes wheat was \$4.00 a hundred pounds. Roy said sometimes he

would be happy if he could get 1 cent for a pound of wheat or \$1.00 for a hundred pounds.

Roy said he believed he paid \$50 an acre for land. So 40 acres would cost \$2,000. He reports that he bought 20 acres from Jack Jones. His place joined Roy's place on the south. He and Jack Jones decided that 20 acres was not enough for either of them, so Roy gave him \$1,000 and a team of horses for the land. A team would be worth at least \$400. He paid approximately \$70 an acre depending on the value of the horses.

The first car I bought was a second hand Chandler for which I paid \$1,000. We use to load it down to the guns. Every time we filled the tank we had to put in a quart of oil. We could only go to town on a gallon of gas. Tires cost \$65 each and they were fabric, not cord. If you got 10,000 miles you were lucky. I kept the car until it wouldn't go then traded it in for a Whippet, I think. I remember one Plymouth we bought for about \$900 brand new.

When Roy came back from California he farmed until 1932 when he sold the farm to Glen, his oldest son. He then bought his father's house in Ammon at the corner of Rawson and Ammon Road. He went to work for the Ammon School District replacing Mr. Wold as the Maintenance/Janitor and this lasted for about 25 years.

This was a good move as they were in the middle of the Great Depression. Money was hard to come by, but the maintenance job at the school provided an income that he could purchase the home of his fathers for half of his monthly income at the time. This was a good way to get ahead and help out members of his own family.

I was on the school board for about 15 years. I resigned to take the custodial job. I was on the Village board and also the cemetery board. Our biggest problem for the Ammon Village was clean water. So many people drank ditch water. Some people now say if you drink ditch water you'll die, but a lot of people drank it and some of us lived. I think I took a big part in obtaining domestic water for the village. We had several board meetings and several cottage and mass meetings where most of the people came

and voted. They all wanted the water, but the price was so high we couldn't afford it.

As time went by we found we could bond for \$20,000 and put water to all the people in Ammon. The first well was dug in back of the stucco building in the school yard between the church and southwest of the school. We went to Irvin Nielsen, a rancher in the Ammon area to sell the bonds. At first we found the big money lenders in the East were not interested in such small amounts, but the Nielsen Brothers loaned us the money... (\$30,000).

Roy's wife Permellia died on the 21 of March 1959. Roy was 72 and for the next five years he lived alone in his house on the corner. His son Glen and his wife lived next to him and his other son, Roy lived just down the block. In 1964 he went to live with his son Roy L. Southwick. He suffered a stroke and died a short time later on 31 March 1968 at home with his son Roy at his side. He was 81 years of age.

Excerpts taken from the Life Story of Alfred Leroy Southwick compiled and edited by Sandra Marie Southwick Arave December, 2009.

Permelia Elizabeth Losser Southwick

Permelia was born in Panguitch, Utah 7 January 1886 the daughter of John Henry Losser and Emma Keller. John Henry immigrated from Switzerland where he was born 4 September, 1851. Emma's parents, John Keller and Sussette Halfer, who were from Switzerland, had apparently been sent to St. George from Ogden in 1861-1865 to develop that part of the country. 500 families were originally assigned to move down there in 1861 and then an additional 300 families as they grew and developed.

The Swiss immigrants were chosen to go to St. George due to their knowledge and skill in growing grapes and producing wine. There is a great Swiss heritage there and in the old Tabernacle, around the ceiling, are 184 plaster clusters of grapes in memory of this heritage. Wine was the cash crop in St. George and carried the economy in the 1860s and 1870s when the cotton failed to produce as much

as desired. The great city of St. George came into being and was established to grow cotton which they needed because the Civil War had stopped the production and exportation of the much needed fiber for making clothing.

The Civil War ended in 1865 and the South began to produce and distribute cotton again. This alone sealed the fate of the cotton growers in Santa Clara and Washington fields. However people continued to drink wine since they were from Europe and the water left something to be desired. Immigrants passing through on the Spanish Trail to California bought wine by the barrels which provided much needed cash money into the St. George economy. The Swiss heritage of the settlers in this area such as John and Sussette Keller provided the knowledge and know how in the production of the vineyard.

John Keller was a polygamist and had four wives of record. Emma was the only child alive from the first wife of Sussette Halfer and as reported by Permelia, her mother, Emma as a teenager, was feeling picked on so she decided to leave and go to California with a wealthy family that had come to Santa Clara to restock and continue their trek to California.

When Emma left Santa Clara with this unknown family they made their way 50 miles north to the town of Enterprise and then another fifty miles or so over a small pass into the next valley where Pioche, Nevada had a stage stop or pony express stop to relieve and refresh the riders and horses. It was there that Emma met John Henry Losser. I can imagine he was looking for a wife and Emma was escaping one life and looking for another life. She stayed in Pioche and in a short time ended up falling in love and marrying this young man and never went to California. Brigham Young had strongly advised against going to California to seek gold as many young people wanted to do, so she probably was glad to not go. She was 15 years old when she married John Losser in 1876 and he was 25.

In the 1870s the telegraph line and the pony express were outdated with the installation of the telegraph lines and the railroad. Consequently John Losser and his new family would probably be out

of a job. Soon after they were married they moved to Leeds, Utah. This was a mining town 20 miles north of St. George where they mined for silver with thousands of people working the mines. Primarily they were Italian immigrants of Catholic descent. John and Emma's second child was born there so I am supposing he found employment there. Because of the historical record of this rough mining town I am supposing that they soon discovered that it was not a good place to raise children. Some how, they discovered Panguitch, Utah and were able to purchase an 80 acre farm there. It was here that Permelia was born in 1886 in a small community of 200 or less ten years after her parents were married.

Let's return to Permelia's story as recorded by Roy Southwick, her son in 1959. "My father, John Henry Losser, farmed when he lived in Panguitch. He had 80 acres. All were run with horses. He just used a small plow. We used to have the threshers. It was like it used to be here (in Ammon) all the neighbors would come over to exchange help. The thresher was run by horse power. My Dad would go help them and they would come back and help him. They would bring their horses, because the thresher was like a mill. Those men would come for breakfast, then for dinner and even stay for supper. The wives came to help the same as the men. Each individual family furnished the food if it was your farm for everyone, then as they moved to the next farm they were responsible."

"While we were in Panguitch there were five of us girls that were singers and we sang at every thing in town. We thought they couldn't get along without us. We went to dances, had boy friends, and were quite popular. I was seventeen years old. When we left Panguitch they had parties for us girls and Mother and Dad. I will never forget, I was feeling so bad that we had to leave. They had my Dad get up in church and he said, I did not know you loved us this much or I would never have sold out. We had this farm and this house and lot and we had a pasture down by the river. We were pretty well fixed. We were comfortable, well thought of, invited to all parties. We all went to church and were baptized."

"Dad moved our family to Idaho Falls first, for Dad to work at the Lincoln Sugar Beet Factory. My father came up on the train and he liked the country and since he had a chance to sell his property in Panguitch, he had enough money to pay cash for 80 acres on the corner of First Street and Ammon Lincoln Road, on the north side."

"On the way to Idaho Falls we rode in two wagons and one buggy. My father just about did all the cooking. He was always good to my mother. He just treated my mother like she was a queen. It took us a month to make the trip. The roads were not good. All the way from Panguitch to Idaho Falls we only saw one automobile, even through Salt Lake City, that automobile pretty near scared the horses to death. Ern would drive a wagon and father a wagon and mother would drive the buggy with all us kids in it. We went around big high mountains and on the way down we'd bawl and be scared.

We got to Idaho Falls in August and stayed until the next March. I worked for Mrs. Mark Austin in the company house they had in Lincoln. Sus worked for Mrs. Gadding and we did housework. Susana, George and his wife Lillian did not come with us, instead they came on the train. My Dad, Ern and George all worked at the Sugar Factory, building it. In March, we all moved up to Rexburg and Father worked on the Sugar Factory at Sugar City and so did George in the construction of the plant. They used their horses and equipment. I don't suppose they made so much, but it seemed like a lot in those days. It bought a lot more than it does now.

My father took us to Rexburg so we could go to school. That is where I met Leroy (Roy) Southwick. (*Roy reports in his history that he first met Permelia in Ammon but she moved to Sugar City and he figured that was it and he would not see her again*) When we lived in the Idaho Falls area, Sus met Jess Fulmer and Jess was working in the Sugar Factory. He never quit talking about Sus and I coming down to Ammon to the dance. So, one night Mother and Father, Roy Norton's Dad and Mother in a sleigh, with us girls, all came down to the dance in Ammon. (Note; twenty miles in a sleigh at that time of the year is a

long ways and a major event.) Sus had been going with Jess Fulmer. He was from Springville, Utah. It was here in Ammon I met Roy. On the way home of course, Roy Norton kept talking about this Roy Southwick. Sus said to me, I will marry Jess and you marry Roy Southwick. We thought he was that nice.

So we went to Ricks and one day Roy Norton came up to me at a dance and said do you remember Roy Southwick, I said I sure do and he said he wants to dance with you, so I said for him to come over and I want to dance with him too. That's when we started going together. We went together for two years while at school. In 1907 Roy and I got married on the 12th of February and it was not until 9 October 1907 we got married in the Salt Lake Temple. We quit school and came down here to Ammon and bought the farm and built the home where all you kids grew up one quarter mile west on 17th and Ammon Lincoln Road corner.

It was something when we built that little home. We thought it was a grand home because it was ours. We had it fixed quite nice. In 1917 we went to Gridley, California to visit my parents and went to the Worlds Fair while there. We decided to stay and we stayed for three years. We leased the farm in Ammon to Bivers. Roy had a good job and yes he made good money, but he never liked it a bit. After a few years later after we had moved back to Ammon I was visiting in California and I talked to a fellow who got Roy's job. He said. "Mrs. Southwick, I wish I could go to Idaho and see that little farm that Roy would give up this good job for."

I (Permelia) want to tell you a little history. I worked in the Primary starting when Glen was a baby. I was a teacher and I must have worked there for about twenty years and just loved every bit of it. I was Primary President during the time of three Bishops; Leonard Ball, Lyle Anderson and Lyman Whiting. Roy was superintendent of the Sunday School. One of the reasons Dad went to Rexburg again after we were married was to go there to take a Sunday School course. Then, when we came back to Ammon is when he became Superintendent of the Sunday School. We lived in Rexburg that year and that is where Glen was born.

I finally went to Lyle Anderson, the Bishop and asked him to release me. The Bishop said, "Meal has somebody hurt your feelings?" and I said "No, but somebody else ought to have this opportunity." When they released me I cried. Myra Purcell said, "Why are you bawling, you asked to be released." I had worked in the mutual and in the Sunday School a lot, but I loved the Primary more than any. I loved all the ladies who worked with me. Clara Bingham just never forgets me on Christmas or birthdays or nothing.

I worked with Dean Judy in the Relief Society as a counselor. I was the work director all the time Uarda Whiting was in and all with Ceratta Field. I mean worked. When they would call me up and tell me to bring twenty ladies in to cut corn at the cannery today, I went around and gathered the ladies up and took them home. Then they would call and say can you come in and help in the store house and I would go in and work all day. Then we quilted too. That is what I mean when I say I worked. When Zola Ricks was in the presidency she asked me if I would write out all the birthday cards so I would take all the cards around to the ladies homes to wish them happy birthday. After we moved off the farm into Ammon we always kept about four teachers at our home. All those people still write and come to visit us.

Excerpts from the life story of Permelia Elizabeth Losser Southwick compiled and edited by Sandra Marie Southwick Arave December 2009

SECTION 64

WILLIAM EDWARD SPEAS & VIOLET HAMMER SPEAS

by Leni Speas Kirkbride

William Edward Speas and Violet Hammer Speas moved their family of six children into Ammon late March 1949, after being snowed in all winter at a farm west of Pingree, Idaho. They bought the white cinder block house in the northwest corner

of the town site from Wilford Hokanson who built the upper portion on a basement home which was originally built by Bryant and Miranda Stringham. Their nearest neighbors were Grace Hammer and her family to the east and the Clark Barzee family southwest around the corner of the road with the fields and farm land all around north and west of their acreage.

William worked for Midland Elevators, but he had been a farmer all his life. Our brother Gene was just out of the Navy at 21; Eunice was 19 and worked at a bank. Billie Jo was 9 1/2, and Thora was 8 years, they were in grade school. Lena and I (Lenis) identical twins, were 15 and in our second semester of our sophomore year. It was our fourth high school, so we were happy and thankful to stay and finish and graduate from Ammon High School. Our graduating class of 1951 was the last class of Ammon High School. In 1952 it was consolidated and became Bonneville High School.

My twin sister Lena and I started as 13-yr-old Freshmen at Midway High School near Lewisville, Idaho. Then our folks bought a large farm west of Pingree, and we finished our Freshman year at Thomas High School. It consolidated and became Snake River High so you can understand why Lena and I were happy to settle in the village of Ammon and finish school. We had started as 5 yr-old first graders at a 2-room country school called Taysom after our Great Grandfather Henry C. Taysom who had donated the land in 1903 and helped build the school south of Woodville.

My father was born in Carrol County, Virginia; where they heard the L.D.S. missionaries. One was from Idaho named Porter. His son (Jesse) wound up in Ammon, two blocks south of us. Mrs. Porter often accompanied our duets when we sang at church and civic programs. Our parents married in Bingham County and we were all born at Woodville. When



Lenis D. and Lena F. Speas, 14 1/2 years old

we moved to Ammon, it was a new school for us and that is always scary. On our first day Joan Goodson spoke to us and told us where things were. She later became one of our best friends in high school. We remember school and people in Ammon fondly.

Sam Fairchild was our principal and he helped us arrange our classes and credits from previous schools. Mr. Fairchild was not just an excellent principal and teacher, he was a wonderful human being and a caring friend. Ammon had some exceptional teachers as well. We became friends with many of them: Coach Richards and his wife came to our class reunions, as did Mrs. Lorraine Lockyer, and others. Mrs. Lockyer taught English and book-keeping as well as math. I thanked her for what I learned in her book-keeping class, because I kept the books for 2 years for Dr. John Maheras and later for Dr. James G. McCue and sent out the statements.

Mr. Bradley was very encouraging in our singing and in our art. He attended Lena's funeral at Inkom in July 1991, as did our Snake River High Seminary teacher, James O. Adams. I really loved Rosalie Goodwin, who taught Home Ec. and arts and crafts, who nurtured our arts talents. I estimate from 1949 through 1951, Lena and I produced 80% of all promotional posters, art work and advertisements for school, community and church. We worked with

Mrs. Goodwin on many projects and she always had constructive advice and critique.

Students and families who influenced our lives in so many ways were the Judy families; Jeannine and her sister, Dahl and other sisters; Odetta Crow and her family. She and I shared an apartment in I.F. later and she is one of my best friends; Karen and Glenna Elkington. Families that I remember are the Picketts, Empeys, Balls, Buttars, Wirkus, Southwick, Anderson, Covert, Hokanson, Smith and Campbells. Most of the Hammers were my Mother's 2nd cousins; The Martins, Fifes, and Jim Christensen. Our friends Kay and Lynn Blatter (he lockered above us and dropped books on us) were school and civic leaders.

Most of the boys seemed afraid to ask us for dates, unless they could tell us apart. Even the teachers had to learn which was which. The farm land north and west of our home was sold to real estate developers; they started building homes in the Hill View Housing Site, so to avoid a heavily populated city in our back yard, Dad sold our home late in 1953, and bought a farm in Jameston – Taylor south of Idaho Falls. But my happiest memories and experiences are of Woodville and the Ammon town. Thanks for the friendships, the love, experiences, and wonderful memories that help one get through the hard parts of life.

Yesterday is history, tomorrow's a mystery. Today is a Gift — that's why it's called the Present.

SECTION 65

JOSEPH & LA DILLA THOMPSON

Dad's parents were Andrew Niels Thompson and Harriet Ann Walker. Mother's were William Leavitt and Francis Caroline Corbridge. Dad's ancestors came from Denmark (on his Father's side) Great Grandfather Peter Thompson served in the Kings Army in the Calvary. After he left the army the family joined the church. Andrew was eleven at the time. They did many things to earn and save money

so they could join the other members of the church in America. (Utah) The trip on the ocean took 11 weeks and 2 days. On their trek to Utah the children walked most of the way, Andrew holding little Mary's hand. On this trek they buried their 2½ year old son Joseph and 5 weeks later a baby girl was born. They named her Josephine after little Joseph. After reaching Brigham City, Utah they spent four years with Grandma Jensen living in her basement. Here Andrew worked as a shoemaker and herded sheep. Andrew's parents anxious to have their own place they prepared to build a home. When word came from the president of the church to go to Idaho to Bear Lake section and help settle it, they began to prepare to move changing their plans to build a home. In Bear Lake they found a lovely little unsettled valley and settled into a place called Bloomington.

During the winter the mail was carried over the mountains by someone on snowshoes. The trip was made many times by Andrew from Paris to Franklin, Idaho. It was here in Bear Lake he met and married Harriet. They and another couple left in a covered wagon to travel to the endowment house in Salt Lake City. This was in November. The weather was really cold and on their way home it started snowing. The snow was so deep the only way they could keep warm and alive was to walk. Their clothes got wet and froze stiff as boards. Grandma always said the Lord was caring for them and they got safely home. They built a home and were able to live there for a while and had three children. Then a call came from the church once more to leave their home, this time to help settle Arizona. They joined a group of 9 others and headed south. Travel was slow and many times impossible as there were no roads to travel on. In the mountains in some places they had to go down slowly by fastening ropes and chains to the trees and rocks and lowering the wagons down. The women and children got out and watched. When they came to the big Colorado River they were able to cross on a ferry and the children loved it. This trip took 11 weeks. When they got to Safford, Arizona they were told to claim land and make a home in a little Mormon town called Layton. They were few



*The Thompson Family. Front: La Dilla (mom), Boyd, Joseph (dad);
back: Loy, Fae, Ned, Mazell, Celia*

in numbers and the population around consisted mostly of Mexicans. They had a hard time adjusting to the heat coming from such a cold climate and there was much sickness.

Mary was born while they were in Layton, they now had four children. After 2 years they were told to return home. Nine other families returned with them. Their daughter Adelia had typhoid fever and was very ill, it was only through faith and prayers she recovered. The trip home was very hard and they were threatened by hostile Indians. One night they made camp and settled down for the night. Grandpa insisted they break camp and move on till dark. They later learned others who camped there had all been massacred and their wagons burned. They knew their lives had been saved by prayer. The trip home took 5 weeks.

On returning home to Bloomington in Bear Lake Andrew secured a small dirt roofed, two room cabin and moved his family in. They were happy to be home and enjoyed the simple things of life. They had not been there long before a baby boy was born, Joseph, my dad. One morning some of their cattle broke out. Andrew got on a horse and went after them. The

horse was green broke and a dog ran out and frightened the horse. The horse threw him and he hit his head on a stump and he had a terrible bump, he rode to the house after rounding up the cattle, a very sick man. He had terrible nose bleeds, they did everything they could for him, he was sick for 2 weeks and he passed away

December 22, 1887. He was buried on Christmas day, how sad. He was 36 years old. Dad was only 6 months old. They had not had time since returning from Arizona to lay away a store of goods for the families needs thus leaving Grandma in very humble circumstances with 5 young children to feed. She left Adelia with the children and worked at anything she could, cooking, midwife, cleaning homes, etc. Through her strong faith help came from many different sources. She always paid her tithing in eggs. She has many inspirational stories I could tell but this I know she was a woman of much faith. After all the children married and left she remained in her small home in Bloomington until she died in 1939.

My Dad grew up without a Father. When he was older he worked on ranches haying and breaking horses and helped his Mother as much as he could.

Mother was born in Auburn; they lived there 4 years before moving to Lewiston, Utah where Mother spent most of her growing up years. While visiting her sister in Auburn she met my Dad who was working on a ranch there. They later married and settled in Bloomington; there they had five children, Loy, Fae,

Ned, Mozell and Celia. Dad worked at several jobs. It was during the depression and work was scarce. He got work in Idaho Falls working on the dam at the falls, he moved his family to Ammon, I was a year old. After living in Idaho Falls for a short while they were able to buy a small home on 5 acres from a Mr. Simpson. Boyd was born 6 years later. Later Dad worked at the sugar factory, shoeing horses and did cement finishing. While at the sugar factory he slipped and fell into a large cog and his hand went into the cog. Someone had presence of mind to turn off the power before his whole body went through it. He lost a whole thumb on this right hand but in time learned to use his hand quite well.

We were very poor but resourceful we had a huge garden and everyone helped. Mom canned for what seemed like months. We had chickens, cows and pigs so we were able to survive during the big depression. My Mother was a beautiful seamstress and would take 2nd hand clothes handed down from cousins and remodel them and make them ours. They were very original. She sewed at night while Dad worked at the sugar factory. Later when we could afford new clothes she made most of the girl's clothes and all of our formals, and taught us about sewing.

Some of the memories I have of growing up in our little town of Ammon are still pretty clear. It was a good place to grow up, it was small and everyone knew each other. Many of the activities were centered around the church. I loved primary and Sunday school and although my parents weren't very active they always supported us in what we did. All the kids in Ammon went to church so we all had much in common and we felt like we were accepted.

Ours was a neighborhood where everyone was welcome to join in our games and sports. We played a lot of night games, kick the can, hide and seek, and run sheepy run usually in our field. Our parents never worried like they would today as we stuck together and when one of the parents called we all went home. We played baseball in the lot behind the church and swam in the canal, hoed beets, thinned beets and had fun doing it.

Ed Williams was our village blacksmith. He was kind to all of us and would let us watch him. Mozell, Marilyn Blatter and I used to buy a big sack of taffy kisses and float down the canal on big inner tubes getting in by Blatters forty; we would float until the kisses were gone and walk back on the gravel and stickers.

All the kids played in the big snow drifts in the winter with our sleighs. None of us spent much time indoors. They built a new gym and the school had one ball game and early in the morning it burned down. We lived about 3 blocks from the school, large pieces of tar paper flew through the air and sparks every where. I think I was about 7 then so we went to school in the basement of the church for quite a while. Later, in the new building, we roller skated every Saturday; the new school rented us the skates for about 15 cents if I remember right. We really looked forward to it. Then I remember the 4th of July and 24th of July in the park behind the church. They had food booths and games for all ages (as I remember it). I loved growing up in Ammon. Things have changed a lot since then but the memories stay the same.

Our family members are:

Loy married John Cambell. They farmed on Martins flat. They are both deceased. They had 4 children. Fae married Melvin Saunders. They had a farm in Sandy, Utah, right on State Street. Today there is a mall there. Melvin is deceased; Fae turned 90 on September 24, 2010. They had 5 children. Ned married Joyce Olson. He died from injuries received in a car wreck at the age of 29. They had 1 child. Mozell married Max Drollinger. They later divorced, they had 5 children. She later married George Cauble. George worked for the phone company. He is deceased. Mozelle lives in Idaho Falls.

Celia married Duane Jones, vet and rancher. They have 6 children and live in Idaho Falls. Boyd married Joy Hatfield, she is deceased. He was self employed until he retired. They had 3 children, Boyd lives in Idaho Falls.

By Celia Thompson Jones

SECTION 66

GEORGE WALLACE WADSWORTH FAMILY

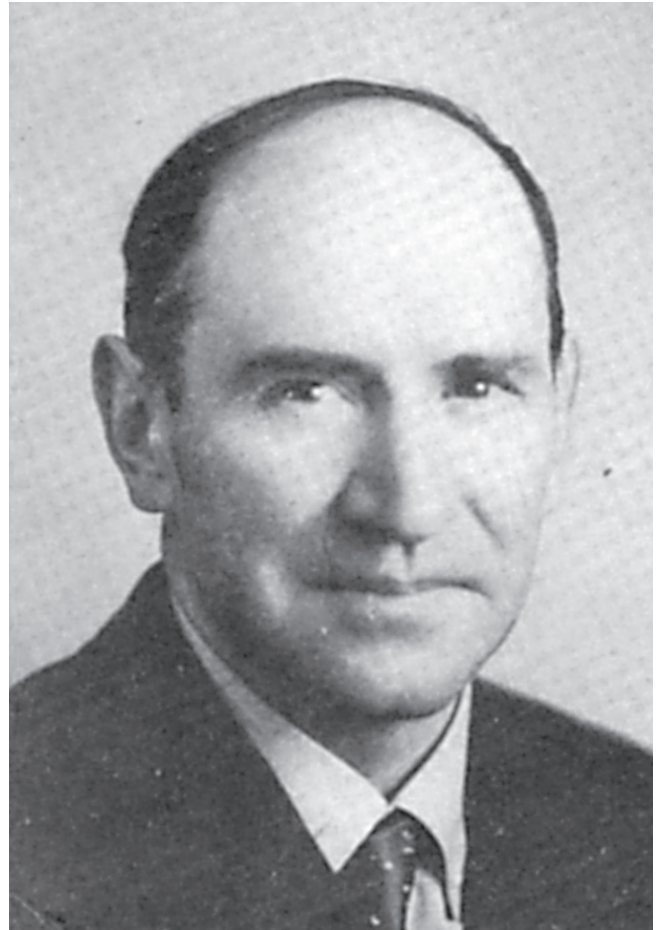
George Wallace Wadsworth descended from early LDS church convert Abiah Wadsworth and Eliza Ann Hardy who were married in Lincolnville, Waldo, Maine and moved west to join the Mormon pioneers in Utah. They settled near Hooper, Utah and then came and homesteaded in Taylor, Bingham, Idaho.

Wallace, as he was called, Abiah's great grandson, and his wife, Elsie (Fowers) Wadsworth left their home in Hooper, Utah and came to Idaho in 1920. At first they bought land on 1st St., sold it and bought land east of Big Sand Creek on 17th St. on the north side of the road, then moved to a farm about a mile south of Ammon on the west of Ammon Road. They were living there in 1933 when their son Paul died on a horse riding accident. Later Wallace and Elsie bought a prefabricated home, in what was likely the late 1930's, and erected the home at what is now, 3455 Sunnyside Rd.

He was very active in the community, serving in the LDS church as 1st Counsellor to Bishop Lyle Anderson and also served on the school board from 1929 to 1935. He served on the village board from 1940 to 1951 and was water master for the village after the village well was drilled in 1946 until he left the board. As water master he read the water meters and collected the water bill from the residents who were on the village water system.

After leaving the farm, he was employed by Scowcroft and Bros. Grocery Wholesalers for many years in Idaho Falls. He and Elsie bought the Confectionary Store across the street from the Ammon School and ran that business from 1945-51. They sold it to Marvin and Marie Anderson, then he became a Bonneville County Weed Supervisor until 1966.

Wallace and Elsie had three children, Park G. (Marjorie Croft of Lincoln), Keith and Paul. Keith was very popular as a student, he was small but very quick. He was a very good trumpet player and played in the school band and performed with his



George Wallace Wadsworth

friend Jack Bailey in church and other venues. He contracted what is believed to be Parkinson's Disease after his school days and was an invalid confined to a wheel chair most of his adult life. He was active in church and served as a ward financial clerk in the early 1950's and lived with his dad. Elsie died in 1951 and Wallace died in December of 1972. Keith passed away in September, 1974 in Idaho Falls. All are buried in the Ammon Cemetery.⁶¹

⁶¹ Miranda Stringham, Old Ammon Idaho, USA. P 249 and recollections of Val Crow and Roy Southwick Jr.

SECTION 67

REUBEN & EMMA WATERS

By daughter Lauradene Minnick

Reuben and Emma Waters moved to Ammon in the year 1933. They had four children, Letha, Louise, Helen, Lorin, and Stella (mother's youngest sister). Later four more children came into the family. Bunna, Larry, Lauradene and Harvey. Lauradene is the only child in the family that was born at home weighing only 5 lbs. She was kept warm on the wood burning oven door.

Our home is still there on the corner of Midway and Owen Streets on about one and one half acres. We do not know who owned the house before we moved in. The house was a small two bedrooms that were divided by a curtain, a front room, kitchen, a back porch and a half basement that was used for food storage and etc. Our home had brown weathered boards all around. We had no bathroom so we would bathe in a double galvanized tub twice a week in the kitchen. There was a large portable potty we used at night. We had an outhouse that

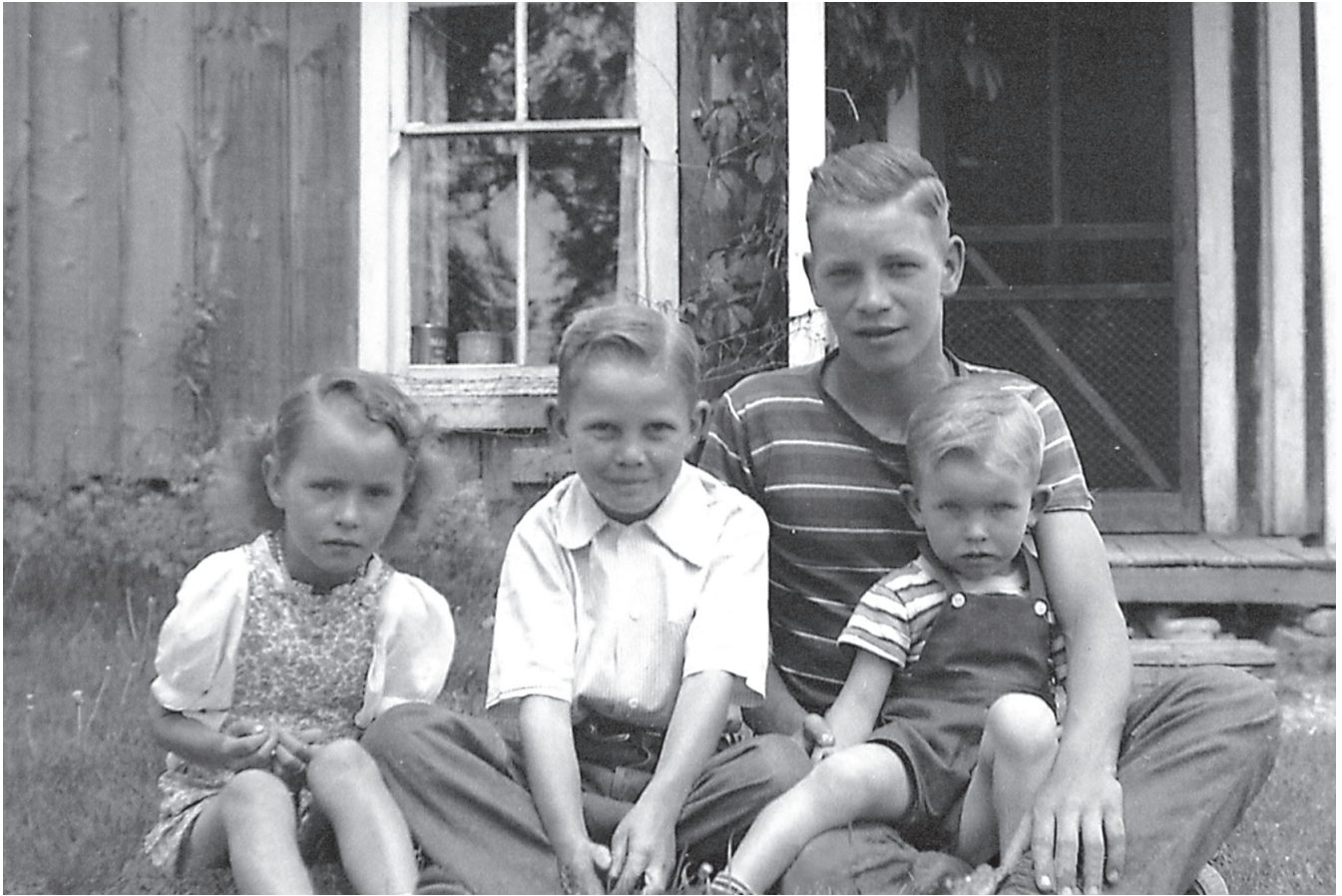
would be a distance from the house.

Dad loved the road grader; he worked for many construction companies. He saved enough to buy his own road grader and would hire out to work for many farmers and construction companies. When the Bonneville County put the County Maintenance Building on Midway up for sale Dad purchased it. Dad and his sons, Larry and Harvey, went into business together and named the company WATERS CONSTRUCTION. Dad worked on many Dams and roads in Idaho. We had a log double garage with space for Dad to have a repair shop and a variety of tools. We had a log barn and a big front yard with a big weeping willow tree which the children loved to climb. Our family would get together for birthdays and have a great time.

Dad and Mom taught us the value of work. We always had a large garden and we all would help keep it weeded. We would bottle raspberries, peaches, apricots, pears and vegetables. We would make lots of jams, jellies and syrup of every fruit that Mother could get her hands on. Mother faithfully irrigated the yard and gardens weekly. Mother taught us girls how to make homemade rolls and bread. We had a cow that gave us our milk. Mother had a milk separator



Reuben A. Waters (at right) with the road grader



Lauradene, Larry, Lorin, and Harvey Waters

to separate the cream from the milk. Sometimes we were able to sell our milk and cream to the dairies. We would grass feed a heifer to butcher for meat in the winter. Chickens would produce eggs and we would have a hen that would set on her eggs until they hatched. It was so fun to watch the little chicks grow. We had an old sow that would raise a litter of piglets. We were able to sell them later and butcher one to put in our freezer.

Mother loved to collect and feed lambs. Starting in February we would travel around to visit every farmer to see if they had any bum lambs. Sometimes the lambs mother had twins and we could have one of them. We would raise about 20 or more lambs to bottle feed. We would use a soda pop bottle and put a nipple on it. We loved to feed and take care of those little lambkins. Dad and the boys would later take the sheep to the market.

Dad and his sons loved to go hunting together for pheasants, elk and deer in the fall. We all would go camping and fishing for our family reunions. We attended school at Ammon; all grades were held in one building. The High School was upstairs and the Jr. High and Elementary were down stairs. We lived across from the Ammon School and would walk home for lunch and sometimes we could bring a friend home for lunch. We attended church at the Ammon Chapel a short distance south of the Ammon School. We would have a 4th of July Celebration every year, with a big rodeo on the ball field.

Our family made a lot of friends in Ammon and we went thru all grades together. We had many cousins in our neighborhood. My sisters would tell me stories of some of the fun they had dancing with this or that cousin. I have found out later, doing genealogy, how we were related.

SECTION 68

AZARIAH FRANKLIN & ELIZABETH DENNING WILLIAMS

Azariah Franklin Williams was born to John Jones Williams and Mary Jones. Both of his parents were born in Wales. His father, John Jones Williams, as a young boy apprenticed to a horse shoer for seven years in England. The man to whom he was apprenticed was one of the King's horse shoers who shod the horses for the fox and deer hunts. John had to learn to work quickly and skillfully. While apprenticing in England he met James Denning. They became friends and ended up marrying sisters, who lived in Somerset, England. John Jones Williams married Jane Emma Merrifield and his friend, James Denning married Jane's sister, Sarah Merrifield. When the John Jones Williams and the James Denning families heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached they both joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. John Jones Williams became a tracting missionary and converted his parents, Grandparents, and Great Grandparents on both sides.

The John Jones Williams and the James Denning families desired to gather with the Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory. They sailed the 25th of February 1853 and arrived in New Orleans, Louisiana, April 23, 1853. They traveled to Winter Quarters and then on to Salt Lake City with the Christopher Arthur Company. They crossed the plains in covered wagons and endured many hardships, arriving in Salt Lake City, Utah October 2, 1856.

John Jones Williams met Mary Jones in Brigham City where she lived with her parents, Thomas and Ruth Jones. They were from South Wales and had joined the Church in March 1850. The Jones family had sailed from Liverpool, England, April 19, 1856. They came across the plains in the Third Hand Cart Company walking the 1300 miles to Salt Lake City arriving October 2, 1856. The Jones family settled in Brigham City and this is where John Jones Williams

and Mary Jones became acquainted. They were married March 6, 1857 by President Brigham Young in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Mary was John's second wife. This was a happy marriage and their first child, a son, was born on 20th of December 1857 in Brigham City, Utah. They named him Azariah Franklin Williams.

In April 1864, the family moved to Malad, Idaho when the John Jones Williams family received a mission call to help settle the area of Malad. John Jones Williams homesteaded a ranch on Deep Creek and built two homes for his two wives, Jane and Mary in the town of Malad. A picture of John Jones Williams and one of his wives is hanging in the Malad Museum as well as a great history. He had 23 children with his two wives.

John Jones William's son, Azariah Franklin Williams was baptized 4 times, the first time at age of eight and the 4th baptism is assumed to be in preparation for his marriage to Elizabeth Merrifield Denning, daughter of James Denning and Sarah Merrifield. Elizabeth had moved with her family from Montpelier, Idaho to Malad, Idaho in 1877. They were married March 4, 1885 in the Logan Temple. They made their first home in Malad, where their first child was born on the 25th of September 1886. They named him Azariah Denning Williams. Azariah Franklin farmed with his father, John, until he was twenty-one years of age and then became a farmer himself for two years. He then commenced a freighting operation, which he conducted to various points, experiencing some notable adventures. In 1888 he stopped freighting.

In 1884 Azariah's sister, Rosana and her husband James Henry Denning, Elizabeth's brother, had moved to Idaho and filed on a homestead near the Ammon area. Following their lead three years later in 1888 Azariah and Elizabeth moved to Idaho. They also homesteaded land near Ammon. They lived in a log cabin on the property. Azariah built his "Ranch House" on the homestead. As of 1996 it still stood on the east side of Crowley Road, just north of 17th street. His occupation was farming, stockman and dairyman. He bought more land and in addition to

farming he raised sheep, cattle and horses. His herd of Shorthorn Cattle was of high grade and contained many valuable specimens of the breed. He was especially proud of his high spirited horses and made sure they were well cared for.

Azariah bought and sold different parcels of land in and around Ammon. He purchased lots 7 and 8 in block 9 of the town site of Ammon and in 1900 Elizabeth and Azariah built a home of native sandstone on the northwest corner of lot 8 in block 9. The house was not assembled until each stone had been cut and placed in order around the building site. The family would live in this house in the winter time and in the "Ranch House" on the farm during the farming season. As of February 10th, 2011 the house still stands at 2865 Central, across the street from the Ammon school.

Azariah was one of the first to be called upon to help build up the town of Ammon. He assisted with the building of schools, churches, bridges, ditches and other necessities needed in settling a community. At the time the 1912 church-house in Ammon was built he was called on to help build it, which he did. Nearly everyone in Ammon was members of the Church and so the whole community turned out to help build this church-house. Azariah always had a good team of horses and he used them to help dig the foundation of the church. Azariah died on the 24th of November 1926 shortly before his 69th birthday from complications of pneumonia. He passed away in Idaho Falls and is buried in the Iona cemetery.

Elizabeth was left a widow with all the cares of their family and farming enterprises. All of the children were married at the time except for Ruth. Elizabeth survived her husband 18 years. She lived in the sandstone house built in the Ammon townsite. For many years her son, John, and his family lived in part of the home. She also spent time with each of her children in their homes. After her husband's death Elizabeth continued on the tradition of hosting the Williams and Denning reunions. Elizabeth Denning

Williams died February 17, 1945 at 79 years of age. She is buried by her husband in the Iona cemetery.

Azariah and Elizabeth's children were all born in Ammon except Azariah D. their first who was born in Malad. They married the following people: Azariah D. married Leora Berry, Elizabeth (Lizzie) married Charles Wetzel, Mary married William J. Nielsen, Sarella married Leslie Donnelly, and John married Kathleen Redding, after they were divorced, he married Juanita Owen and Ruth married William Heiser.

Myrna Nielsen Anderson writes of her parents William J. Nielsen and Mary Williams Nielsen the following account. During these years (about 1929) Dad kept thinking about serving a mission. When Dad and mother decided it was time for him to do so, arrangements were made, that while Dad, William J. Nielsen, served a mission in San Bernardino, California, Mother with four children, Lalia, eleven, Ruby six, Gerold four and Lois one, would live with Grandma Elizabeth Williams in the big sandstone house across the street from the school.

A day or two before Dad left they had an accident with their car, so mother was left without any means of transportation. Grandma Williams gladly accepted Mother and her children in her home and during this time Lalia got herself a job. It was turning the town light on in the evenings. At dusk each evening Lalia and Ruby would walk over to the Magelby's home behind the church (He was the school principal) to get their milk to bring home. On the way back from Magelbys they would stop at the town light pole. Lalia would boost Ruby up on her shoulders so Ruby could reach the light switch and turn the town light on. It was located near the school and was the only light in the townsite of Ammon. It was quite a responsibility for an eleven year old girl to have. Mother often told how she could not have gotten along with out Grandma William's support and help.

—Myrna Nielsen Anderson

SECTION 69

JOHN J & JUANITA OWEN WILLIAMS

History of the Williams House

by Ronald Williams

All the sandstone blocks were cut and laid out before they were assembled. Originally the house had four main rooms and no basement, just a crawl space on the old original ground. There was no plumbing or bathroom in the house so baths were taken in a small round galvanized tub – the water was carried in then heated on the stoves. There were stoves in every room for heating and cooking. At one time there were four families living in the house. There was an outhouse out by the old grainery, which made it a cold trek in the winter. Later an outhouse was installed closer to the house and in later years a bathroom was installed in the house itself (with modern plumbing).

During the war, lights weren't allowed to be on at night. The windows were covered with blankets so the Williams and friends could play Pinochle into the late hours of the evening.

John J. Williams had a bull breeding service and water was brought from the Robinson's well to water the bulls. In later years a line was extended to the house so there was one cold water faucet in the house. The house was built on the site of an old orchard. I believe an old apple tree currently by the garage and possibly by Marvy Anderson's property was part of that old orchard. Most of the orchard was bulldozed down because kids were coming across from the school to get apples and there were bulls around the orchard. The Williams were afraid the kids were going to get hurt so the trees came down.

Originally there were a lot of poplar trees around the house. Through the years they were taken down and Ron Williams removed the last trees in the early 1990's. In later years when there was just the Williams family living there, there was only heat in the kitchen

and the living room. To keep warm in the winter, Juanita Williams would heat rocks in the oven and wrap them in a towel. The rocks were then taken to bed to help keep warm during the night. It would get so cold in the rooms you could see your breath.

The fruit room was partially dug by Duane Williams and it would be covered over with straw bales in the winter. It was finished by Bill Bingham. In the 1960's, Bill Bingham added a porch, and concrete steps to a fruit room under the house. The garage was added later.

SECTION 70

FENTON & EDNA WOOLF

The following are excerpts from an interview of Edna Empey Woolf Edwards by Justin Hamilton.

I was always close to my older brothers. I remember that always on our way home from school my brothers would stop at the Ammon Mercantile and make me go in and charge candy to my father. They claimed "You're daddy's little girl and he won't get mad at you. Christmas was a very happy time in Ammon. On Christmas Eve the entire town would gather at the Community Hall where we had a Christmas tree. Every family would take one gift for each child that Santa would come and distribute. These were some of the most enjoyable times that I ever had being with friends and neighbors. When I was a girl, I only had one doll since they were very expensive. Back then, you would have what was called "kid bodies." They were doll bodies that you could attach your doll head to.

When I was eight years old I had to ride horses to school as they didn't have school buses in those days. My father bought me a cream colored mare, and I rode the horse to school all through grade school. My family would often ride the train to Salt Lake to attend General Conference since my father was in the bishopric. The train came through Idaho Falls at midnight. We would go into town in the early

evening and stay in the Brooks hotel and wait for the train. We would get on the train at midnight and arrive in Salt Lake at 8:00 a.m. My father had the second car in the town of Ammon. It took an entire corral of horses to buy it. It was a Studebaker. I learned to drive when I was fourteen years old.

Today clothes are more comfortable. It used to be that women would wear corsets. They would cinch them up so tight that I don't know how they even breathed. I remember one time my mother's sisters came to stay with us. One morning my mother told me to go and wake them up. I went into the room and saw that they were wearing hoods over their heads. I went back out and told my mother that something was wrong in there, that her sisters had hoods over their heads. She told me that those were nightcaps that they wore in earlier days to keep their heads warm and to keep their hair from tangling. When I was a girl all young ladies had long hair that they would comb and fix real fancy. When I entered into high school a fad came around for short hair. I cut my hair, which really upset my father. He told me that I had just spoiled myself.

My mother would not let me start school until I turned eight years old because I could not ride a horse. When I finally learned to ride a horse, I started in the third grade in Ammon. There were two grades in each room and you had to march into school by the triangles. In my day teachers were allowed to give whippings to the kids that were bad, but I only remember boys getting them. Girls had to stay after school. After I finished the eighth grade I went to Idaho Falls High School. In high school you had to take county exams to pass on to the next level. They were really quite hard. There were some boys in my class that were 21 years old still trying to pass the exams.

In the great depression of the 1930's there were shortages on everything just like in World War II. There was no sugar nor shoes. My husband was a farmer. Potato prices were really low as was the price of wheat. We had to milk cows in order to have enough money to survive. In World War II there were no boys in any of the colleges. My oldest son and

his friend thought it was their duty to their country to enlist in the navy. They did this and my son was sent to war. I was really upset at first, but really the navy was a good place to be. They were warm and always had enough food to eat. When he left out of California I was able to go see him leave. Seeing all those boys in their white uniforms lined up for miles is one sight I will never forget. I remember I cried and cried when I saw that huge ocean that my son would be out on.

Meanwhile back at home life was hard. We had ration stamps for many different products. I can say that flour was better than in World War 1. In World War 1 the substitute flour they gave us was so terrible that even the dogs wouldn't touch it. White shirts and underwear were also hard to get during this time. My husband took a bus load of people up to Canada during the war. While in Canada everyone bought white shirts and overalls since they were scarce in Idaho Falls. My husband, Fenton, was also involved in transporting the German and Italian prisoners that were held in Idaho Falls. He would drive them out to work on local farms during the day. He said that the Italians were happy and would sing, but the Germans were really mean and hostile.

In my early days everything was done with horses. Forty acres would provide for a family. I remember that irrigating was a big job. During wheat harvest I would have to help feed threshing crews of 20 – 25 men. They could easily eat a whole mutton. When I was a girl Idaho Falls had board sidewalks. There were not many stores. The only ones that I can remember are Anderson Brother's Store, Barnegee's, and The Golden Rule. There were only two banks in the whole town; Anderson Brothers Bank and the Farmers and Merchants Bank.

One time when I traveled with my father to General Conference in Salt Lake I met Joseph F. Smith. I can remember clearly his long white beard. When he saw me he said, "I need to shake this pretty little girl's hand." It was custom in my early days that the bishoprics entertain the general authorities when they came to town. One time I remember brother Penrose stayed with our family. He said right before

we sat down to eat, that if he ate pork he would die. My mother heard this and about fainted. She called my father into the kitchen and told him that she had cooked pork and asked him what to do. He said serve it and don't say a word. Brother Penrose ate all of his serving. That day I never took my eyes off him the whole time he was speaking; however, he never dropped over dead. After we got home that day he asked my mother, "Do you have any more of that good meat that you served me for lunch?"

The following are memories that I, Lynn Blatter, have of the Woolf family. They lived one half block away from us so we had a lot to do with them. They had four children, Gerald, Elaine, Lela, and Homer. Edna taught my mother how to make light, flakey pie crusts. We had a lot of pies for dessert. Homer had a birthday on the same day as mine only he was a year older. Edna always saw that we had a birthday party together. Fenton owned his own school bus and contracted with the school to haul the students. He was generous to take the town kids to Heise Hot Springs on occasions. He was the custodian for the church and was caretaker of the Ammon Cemetery for a number of years. On occasion I would help Homer mow the Cemetery lawn and thought it a great privilege to ride a lawn mower instead of pushing a hand mower that we had. Homer was with us a lot and some people thought he was part of our family. Whenever we needed an extra person on the farm to bunch hay, fix fence, drive cattle or any other chore Homer was always with us. Fenton used to cut our hair with hand clippers and when they were a little dull sometimes the hairs would be pulled out on the back of your neck instead of being sheared off.

My mother was raised as a city girl and when she married my father who was a farmer she had a lot to learn about being a farm wife, cooking for hay men and threshers, making soap and other things she had never done and Edna was always there to help. I considered her to be my second mother as she was always looking out for Homer and me. We had to buy our own school books so Homer's books were always passed on to me. The Woolf family was a great part of the Ammon community.

Excerpts from Edna Woolf stories 1994:

One Christmas Eve we went to a dance. Fenton had a few drinks. When we got home I said "Fenton you had better put out the Christmas stuff." He said, "Oh just let me lie down for a minute then I will." He fell asleep and so did I. Next morning the kids, Gerald and Elaine came into the bedroom and said Santa didn't come. I poked Fenton and I was mad. He said, "You kids get in bed with your mother and I will go find the son-of-a-bitch. He got dressed, ate the pie and drank the milk left for Santa, and went out and started the car and went to get the presents. It wasn't until years later the kids found out the truth.

The year Fenton died I said to him, "why don't you get me a dozen red roses for our wedding day." He said, "well Mama we don't have much money". He was running the road grader at the time but when he came home he had a bunch of the prettiest tanzie. He said, "I saw this growing on the canal bank so I got off the grader and picked you a bouquet". I put them in a vase on the piano and they were there when he died. I had to take them down as every time Lela and Elaine saw them there it made them cry.

Ephraim Shadrach Empey

by Edna Empey Woolf

Ephraim was born May 27, 1852 at Eatonbray, England. He was the son of Shadrach Empey and Ann Athes Empey. He married Sarah Ann Rhodes. My father was the fourth child, three little baby girls died in England. His father and mother were converted to the Mormon faith, and when father was six weeks old, the family left England. They arrived in Utah October 11, 1852.

It was very difficult for grandmother to carry her small baby so many miles across the plains. My father was always grateful for this. They came to Salt Lake City, and then moved to Lehi, Utah. Father was raised on farms, but everyone lived in the town of Lehi, the farm was near Utah Lake. My grandfather had sheep in England, so as soon as possible he bought sheep here.

I remember my father telling me this story. He was ten years old, and was herding sheep, twenty-five head, down by Utah Lake. Late in the afternoon after his sheep were bedded down in the cottonwood trees, he suddenly heard the war cry of Chief Walker and his braves. He knew he could not get his sheep home, so he climbed as high as he could in a tall cotton wood tree. There he watched the Indians stop the stage coach that was coming into Lehi. The Indians scalped the two men who were driving the stage.

My father's education only went to the fourth grade, because he had to work. His father had a large orchard, a farm, and sheep. When he was twenty three years old, he fell in love with a pretty, little brown-eyed girl. She was the sister of his boy friend. When they decided to get married, they and three other couples drove to Salt Lake City in a wagon that had three spring seats. They were married April 19, 1875 in the Endowment house in Salt Lake City. They made their home in Lehi, where they had a small farm. Father spent most of his time trying to catch wild horses out on the Utah desert. Horses were very scarce in Utah, so he could get a good price for a horse. Mother wanted him to be home more with her and the children, so they decided to move to Idaho. They had heard such good reports from the Snake River Valley.

They left Lehi, Utah in May 1888 with two wagons, six children, horses, cows, chickens, and the family cat and dog. They were on the road for three weeks. Father looked the land over and decided to make to make their home in Ammon, then called South Iona. They cleared the sagebrush away and father purchased sheep. They were progressing well when father was called on a mission in October. 1897. Father and Mother talked it over and decided that he should go. He left Mother with nine children. He served as a missionary for two and a half years in New York State. When he returned in December 1899, mother said he returned as a polished gentleman. The next spring he started to build a new home. It was a big brick home like they had in New York.

I was born the following year on March 25, 1901. My arrival made a family of eleven children. In 1903

Father was called to serve as second counselor to Bishop Christian Anderson and his brother John Empey was first counselor. He held this position for seventeen years. These three men founded the Ammon Mercantile Store. People could buy anything they wanted; groceries, clothes, hardware, etc.

Father had a 160 acre farm and six bands of sheep. It was at this time, July 1915; his oldest son living was kidnapped by one of the sheep-herders. He was held for six days for \$6000. ransom.

I will always remember how I knew where father was going by the buggy and horse he would drive. If he was going into Idaho Falls. He would drive a black, one seated buggy. If he was going to the sheep, it would be a white topped buggy, and Sunday when we went to church, he would take the surrey with the fringe on top.

My father was a true pioneer in every sense of the word. He helped build churches, schools, canals, stores, and everything that was for the betterment of Ammon. My father had the second car in Ammon and the first telephone south of Ammon. My father was faithful to his church and family. He was good to all mankind, and lived a good rich life. In July 1927, he was operated on, and the doctor found cancer. He passed away September 27, 1927 and was buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

Sarah Ann Rhodes Empey

by Edna Empey Woolf Edwards

My mother was born 4th March, 1857, to Alonzo and Sarah Ann Rhodes. She was the third child of that family. When she was seven years old she went to stay some of the time with her grandparents, as her grand mother was a midwife. And when she was gone from home with the sick she helped her grandfather. Her grandfather was near-sighted, and they didn't have glasses in those days. She would lead him to the cows so he could milk them, and help with the cooking.

Sometimes when she was home, Porter Rockwell would come by their home, as he was a good friend of her father. Her father would get her and her older

sister up to comb his hair, while he slept and rested. She would tell us she thought she was pretty until they bought a looking glass. She didn't get to go to school too much as her father had three wives and a lot of children to go to school. My father was a friend of my mother's brother so they saw a lot of each other and when she was eighteen years old he asked her to marry her.

My father and mother, her brother and girl friend, and my father's sister and her boy friend drove a wagon with three spring seats to Salt Lake City and were married April 19, 1875. They lived in Lehi until 1888 then moved to the Snake River Valley. Father had two brothers who were already there. They came with two wagons and with their cows, and horses, two dogs, and a mother cat. They were two weeks on the road with six children. The next year after they got there she gave birth to a baby boy. It was in April and it rained so hard and the roof leaked badly, they put pans on her bed to catch the water.

They were doing real good. Building canals and getting off the sage brush, as Father had filed on 160 acres south of Ammon. It was called South Iona at that time, and then they made the Ammon Ward in 1890. In 1897 my father was called on a mission to New York. He left mother with nine children, seven of them were boys, and my oldest sister was married. Mother had a very hard two years while father was gone trying to get the boys to farm and care for the band of sheep.

She said the Lord blessed them and they cleared more of the sage brush and had more land to farm. When my father returned in 1899 he started building my mother a new home. I was born in 1901 and my mother was very ill as she had blood poison. It took her a long time to gain her health back. My oldest brother got married and moved to Canada and that was hard on mother, as he had always been a good boy to her. In 1902 he died which was a shock to her. Then as years rolled on each child was married and left home.

In 1914 her son Ray took sick and died within three days, which was another shock to her as her whole life was for her family. The next year, 1915

in July, her oldest son was kidnapped and held for \$6000 dollars ransom for six days, which was hard on her, not knowing what was happening to him. The Lord answered my father and mother's prayers and all the people of Ammon and he was returned safe to us.

She had one son go on a mission which she was very happy for. My father served seventeen years in the Ammon Bishopric. It was the custom in those days to entertain the general authorities in the the homes of the Bishopric when they came to visit the wards. My mother always had a lot of people to cook for. My father was in the sheep business, and we had a lot of hired help. My mother made her own bread and butter and cheese and soap.

In the winter time she would card wool and make quilts in the summer time. In the early days she would knit the stockings for the family and make all the clothes they had to wear. In the fall of every year all the bed ticks had to be emptied – filled with fresh straw and the rag carpets were pulled up and cleaned and clean straw was put under the carpet. Pioneer women were always busy. She raised eleven children of her own and helped my sister with her family after her husband died.

In 1919 my folks lost nearly everything they had. In 1927 my father was operated on and they found he had cancer. He died in 1927. The next year mother lost her farm and home. Mother had learned to meet things as she had to. Over the years she had put money in her feather bed for hard times. So when she decided to build herself a home on the lot in Ammon she was 75 years old. We all wanted her to live with her family but she said she wanted her own home. When she found all her money in her feather bed she had \$1,000 dollars. She got a carpenter to build her a small home for that. She was happy in her little home with children and grandchildren around her. She lived until she was 86 years old. She had a full life and surely earned a reward in heaven.



Ammon, Idaho has evolved from a small farming community settled by pioneers in the late nineteenth century to the largest of the small communities that dotted area around the crossing of the Snake River at Eagle Rock.

This book is dedicated to those prominent early settlers with initiative and foresight to select a townsite that has proved so advantageous in the development of the area. We especially salute the Owens family as the inspired ones who made Ammon possible. William Franklin Owen and wife, Lucinda, with the help of his Father James C., selected the site and dedicated it as a townsite and brothers who did the layout and administered the disposition of the lots to prospective residents. The Empeys, Rawsons, Southwicks and related families, Nortons and Ellingfords were especially pivotal in the support of the Village and surrounding area growth.

The intent of this work is to provide a record for the descendants of these families and of all the others who came to this village to be able to appreciate the legacy that so richly endows this little town today. May their sacrifice and experiences make us more aware and appreciative of our heritage.

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